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# THE NEW YORKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Any Wednesday**—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has a pleasant set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Baby Want a Kiss**—Three unfortunate people—Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan—wandering about in a mindless drama that deals with a flashy Hollywood couple on a visit to an old reclusive chum. Mr. Costigan wrote the thing. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Barefoot in the Park**—Neil Simon's aimless but agreeable little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walk-up apartment with few conveniences. Penny Fuller, Robert Redford, Ruth White, and Sandor Szabo are, at the moment, among those happily involved. Mike Nichols did the direction. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Blues for Mister Charlie**—A glum look at interracial relationships in the United States, written by James Baldwin, who is nothing if not voluble. The drama has in its favor excellent direction by Burgess Meredith and some fine acting by a large cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Deputy**—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. David Carradine now heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**Dylan**—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Hamlet**—Richard Burton makes an unusually robustious Prince of Denmark, and Hume Cronyn makes a superb Polonius in this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also prominent in the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Subject Was Roses**—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Three Sisters**—An uneven but nevertheless entertaining interpretation of Chekhov's description of upper-class life in the Russian provinces at the turn of the century. Directed by Lee Strasberg, this is the best effort the Actors Studio Theatre has made this season. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THEATER
SUSAN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**Long Runs**—**MARY, MARY:** Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Fade Out - Fade In**—The good old foolish days in the Hollywood of the thirties. Not a very original idea. The book is by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music is by Jule Styne. Fortunately, Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are capably on hand. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Funny Girl**—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and Garson Kanin the direction. The late Carol Haney staged the musical numbers, and Jerome Robbins supervised the whole thing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Hello, Dolly!**—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Page
BOOKS 92
THE CURRENT CINEMA 74
THE RACE TRACK 90
THE SPORTING SCENE 78

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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**High Spirits**—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**110 in the Shade**—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson in the role of the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**What Makes Sammy Run?**—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence (who will be replaced for the week starting Monday, July 13, by Paul Anka), Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Dick Shawn and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HERE'S LOVE:** Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 25.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the President of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** Young Mr. Twist, more or less. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Georgia Brown and David Jones are in the cast. Judy Bruce will succeed Miss Brown on Monday, July 13. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**Lincoln Center Repertory**—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**Music Theatre of Lincoln Center**—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The King and I," with Risë Stevens and Darren McGavin, is the initial production by this company, of which Richard Rodgers is producing director. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 8.)

**The Blacks**—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at

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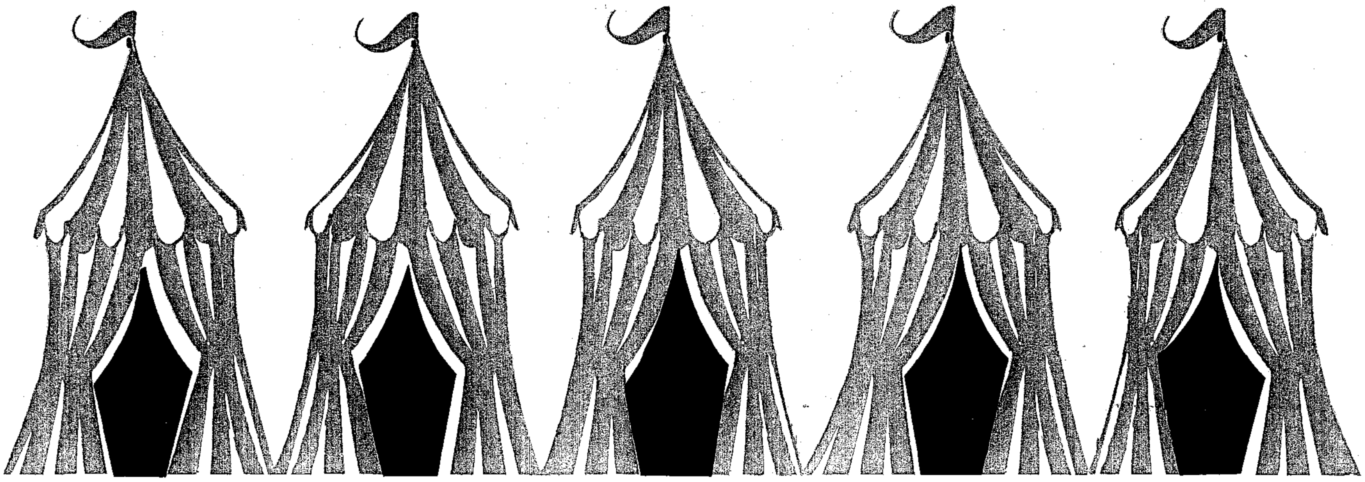

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Blood Knot**—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Dutchman** and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. *Tuesdays through Fridays, and* Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Home Movies**—This dishevelled, irreverent musical is not for the touchy or tender-skinned, but it has its comic moments all the same. Many of them are provided by Sudie Bond in the role of a nutty teen-ager. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, July 12.)

**In White America**—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Knack**—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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**The Streets of New York**—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an off-hand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an *amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing* and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Third Ear**—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

**This Was Burlesque**—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**The Trojan Women**—*This production of Euripides'* tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. *Tuesdays through* Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The World of Kurt Weill in Song**—Martha Schlamme and Will Holt in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**Folies-Bergère**—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Anna Russell**—In a solo revue, "All by Myself." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of "Othello," with James Earl Jones. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Through Saturday, Aug. 1.)

**Jones Beach Marine Theatre**—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

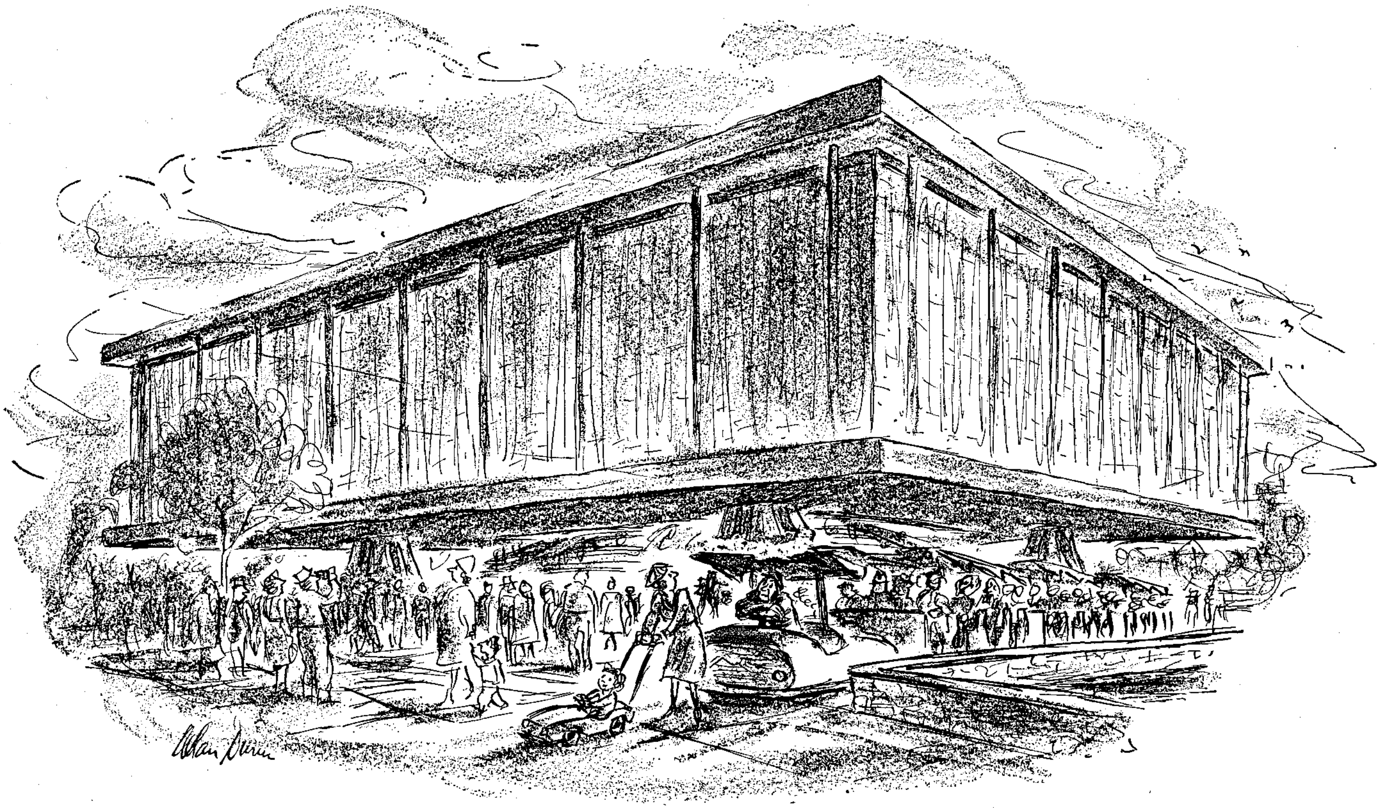
## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

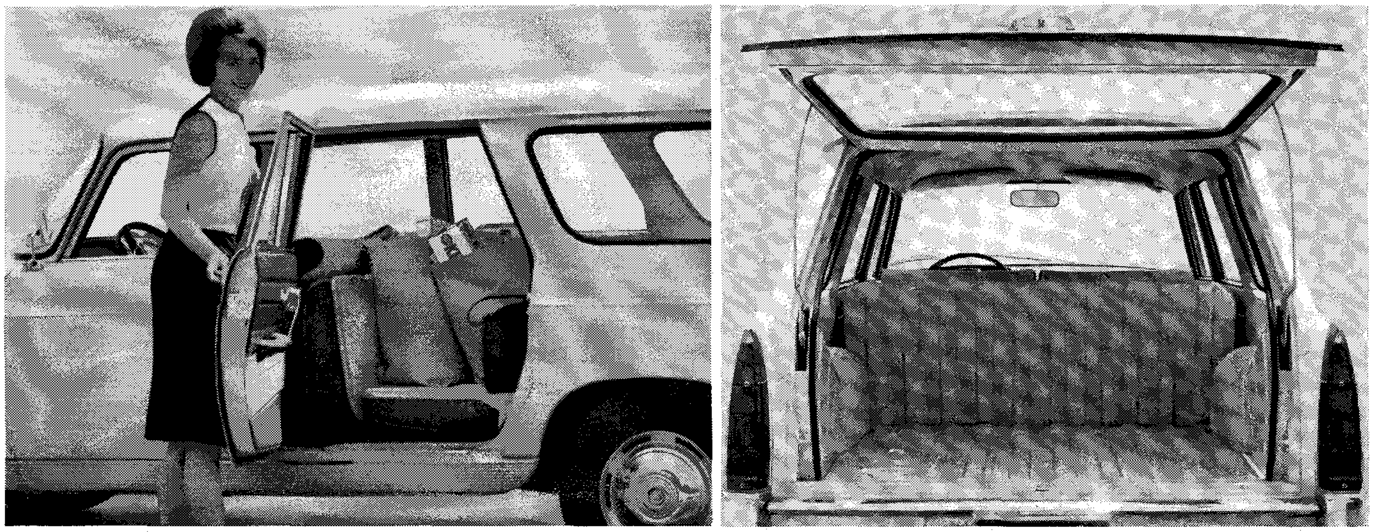
### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper, the Royal Box puts onstage Frank Fontaine, who in his time has told (though with rather more humor) tales as absorbing as any that the Grimm Brothers invented. On Monday, July 13, he will be replaced by Pat Boone, a prominent camp counsellor in the youth movement. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

**Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-*2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or al*most showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with digestive music from eight to ten



# So here it is.



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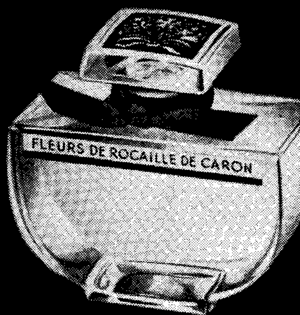

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and dancing music thereafter, all of it created by George Anaya's Latinos. No music Mondays.

**El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The stars don't all come out at night in July, but there are enough to make the cameraman click. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra play the appropriate fashion notes all night. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. Closed Sundays.

**Mark Twain Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Once up the gangplank, one would never guess that this four-decker is a reorganized Longchamps and not the gorgeously bedizened Fall River Line's Priscilla on her night run to Newport. Below the (literal) saloon deck are Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers, who set to at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight) with music contemporaneous with both the Priscilla and the *bossa nova*. No music Sundays.

**New York Hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills is, or are, a set of picture windows overlooking a remarkably calm Rome on one hand and a small dance floor on the other. I Cavalieri di Roma, a fine body of Italian bandsmen, begin at eight and go home at one. Dino Palermo, their troubadour, is passion personified. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the gallant little Café Pierre, a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers do a hand gallop every night.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Monique Van Vooren, a glittery girl and a sibilant siren, comes to work at ten Mondays through Fridays and at nine and midnight on Saturdays. Milt Shaw's orchestra and Mark Monte's bouncy quintet keep much longer hours. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

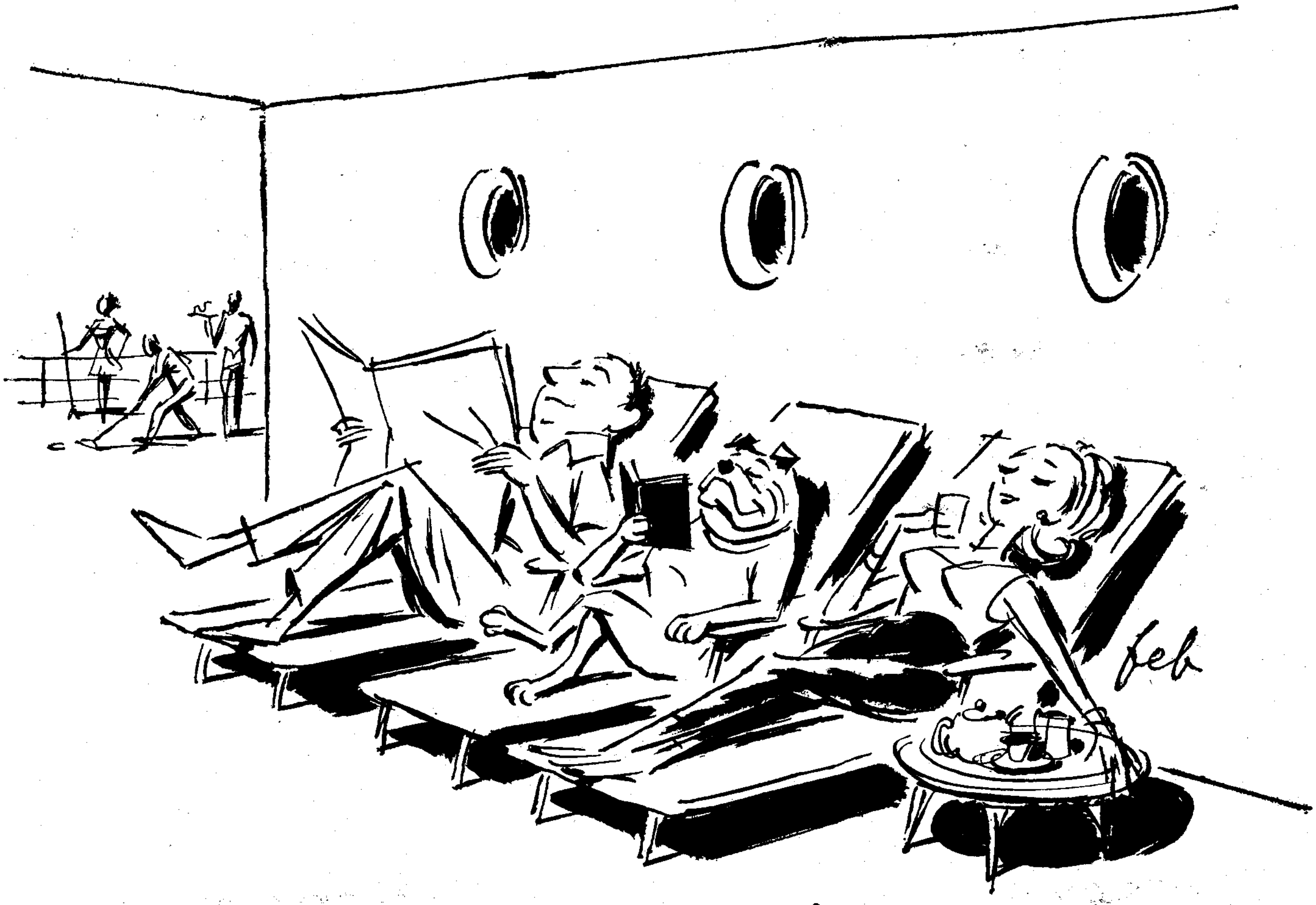
**St. Regis Roof,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Lofty enough for any summit conference, blithe enough for any débutante picnic. Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble play for dancing from eight to two. Closed Sundays.

**Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—There's Egypt in your dreamy eyes the moment you set foot in this freehand reconstruction of the celebrated Cairo hostelry; there's music in your ears (all mechanical at the moment); there's also an aura of pie in the sky and goose hangs high. Eight to four, every night of the week, is the house rule.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. The Puccini portion of the week happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday; there is song, piano, concertina, and whatnot the rest of the time. The leader of the whole thing is Aldo Bruschi, a fairly glorious basso profundo. Closed Mondays. ... **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the tinkling piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner; the effervescent piano of Otis Clements from then on; and, after ten-thirty, the piano, trio, and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Friday and Saturday nights after ten-thirty is the extent of her domain.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Very nearly the most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Forrest Perrin has the run of the piano every night but Sunday in this state apartment for cocktails, dinner, and supper. ... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An amusing reminder of the days when a man's home was his castle. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A night of some grandeur on the town that sits beside the Tiber. A set of jolly street musicians marches up and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in an East Side translation, full of small and large talk. The perambulating corps of violinists from Rome treats all hands in its best tableside manner, and a lesser troupe of guitarists falls in behind. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced by a tireless jazz trio. No music Sundays.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): How to restore a turn-of-the-century town house while also restoring the inner man. From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to seven-thirty and again



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**1965 Lincoln's Birthday Cruise**

9½ days — minimum **$395.** Leaves New York **Feb. 9, 1965.** Returns Feb. 19. Calling at Nassau, St. Thomas, Fort-de-France, and Curaçao.

**1965 Washington's Birthday Cruise**

12½ days—minimum **$510.** Leaves New York **Feb. 20, 1965.** Returns March 5. Calling at St. Thomas, Barbados, Fort-de-France, Curaçao, and Nassau.

**Special sailing New York to Cannes**

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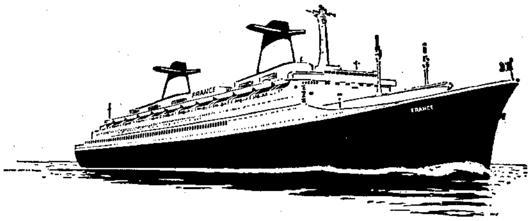

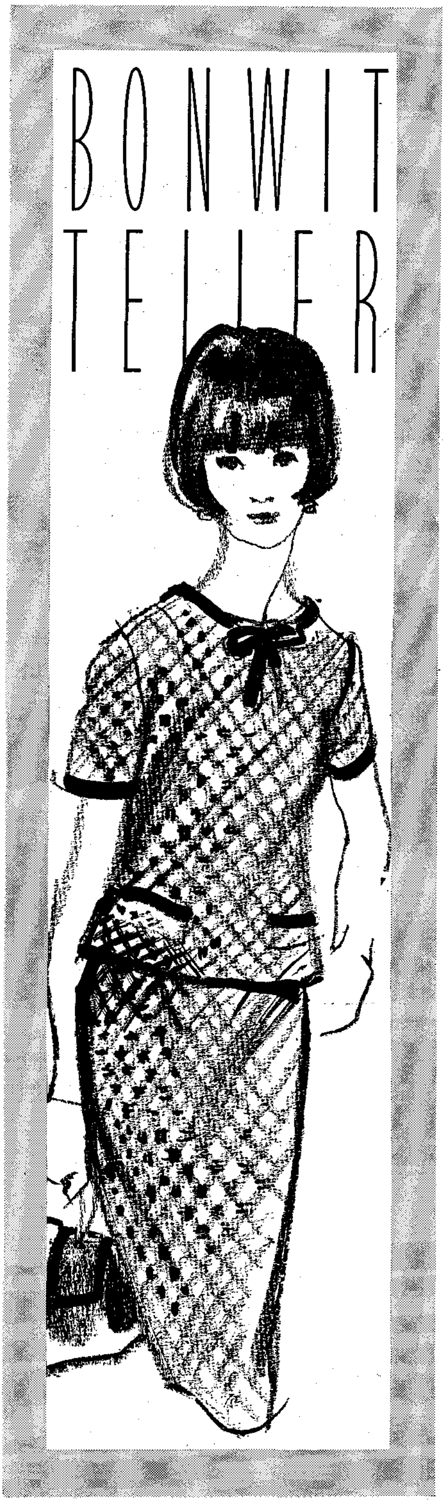

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from nine to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Sundays. ... **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's dream-life piano as early as five every night, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano of George Feyer, which observes all the conventions, is the square of the social circle that operates here from dinner on through supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. ... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The White Queen of this miniature White Russia is its *doyenne*, Marina Fedorovskaya, whose songs of passion are largely (and appropriately) Slavic and French. When she is not proclaiming them in her clear and dulcet voice, violin and piano brood away in one corner. Seven-thirty until two is the time span. Closed Mondays. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody from busboy to chef wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closes for the summer after Sunday, July 12. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's nightlifers, who are at table until nine and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions. ... **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano (two players: no waiting) is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is the diet for those who sup. Closed Sundays. ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not to be taken very seriously is the bayadere performance of Rita Dimitri, the proprietress of this small restaurant, when she moves onto the floor in full battle array to do her bumptious songs; her real spirit is evidenced by her cooing duets with her pianist and guitarist, Stanley Brilliant. She shows up at dinner every night, and also at supper Fridays and Saturdays. Leisurely dancing, too, to Kurt Maier's trio. Closed Sundays. ... **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and concertina-goers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten every evening but Sunday.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Everything comes up peaches on this spreading Tree of Life. The peaches—three dozen of them, thin-skinned, thin-garbed—are the center of an extravaganza in which light, color, and movement are well met. There are many other contributing factors, among them Chaz Chase, a comedian not visible hereabouts for years, and the Ayos Ballet, which is Argentine. Mr. Chase checks out on Tuesday, July 14. Dancing. ... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Enzo Stuarti, owner of a tenor that is occasionally twice his size, likes to walk it without a leash, which has a tremendous effect on the outcome of his arias, most of them Roman. Dancing.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9—**, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world is so full of a number of things (that's one of its big troubles), and "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, picks on the ones that nobody else does anything about. The picking is firm, fast, and funny; the pickers—especially Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are deft and daft. Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood are the pianists. Twice a night, except Sundays, is the pattern. ... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," the new emotional outlet of the Second City players, is a revue, some of whose sketches are old friends, and some of which have just been hatched. Severn Darden, a boon to any revue, drifts through it, and Avery Schreiber, Mina Kolb, and Jack Buras are great helps. The orchestra—Tom O'Horgan's harp and piano—uses a score by Mr. O.'H. Starting time is eight-thirty, and things go on until midnight or later; Mondays are dark. ... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, out for an evening's turn around the plaza, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brass-bound). They are accompanied on their stroll by Isabella and Miguel, bent on dancing their hot little Spanish feet off. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. ... ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. ... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Back in its original (and best) mood, with such *spécialités de la maison* as Isobel Robins, a myna bird of great spirit and wit; Danny Meehan, whose songs are all miniature musical comedies; and Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, who are always having words (mostly sardonic) with each other. The Three Flames make the rumpus-room music. Closed Mondays. ... **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Mort Sahl gives his last reading from the Domesday Book on Sunday, July 12, and Zoot Sims' quintet moves out the same day. Their successor will be Vaughn Meader, a standup philosopher and fantasist as well as a standup comedian.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Max Morath, who knows all the gimcrackery piano tricks of our early days and the foolish lyrics that went with them, has a bumptious time at the keyboard. He is assisted by a quartet. Closed Mondays. ... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music—a compulsory course here—at least depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. Jim, Jake & Joan, prodigies who are not only infant but infinite, do bits and pieces of great variety, all of them funny. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. ... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Count Basie's most recent band is now swarming in this beehive; the rest of the music is made by Joe Bushkin's trio, which represents several schools of music. Closed Sundays. ... **STROLLERS CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Marian McPartland's trio, which represents the sunny side of progress, is making the noise here, along with Jimmy McPartland's Dixieland threesome. In addition, John Bunch plays piano in the bar from seven until two. A rather British cuisine goes with all this. Closed Sundays. ... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, beginning—early in the evening—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with what could pass as a Jazz Festival, because of such men as Bud Freeman, Ben Webster, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, Buck Clayton, Max Kaminsky, and Marty Napoleon. On Monday, July 13, Woody Herman's clattery herd will replace them. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. ... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Dizzy Gillespie, without whom the world of jazz would not be half as amusing, has a quintet on display. More of an experiment is America's Children, an assortment of folk singers as small as the game warden will allow. Mondays are visitors' nights. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Cannonball Adderley is the principal blowhard of a sextet with four-wheel drive. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. Roy Haynes' quartet will be replaced on Friday, July 10, by Lennie Tristano's quintet, which includes Lee Konitz. Closed

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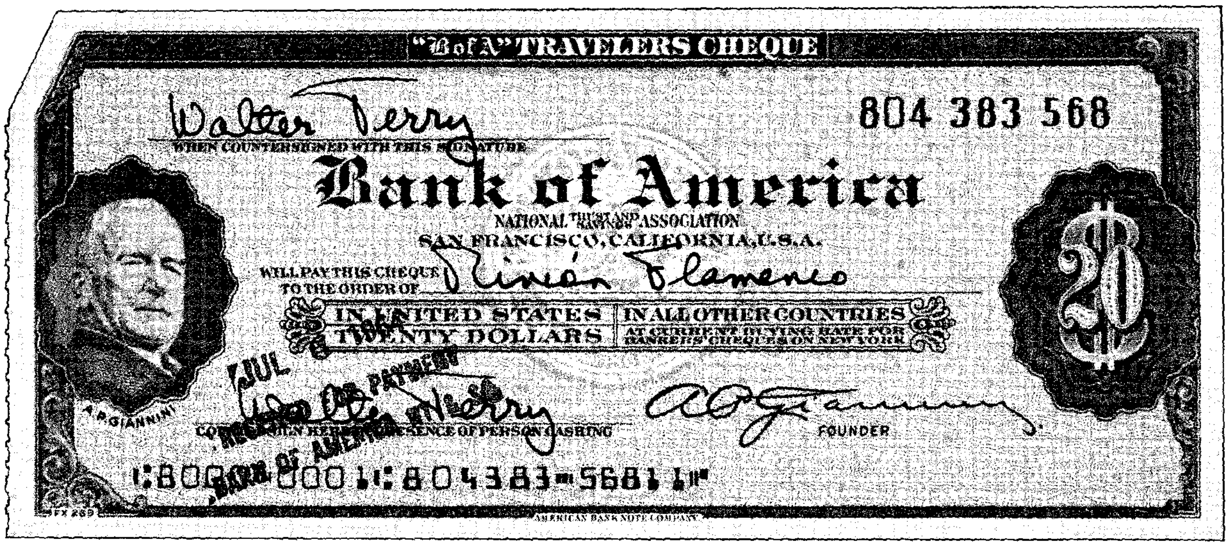

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80 Portland
Calgary 68
89 Great Falls
90 Boise
82 Winnipeg
77 Bismarck
Salt Lake City
76 San Francisco
92 Los A
Minneapolis-St. Paul 76
63 Sault
60
Father Point 56
Montreal 59
Boston 67
63 Buffalo
Chicago 77 Detroit
83
New York 74
75
70 Little Rock
Chattan
Fort Worth 74
82 Hatteras
81 Charleston
91 Jacksonville
Miami 98
OUTLOOK
STATIONARY FRONT
OCCLUD FRONT
PARTLY CLOUDY
CLOUD
SNOW
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DIRECTION OF WIN
WEST WIND
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WIND SCALE miles per hour
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Hot mulled jazz, made from an old, old recipe, is dispensed through the night by the likes of Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus is trying, with his mighty fingers and bull fiddle, to say something about jazz that has not been said before. Mondays are outsiders' nights. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, an education to many a pianist and many a public, is persuading the piano inside the bar into many a mood. Two sidemen help out. No action Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. No music Sundays.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang.... **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, too, the banjo fills the air, aided (in this instance) by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night.... **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris's band, on whose roster are Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell, is keeping Early Americana green. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual twists and turns to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd threnodies at ten every evening but Sunday.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**FRANCISCO FARRERAS**—Abstract collages by a Spanish artist, through Friday, July 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

**HENRY MOORE**—Early and recent sculptures; through July 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**REUBEN NAKIAN**—Four large sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SCULPTURES**—A selection of modern works, from Rodin to Calder; through July 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA**—The second annual summer show by more than fifty member galleries. It consists of over a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics, ranging in style from the Eight and the School of Paris to pop art. Through Aug. 1. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-five artists associated with the League make up an exhibition called "American Masters, from Eakins to Pollock;" through Aug. 26.... **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery, including Margo Hoff, Jared French, and Maurice Grosser; through Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, 10 to 4.) ... **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Jane Wilson, Willem de Kooning, Costantino Nivola, and others; through July 31.... **DE NAGY**, 149 E. 72nd St.: Robert Goodnough, Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher, and eight other painters; through Friday, July 17. (Closed Mondays.) ... **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Some of the artists in this showing of paintings are Richard Mayhew, Gordon Russell, and Pavel Tchelitchew; through July 24.... **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by faculty members of the New York Studio School, which will open next September. Among the artists are Philip Guston, Esteban Vicente, and Sidney Geist. Through Friday, July 17. ... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Watercolors, landscapes, and figures by Chen Chi, Henry Gasser, John Pike, and others; through July 31.... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 8 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by eight members of the gallery (among them Kenneth Campbell, Lamar Dodd, and Victor Candell) who are represented in the Pavilion of Fine Arts at the World's Fair; through Aug. 31. (Closed mornings.) ... **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, July 18. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, noon to 5.) ... **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell, and Jacques Lipchitz; through July 24.... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Singer Sargent, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through July 30.... **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through July 30. (Open Saturdays.) ... **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: California painters, among them Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, and Richard Diebenkorn; through Sept. 19.

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Reuben Tam, and others; through July 31. (Closed mornings.) ... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Aug. 14. (Closed mornings.) ... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and Paul Serusier (to name a few); through Aug. 31.... **WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERIES**, 530 W. Broadway: The opening exhibition is made up of works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Ben Nicholson, Jean Tinguely, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 30. (Daily, noon to midnight. Admission is $1.) ... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

**EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century French masters, including Miró, Chagall, and Giacometti; through July 24.... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by (for example) Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through July 31.... **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies" as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through Friday, July 17.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, Cézanne, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair's Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs.... ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "The Photographer's

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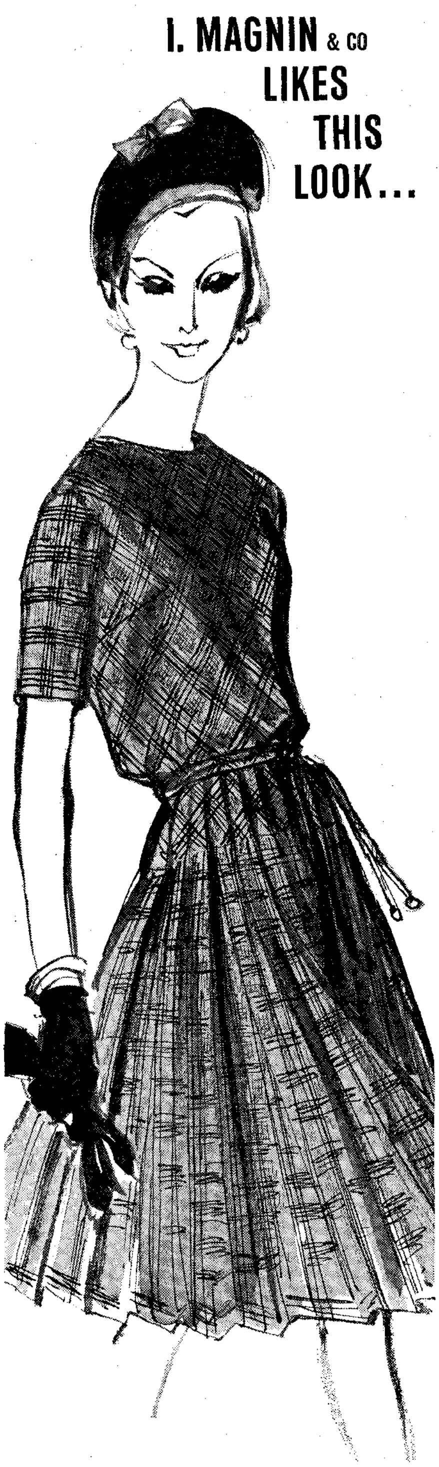

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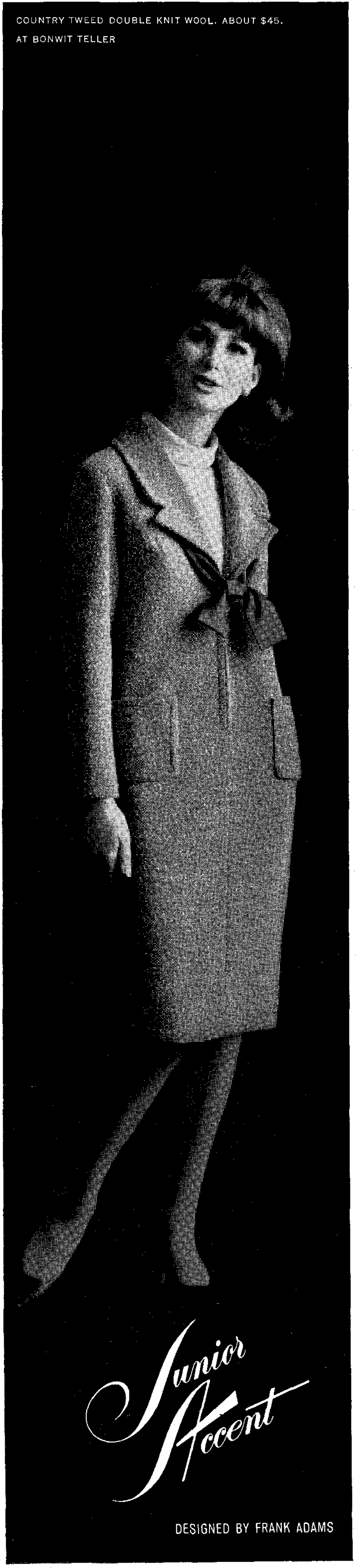

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eye," through Aug. 23; "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Aug. 31; and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Book illustrations, magazine covers, and posters by Maxfield Parrish; through July 26. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, and prints by the Barbizon painter Charles François Daubigny; through Aug. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-five Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A hundred contemporary prints produced at the Pratt Graphic Art Center by Cleve Gray, Enrico Donati, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept. 20. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—"From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS**, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The American Craftsman," a selection of works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS**, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to mention a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Hans Hofmann, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

**STADIUM CONCERTS**—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 9: Julius Rudel conducting, with Anna Moffo, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11: Julius Rudel conducting Bizet's opera "Carmen" in concert form, with Joan Gavoorian, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Richard Cassilly, tenor; William Chapman, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14: Robert Irving conducting, with Patricia McBride, Edward Villella, and other members of the New York City Ballet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15: Robert Irving conducting, with Frank Gullino, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16: Aaron Copland conducting a program of his own music, with Adlai E. Stevenson, narrator, and William Warfield, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: Van Cliburn conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 8. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:07 P.M. over WQXR.)

**PHILHARMONIC HALL**—Eight concerts by the Toho String Orchestra of Japan (sixty students, aged sixteen to twenty-two), with such concomitants as floral, wood-sculpture, and print exhibits and a Japanese buffet (from 6.) Monday, July 13, and Wednesday, July 15, at 8: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Jörg Demus, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14, at 8, and Friday, July 17, at 9:30: Hideo Saito conducting, with Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 8, and Saturday, July 18, at 9:30: Hideo Saito conducting, with Bernard Krainis, recorder. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 17-18, at 7: Hideo Saito conducting; no soloists.

**CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS**—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 14.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL**—Friday, July 10, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in an all-Schubert program, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Walter Carringer and Jerold Siena, tenors; Donald Bell, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the chamber orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in a Mozart-Strauss program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Helen Boatwright, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Donald Bell, bass-baritone; Mac Morgan, narrator; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14, at 8: Elliot Forbes directing a chamber-music concert by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Strauss-Mahler program, in memory of Serge Koussevitzky; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 2:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23.)

**BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN**—Saturday, July 11, at 3:30, and Sunday, July 12, at 8:30: Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 3:30: Olatunji. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 8:30: Lionel Hampton. (Lenox, Mass.)

**NOTE**—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting a two-week engagement by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. The first program will run through Saturday, July 11, and the second from Tuesday through Saturday, July 14-18. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**BASEBALL**—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. St. Louis, Thursday and Friday, July 9-10, at 8, and Saturday, July 11, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Sunday, July 12, at 1:05 (doubleheader), and Monday, July 13, at 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Tuesday, July 14, at 8; Wednesday, July 15, at 2; and Thursday, July 16, at 6. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 17, at 8, and Saturday, July 18, at 2.

**BOXING**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, July 10: Ernie Terrell vs. Bob Foster, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17: Frankie Narvaez vs. Johnny Bizzarro, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**GOLF**—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 9-12.) . . . ¶ Connecticut State Golf Association Amateur-Pro Championship. (Wallingford Country Club, Wallingford, Conn. Monday, July 13.)

**OLYMPIC ROWING TRIALS**—Sixteen eight-oared crews and twenty-two single scullers. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Races start on Thursday, July 9, at 10:30, Friday, July 10, at noon, and Saturday, July 11, at 1.)

**POLO**—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

**RACING**—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 11. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 11, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 18. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

**SOCCER**—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 12, at 3:30: AEK vs. Schwechater. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15, at 8:30: Gornik vs. Guimaraes. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

**SPORTS-CAR RACING**—At **LIME ROCK PARK,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 11, at 1. . . . **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT,** Bridgehampton: Saturday, July 11, at 2, and Sunday, July 12, at 1:30.

**TROTTING**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, July 29. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 9-10, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

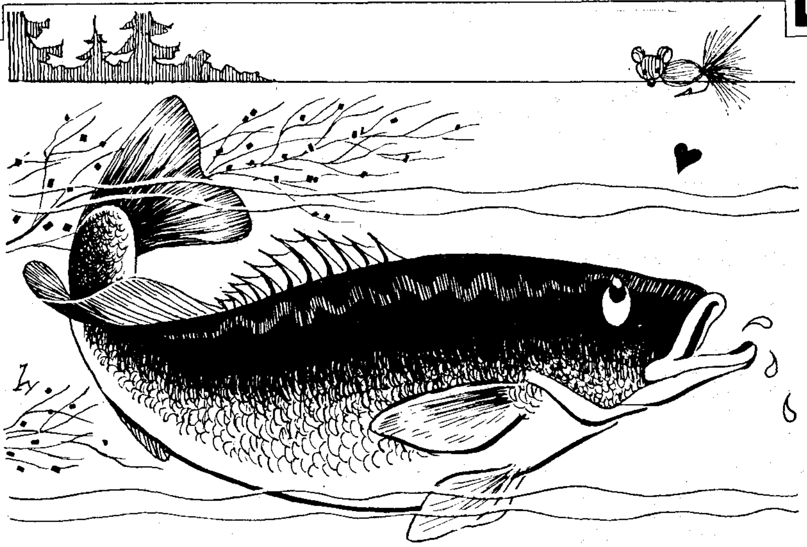
**YACHTING**—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Through Saturday, July 18.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 18.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

**REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION**—Opens at the Cow Palace, in San Francisco, Monday, July 13, at 10 A.M. P.S.T. The keynote address, by Governor Mark O. Hatfield, of Oregon, will be delivered that evening.

**SAILING SHIPS**—Twenty-two ships, including some giant full-riggers, will sail (given a fair wind) through the Narrows into the Upper Harbor on Tuesday, July 14, at 11 A.M. They will be reviewed by President Johnson from the deck of the carrier Randolph, anchored off the Statue of Liberty. Starting Wednesday, July 15, the ships will be open to public inspection at various piers in Manhattan and Brooklyn.



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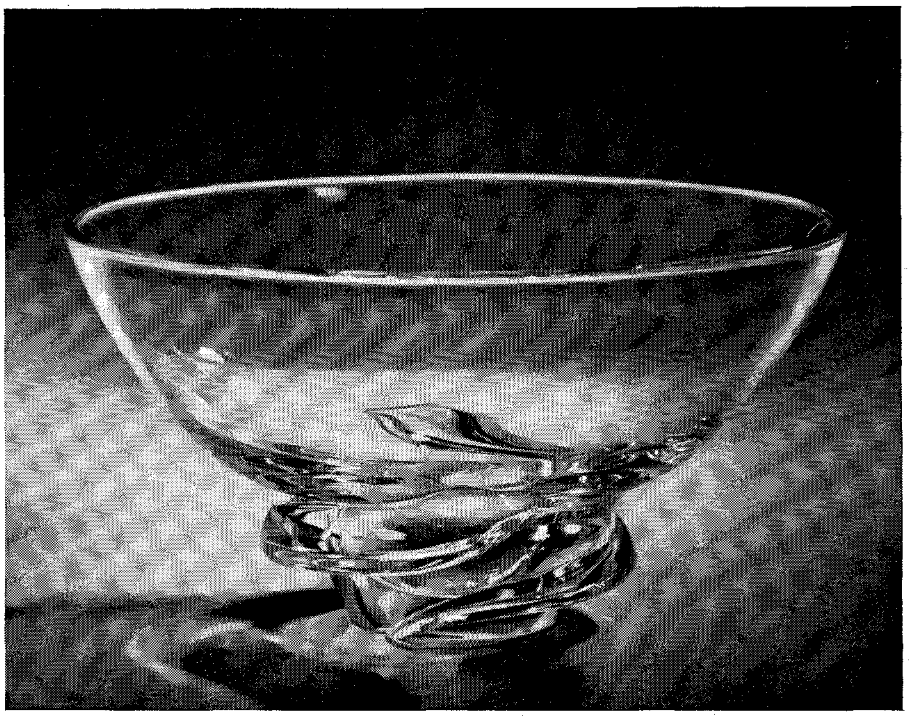

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**. . . And Suddenly It's Murder!**—Alberto Sordi and Vittorio Gassman mugging it up to their hearts' content in a funny Italian thriller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 11.)

**Becket**—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Chalk Garden**—Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer have a marvellous time acting out this rather old-fashioned tale of tangled family matters. The setting is green England. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through July 15.)

**Cleopatra**—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

**Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb**—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 10-13. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 15, tentative.)

**The Fall of the Roman Empire**—A Western in classical dress, with Stephen Boyd, Christopher Plummer, Sophia Loren, and Alec Guinness. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

**From Russia with Love**—Another ample chapter in the dangerous life and incessant lecheries of Secret Service Operative 007, ably embodied by Sean Connery. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through July 14, tentative.)

**It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World**—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

**Mafioso**—A perfect tragicomedy about a Milan factory worker who, returning to his native Sicily on vacation, becomes involved in some Mafia business. Immeasurably aided by Alberto Sordi in the leading role; Alberto Lattuada, the director, is due the rest of the credit. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

**The Organizer**—Marcello Mastroianni is oddly captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

**The Servant**—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

**A Shot in the Dark**—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**Tom Jones**—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through July 12. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting July 15.)

**The Troublemaker**—A lively stroll through Greenwich Village in company with a chicken farmer from New Jersey who wants to set up a coffeehouse where intellectual airs can flow freely. Written by Theodore J. Flicker, in collaboration with Buck Henry, and directed by Mr. Flicker. The cast will not be unfamiliar to patrons of The Premise. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; July 9. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 15.)

**The World of Henry Orient**—Two little girls named Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and quite a big boy named Peter Sellers having a merry time in Manhattan. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 15.)

**Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow**—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

### REVIVALS

**Ballad of a Soldier** (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 9.)

**Beat the Devil** (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 12-14.)

**Carnival in Flanders** (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 9.)

**Casablanca** (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 10-13.)

**Days of Wine and Roses** (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 14.)

**Gate of Hell** (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 9.)

**Gervaise** (1957)—A French film, based on Zola's "L'Assommoir," with Maria Schell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

**The Great Chase** (1962)—A medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through July 14.)

**Great Expectations** (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through July 14.)

**Henry V** (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; July 9.)

**Hud** (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 14, tentative.)

**The Letter That Was Never Sent** (1962)—Geologists in search of diamonds in the Siberian wilderness. A Russian picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

**The L-Shaped Room** (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting July 15, tentative.)

**Major Barbara** (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

**Maytime** (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore in the old operetta. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; July 13-14.)

**A Midsummer Night's Dream** (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting July 10.)

**Monsieur Verdoux** (1947)—Charlie Chaplin interpreting the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**The Proud and the Beautiful** (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

**Rose Marie** (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a duet in the Canadian wilds. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through July 10.)

**Sanjuro** (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 14. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

**School for Scoundrels** (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting July 15.)

**Shadows** (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 9. No afternoon performances.)

**Sundays and Cybèle** (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 10-13.)

**The Third Key** (1957)—Jack Hawkins as a Scotland Yard gumshoe plodding along after a murderous safecracker. An English film. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 15.)

**Under the Roofs of Paris** (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 9.)

**Viridiana** (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 14.)

**We Are All Murderers** (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through July 11, showings at 3: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), a German film. . . . ¶ July 12, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Moscow Clad in Snow" (1908), a Pathe newsreel; and "Bed and Sofa" (1927), a Russian film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. The auditorium will be closed July 13-31.)

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
**A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

**DEMILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
**THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.**

**FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

**LOEW'S CINERAMA**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through July 15: **THE CHALK GARDEN.**

**NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi.

**PALACE**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Zulu," Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins; and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Carpetbaggers," Carroll Baker, George Peppard.

**RIALTO**, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
**MAFIOSO** (in Italian).

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**CLEOPATRA.**

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**BECKET.**

**TOHO CINEMA**, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"The Insect Woman" (in Japanese).

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"For Those Who Think Young," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin.

**WARNER CINERAMA**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
**IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.**

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**MAJOR BARBARA**, revival.

**NEW CHARLES**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
July 9: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "The Subterraneans," revival, Leslie Caron, George Peppard.
July 10-13: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.
From July 14: **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Haunting," revival, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
July 9: "Island of the Blue Dolphins," Celia Kaye; and "Tammy and the Bachelor," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Leslie Nielson.
From July 10: "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine; and "Black Sabbath," Boris Karloff, Mark Damon.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 14: "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven.
From July 15: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

**KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 14 (tentative): **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
From July 15 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**; and **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
**MAFIOSO** (in Italian).

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through July 10: **ROSE MARIE**, revival; and "Girl of the Golden West," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
July 11-12: "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "The Firefly," revival, Jeanette MacDonald.
July 13-14: **MAYTIME**, revival; and "The Chocolate Soldier," revival, Risë Stevens.
From July 15: **TOM JONES.**

**TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"For Those Who Think Young," James Darren, Pamela Tiffin.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
**A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

**R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Zulu," Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins; and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Kapo," Susan Strasberg.

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**MONSIEUR VERDOUX**, revival.

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
**THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through July 10: "Queen Christina," revival, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.
July 11-13: "Susan Lennox, Her Fall and Rise," revival, Greta Garbo, Clark Gable.
From July 14: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through July 12: **TOM JONES.**
From July 13: "Nothing But the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish).

**YORK CINEMA**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through July 14: **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**, revival.
From July 15: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival.

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
July 9: **THE TROUBLEMAKER.**
From July 10: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
**THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**

**TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 14 (tentative): **HUD**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From July 15 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 14: **THE GREAT CHASE**, revival; and "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.
From July 15: **TOM JONES.**

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
July 9: "Island of the Blue Dolphins," Celia Kaye; and "Tammy and the Bachelor," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Leslie Nielson.
From July 10: "McHale's Navy," Ernest Borgnine; and "Black Sabbath," Boris Karloff, Mark Damon.

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 14: "How the West Was Won," revival.
From July 15: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern; and "Walk a Tightrope," Dan Duryea.

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 9: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival.
July 10-13: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.
From July 14: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 11: **. . . AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER!** (in Italian); and "Naked Autumn" (in French), Simone Signoret.
July 12-14: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
From July 15: "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven; and "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 14: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From July 15: **THE TROUBLEMAKER.**

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
**THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).

**SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 14: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern; and "Walk a Tightrope," Dan Duryea.
From July 15: "Viva Las Vegas," Elvis Presley; and "Tamahine," Nancy Kwan.

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 14: "La Poupée" (in French), revival; and "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.
From July 15: **TOM JONES.**

**R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven; and "Bullet for a Badman," Audie Murphy.

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi.

**55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
July 9: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (both in French and both revivals).
From July 10: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French; also known as "Drôle de Drame"), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "The Devil's Envoys" (in French; also known as "Les Visiteurs du Soir"), revival.

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Carpetbaggers," Carroll Baker, George Peppard.

**57TH ST. NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
July 9: **HENRY V**, revival.
From July 10: **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**, revival.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
**THE SERVANT.**

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Blood on the Balcony," an Italian documentary about Benito Mussolini.

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 9: "White Zombie," revival, Bela Lugosi; and "I Walked with a Zombie," revival, Frances Dee.
July 10: "Premature Burial," revival, Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Corridors of Blood," revival, Boris Karloff.
July 11: "The Day of the Triffids," revival, Howard Keel, Nicole Maurey; and "The Fly," revival, David Hedison.
July 12: "Things to Come," revival, Raymond Massey; and "Transatlantic Tunnel," revival, Madge Evans, Richard Dix.
July 13: "The Haunted Palace," Vincent Price, Debra Paget; and "The Raven," revival, Boris Karloff, Vincent Price.
July 14: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," revival, Ray Milland; and "Blood of the Vampire," revival, Donald Wolfit.
July 15: "Cat People," revival, Simone Simon, Kent Smith; and "The Leopard Man," revival, Margo, Dennis O'Keefe.

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 14: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers.
From July 15: **THE THIRD KEY**, revival; and "633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris.

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 9: **THE LETTER THAT WAS NEVER SENT** and "The Lady with the Dog" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 10: **GERVAISE** (in French), revival; and "Mitsou" (in French), revival, Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.
July 11: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival.
July 12: "Swan Lake," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet; and Prokofieff's "Cinderella," revival, in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.
July 13: "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina; and "Waltz of the Toreadors," revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.
July 14: **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French and Spanish), revival; and "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.
July 15: "Psychiatry in Action," revival, a documentary film; and "The Lonely Night," revival, a documentary film on psychotherapy.

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 14: "Belles and Ballets," revival, a film made up of excerpts from six ballets performed by the Ballet de l'Étoile; and another feature, to be announced.
From July 15: **TOM JONES.**

# THE WORLD'S FAIR

## GENERAL INFORMATION

**Hours**—*Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M.* Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

**Admission**—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

**Children**—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

**Music**—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

**Advice**—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impracticable, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

## TRANSPORTATION

**Automobile**—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

**Trains**—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

**Subways**—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

**Buses**—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half-hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

**Boats**—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

**Helicopter**—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

**At the Fair**—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a ride. . . . ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sight-seeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

## ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

### CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

**African Pavilion**—Twenty-four African countries are represented by displays of art and information, a short documentary film, frequent performances of music and dancing, and a small zoo. Adults $1.50; children fifty cents.

**Automobile Companies**—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

**Better Living Center**—One of the best shows at the Fair is at the Better Living Center, which is crowded with pitchmen selling blenders, ironing-board covers, Great Books, headrests, pearl oysters, oscillating chairs, fudge, handwriting analysis, Jayne Mansfield scarves, and contact lenses.

**Du Pont**—A commercial musical show followed by a series of chemical demonstrations goes on about forty times a day. Du Pont products are praised, and the waiting lines are long.

**Formica House**—At the intersection of the Avenues of Research and Enterprise, there is a house constructed of and furnished with indestructible materials and inhabited by an invisible but garrulous family. The moral of it all is that a house is a love story.

**Republic of Guinea**—The small display here includes bows and arrows, wood carvings, musical instruments, and two books on political philosophy by President Sekou Touré.

**House of Good Taste**—The exhibit consists of three dream houses labelled "contemporary," "modern," and "traditional," all equipped with dream appliances and encyclopedias, and with two cars and a workshop in every garage. It costs fifty cents to get in.

**I.B.M.**—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and even standing on line for two hours to see its fifteen-minute film is more fun than visiting most other Fair exhibits.

**Illinois**—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice. The audience is ushered out by loud singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Fortunately, there is also a display of photographs of Lincoln, as well as a collection of manuscripts, including one of the Gettysburg Address.

**Johnson Wax**—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and it is an excellent reason to come to the Fair.

**Mormon Church Pavilion**—The exhibit of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a vast building filled with murals, statues, inscriptions, and young men who are eager to explain everything.

**Wycliffe Bible Translators, Inc.**—The main feature here is a mural, projected onto a screen, that illustrates the conversion to Christianity of a savage Peruvian Indian, who, we are told, eventually visited this country and was very happy to see so many Bibles in our stores and hotels.

### PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

**Circus**—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, and 4:30, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:30, 5:10, 6:20, and 7:30, the rest of the week. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

**"Ice-Travaganza"**—An ice show put on in the New York City Building. The acts include a chimpanzee dressed as a baby girl, who is almost as funny as a man dressed as a Girl Scout. Shows at 1, 3, 5, and 7:30. Admission $1.05 to $3.35.

**Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World**—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

**"Les Poupées de Paris"**—A puppet show advertised as "sophisticated" offers an original score by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen and a puppet that looks like Frank Sinatra. Shows at 3, 4:30, 7, and 8:30, and a 1:30 show on Saturdays and Sundays. Adults $2; children $1.

**Oregon Timber Carnival**—The show, which goes on at noon, 2, 4, 6, and 8, includes a man who does the Charleston on top of a 110-foot tree trunk said to have been imported from Oregon. Adults $1, children seventy-five cents.

**"To Broadway with Love"**—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers, including "Dixie" and "There's No Business Like Show Business," on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. At 4, 7, and 9. Admission 99¢ to $4.80. No shows on Sundays.

## RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

**African Pavilion**—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. The cold cucumber soup and the fruits-of-Africa salad (avocado, melon, orange, mango, banana, coconut, peanuts, and lettuce) are delicious. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

**Brass Rail Refreshment Stands**—Unfortunately these stands, though numerous, are mysteriously designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

**Caribbean Pavilion**—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710.

**Danish Pavilion**—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a six-dollar "grand cold table" at lunchtime and, at dinner, the cold table or anything else on the large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

**Festival of Gas**—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call Mr. Bailey, AR 1-5070.

**Granada**—One of the three restaurants in the Spanish Pavilion, serving Spanish food such as gazpacho and paella. Good and fairly expensive. The service is efficient; reservations are not accepted.

**Republic of Guinea**—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

**Hilton Café International**—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

**Indian Pavilion**—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

**Indonesian Pavilion**—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

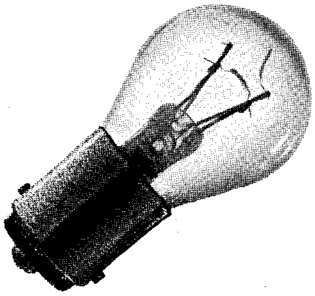
**Lebanese Pavilion**—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

**Mexican Pavilion**—The Focolare restaurant serves good, expensive Mexican food for lunch and dinner. There are wandering musicians and an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022.

**Top of the Fair**—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. No reservations.

**Note**—There are benches all over the Fairgrounds and picnic tables at the Oklahoma Pavilion for those who feel like bringing their own food.

# Avis is No.1 in Poughkeepsie. And already we've had a few complaints.



The light that failed.

Not long ago, our man in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., phoned us. "We're top dog," he said.

He sounded cocky.

Since then, we've watched Jack Newman closely.

He's already let through one dud signal light. Maybe he'll graduate to empty gas tanks.

But success hasn't done him much harm—yet.

His service is still snappy and the Fords he rents are as new as they come. (Like Avis people who are only No. 2, he doesn't run his cars past 20,000 miles.)

A few more complaints from you Poughkeepsie people, though, and we may have to put in someone a little less complacent.

So watch it, Jack.

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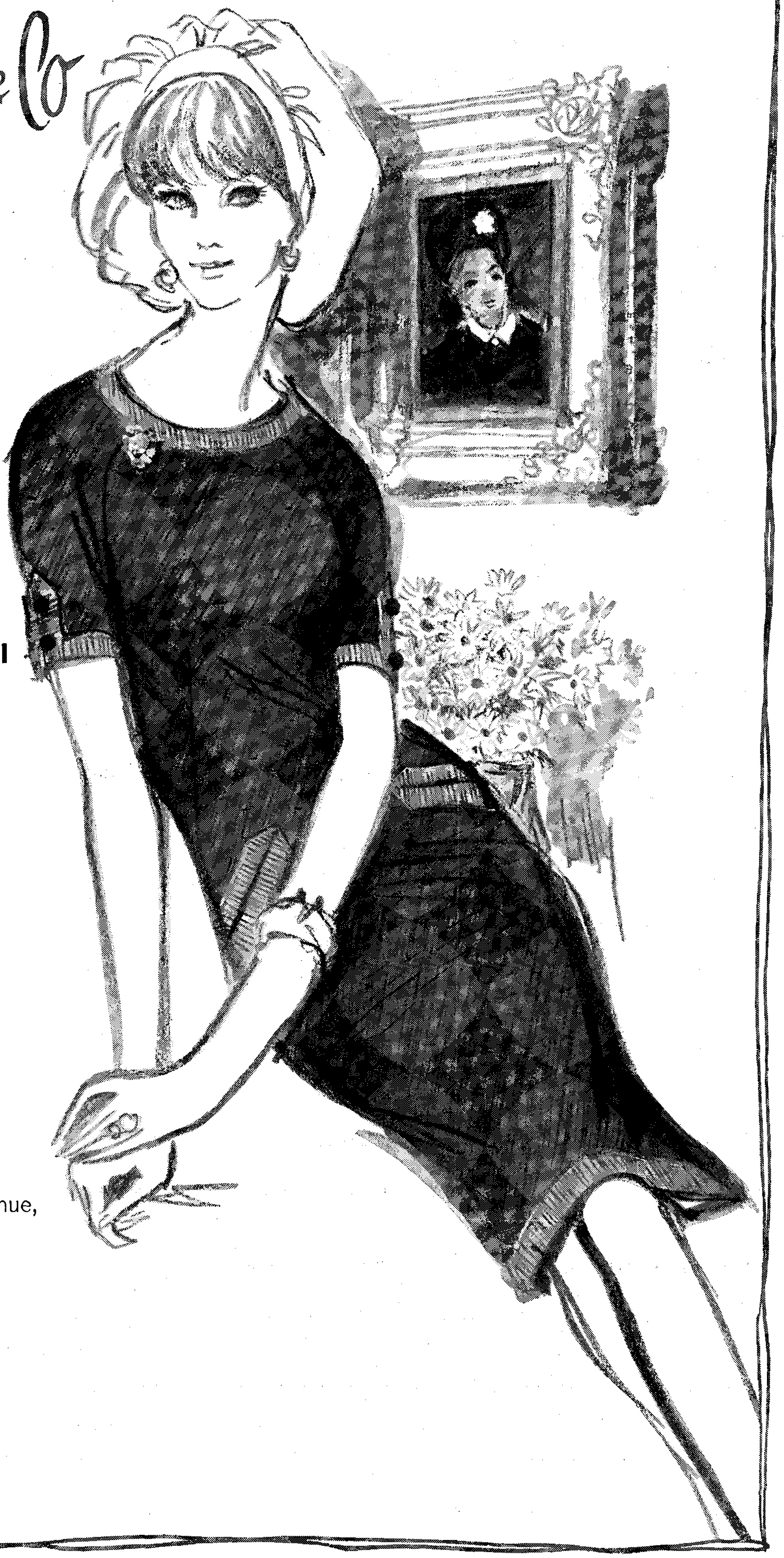
B Altman & Co

**Mid-Summer jewel for juniors!**

Gay little town dress in textured weave with contrast trimming. Cranberry with navy, navy with cranberry, or brown with blue. Rayon and other fibers . . . 5 to 13. Sixth floor junior dresses, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **23.00**



THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

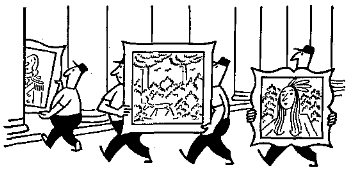
## *Notes and Comment*

WE'VE been giving thought to the late Mr. Ataullah K. Ozai-Durrani, the inventor of Minute Rice, whose will, recently filed here, left half of a million-dollar estate to finance translations into English of the works of two nineteenth-century Persian poets, Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib and Meer Taqui Meer, and the writing of their biographies. And our thought is: Good for Mr. Ataullah K. Ozai-Durrani! Good for him for having made a lot of money out of inventing Minute Rice and for at the same time caring strongly about poets! And good for him for having had the sense of proportion in estate planning to bet half his money on his private passions! Consider, after all, the numbers of rich men (great, craggy-faced xerography tycoons or transistor barons, who harangued on Individuality in their prime, and Enterprise, and made huge heaps of gold by the exercise of cunning, energy, brains, self-interest, force of personality, and so on) who on their deathbeds can think of nothing better to do with all the boodle than swing it along to the New Dormitory Fund for Renwick College or donate another gymnasium to St. Cuthbert's. This isn't to disparage these worthy causes, or any others, or to belittle their need for funds. But it's always seemed to us a pity that men with quantities of money to dispose of should dispose of it so relentlessly in august and public-spirited bequests, as if the men themselves had never quite existed (except as bank accounts)—as if to use even a small part of one's money to express a prejudice, an occasional passion, something personal, would be degrading, and would bring laughter in the Great Beyond and public outcry from one's heirs. We take note here of the late Mr. Ozai-Durrani's handsome bequest, and feel the richer for it—richer by anticipation of the poems of two nineteenth-century Persian poets, even though (there is no telling) they may be terrible poets, but richer still because Mr. Ozai-Durrani, inventor of Minute Rice, was so keen about them, and let us glimpse it, and thus let us (now far away) glimpse him.

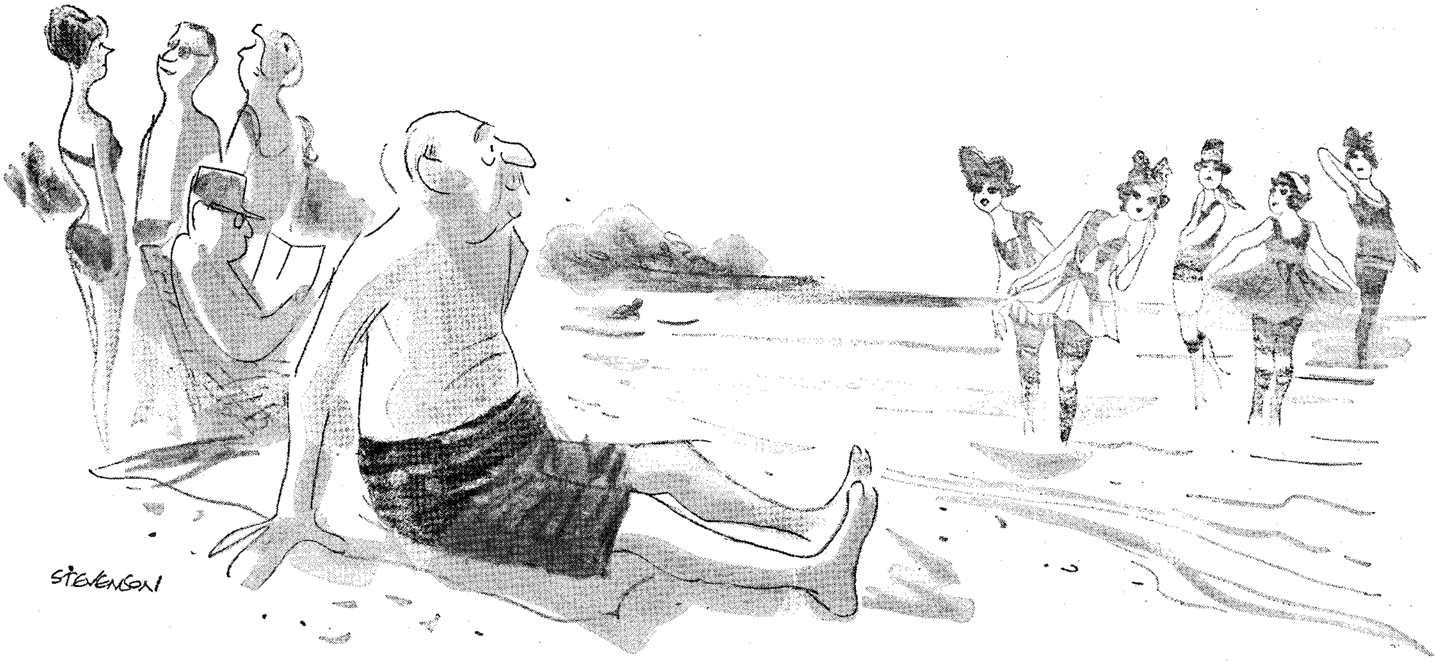
## *Ripley Revisited*

WHO should be settling down as the eighth secretary of the Smithsonian Institution—successor to Joseph Henry, Spencer F. Baird, Samuel P. Langley, Charles D. Walcott, Charles Greeley Abbot, Alexander Wetmore, and Leonard Carmichael—but our old, often buttonholed friend S. Dillon Ripley II, the peripatetic ornithologist and former head of the Peabody Museum of Natural History at Yale! We air-shuttled to Washington the other morning to pay our respects to him, and found him in the marvellous old Romanesque building of red-brown Maryland freestone that has dominated Washington's Mall since 1855. The Secretary, whose title puts him on the altiplano inhabited by similarly designated Cabinet officers, received us in an office containing an American flag and the Smithsonian's flag; he was wearing a dark Edwardian suit with broad white stripes.

"This is part of the apartment of Joseph Henry, who became secretary in 1846, when Congress created the Smithsonian," Mr. Ripley said. "He lived here with his family, and many of his colleagues lived here, too. I hope to restore the original décor of his rooms. The Smithsonian behaved like an institution in its early days. I think of an institution as a congeries, which, of course, the Smithsonian is today, since the United States National Museum (consisting of the Museum of Natural History and the Museum of History and Technology), the Bureau of American Ethnology, the Astrophysical Observatory, the National Air and Space Museum, the National Zoological Park, the International Exchange Service, the Canal Zone Biological Area, the National Collection of Fine Arts, the National Portrait Gallery, the Freer Gallery of Art, and, to some extent, the National Gallery of Art all come under its administration. The National Collection of Fine Arts was established in 1846 to develop an appreciation of American arts and crafts of the past and to encourage 'wholesome contemporary creative effort' in this field, but it has never had a proper home. It has the finest collection of Ryders in the world, most of them sitting around in storerooms. The government has recently released a wonderful building to us to house it in—the former Civil Service Commission Building, which was originally the Patent Office Building, and is a Doric structure as big as the Parthenon. It's so vast that we're going to use it for *two* art museums; the second will be the National Portrait Gallery, which Congress authorized as a Smithsonian bureau in 1962. This will assemble the likenesses of distinguished Americans, ranging from Pocahontas and the earliest explorers on down. We've signed up Charles Nagel to run it—he's the director of the City Art Museum in St. Louis—and we're thrilled to get him. The N.P.G.—I hope you don't mind my using initials; it's a dreadful habit I've got into since I came here, in January—is going to be something very splendiferous. We hope to open it in 1966."



S.D.R. II ushered us through a door



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of his office into the Regents Room, which adjoins it and contains portraits of his predecessors. "Four of the eight secretaries are alive," he said. "I'm alive; Dr. Carmichael, who is a psychologist, is taking a trip around the world to look at primates and will then occupy an office in the new M.H.T. building, where he expects to continue work on infant behavior; Dr. Wetmore, a biologist, has an office in the U.S.N.M. and is working on the birds of Panama; and Dr. Abbot, a ninety-two-year-old astrophysicist, is working on celestial navigation in *this* building. Ex-secretaries are always offered offices and laboratories *in situ*."

We asked who the regents are, and Mr. Ripley (a Yale B.A. and Harvard Ph.D., he clings to the New Haven style of misterhood under doctoral circumstances) said that the chancellor of the Board of Regents is, ex officio, the Chief Justice of the United States, and that the rest of the board consists of the Vice-President (circumstances allowing), three senators, three representatives, and six eminent private citizens. "The regents are a unique group," he said. "They are the be-all and end-all. They have full authority to supervise all activities of the Institution, and they elect the secretary. Two of the private citizens must be residents of the District of Columbia." The current two, we learned, are Robert V. Fleming, chairman of the board of the Riggs National Bank, and Caryl P. Haskins, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. "Both are mines of information," Mr. Ripley said of them, and went on, "The Chief Justice takes a great interest and always comes to meetings. The Smithsonian is a kind of mystique to the Congress. It's out there on the Mall, and they know it belongs to them; it is above politics. The secretary is a private citizen, with no taint of politics."

We followed Mr. R. outside and into a black Cadillac limousine. "M.H.T.," he said to the driver, who presently let the two of us off at the Museum of History and Technology, a brand-new, modern-style building that was full of sightseers, some of them babies in carriages. A brisk tour revealed, among other things, the tattered fifteen-star flag that flew over Fort McHenry during the British bombardment in 1814 and inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-Spangled Banner;" Horatio Greenough's colossal marble statue of a semi-nude George Washington, which horrified one and all when it was placed outside the Capitol in 1843; the portable writing desk on which Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence; Eli Whitney's cotton gin; a model of Secretary Henry's pioneering electromagnet; the lathe that Secretary Langley used in building a combustion machine in the eighteen-nineties; a group of mannequins displaying dresses—many of them Inauguration Ball gowns—worn by First Ladies; the first diesel locomotive; an early trolley car; an 1899 wire recorder; a collection of typewriters, starting with Burt's Typographer of 1829; and an exhibit of eighteenth-century men's underwear.

"Footed long drawers," the Secretary said. "Over four hundred thousand people visited this building last month. It has been criticized architecturally, but it serves as an admirable chrysalis for our exhibits. Some of the critics have complained about its lack of daylight, but nothing is more damaging to museums than daylight."

Mr. R. invited us to his club for lunch, and as we were driving there, he said, "We have a wonderful white tigress, with blue eyes, at the Zoo—she has an almost opalescent quality that gives you the feeling of a Pre-Raphaelite painting—who has just had a litter of cubs. One of them is creamy white with ash-gray stripes. The mother was given to President Eisenhower, for the children of the United States, by John W. Kluge, president of Metromedia. She was mated with her uncle, whom we obtained from India. White tigers of this variety occur very rarely in nature, and only in Central India; our cub is the first one ever bred in a public zoo. Its mother is the star in our Zoo diadem at the moment."

During lunch, Mr. R. continued, "The Smithsonian is a company of scholars—a small university that awards no degrees. Its total staff is just over eighteen hundred, and I have a staff of twenty-five—a relatively small administrative cadre. This means a tremendous amount of work for me; I apparently have to sign between fifteen hundred and two thousand checks a month, for instance. A museum exists for its scholars, not for its exhibits. We have more than three hundred people with advanced degrees. We are concerned with pure science, pure research—not primarily with applied science, space science, or contract work. We can perform one very signal service to the nation—championing those areas of basic science that become temporarily unfashionable through contemporary shifts in academic programs. Our people have special knowledge that is often useful. Let me give you an example. At the end of the Eisenhower administration and the beginning of the Kennedy administration, oceanography became a national watchword. It was felt that the ocean might provide valuable new resources. The New Frontier initiated a program of building deep-sea-research vessels, and thousands of biological and geological specimens were dredged up. Then it turned out that there was a hideous dearth of people to identify the specimens. The whole project began to grind to a halt. This was where the Smithsonian came into its own. It organized a big oceanographic program to recruit and retain specialists. In addition, a new unit was established—the Smithsonian Oceanographic Sorting Center, which receives, screens, sorts, and distributes for scientific study the animals, plants, and sediments collected in the country's expanding oceanographic program. Another example—our Astrophysical Observatory, which has its scientific headquarters in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and collaborates with the Harvard College Observatory, has twelve optical satellite-tracking stations in different parts of the world. The Observatory was set up seventy-four years ago and now has an applied use for the first time. You just can't tell when something of basic importance may develop practical applications, and we have a moral obligation to be ready for it."

Lunch over, Yale's loss and the nation's gain bowed us back into the secretarial Caddy. "M.N.H.," he said to the chauffeur, and we were off to one of the world's largest collections of dinosaurs.

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SIGN observed in the cabin of a Greek freighter plying between New York and Piraeus, in some rather deep water:

EMERGENCY

Place the Life Preserver over head and pass the neck and arms; pull down the front section as lower as possible. Take each end of back straps and tie them on breast part. Take each end of front body straps and pass them around backward. Moreover, pass them around front and tie them on belly part.

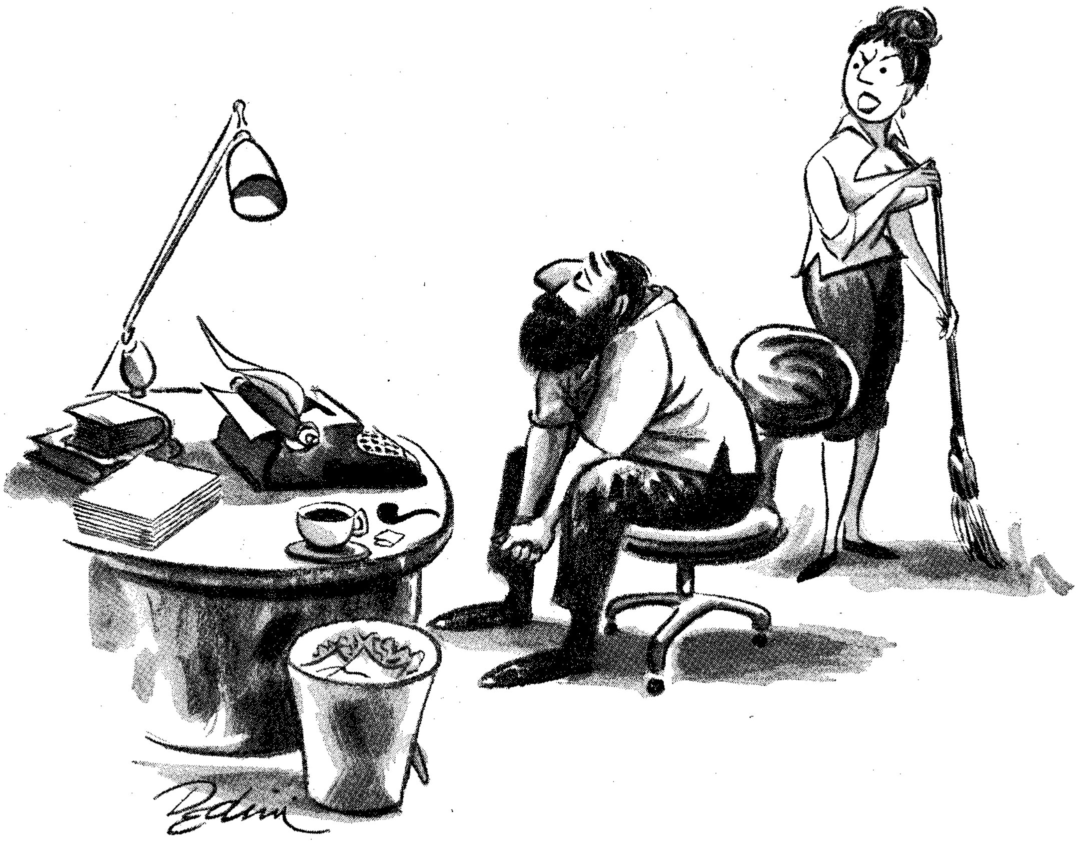
## *Yippee!*

THE hottest bar attraction we've seen in some time is a sort of cinematic jukebox called Scopitone, which operates in Spark's Pub South, a recently opened *boîte* on Eighteenth Street, between Park Avenue South and Irving Place. The machine comes from France, where, we understand, it has become practically standard barroom equipment. It looks pretty much like any other jukebox, except that on top of it is a twenty-one-inch screen, on which, at the drop of a quarter, a three-minute French color film is shown. There are thirty-six selections to choose among, ranging from "Le Jour le Plus Long," in which the French chanteuse Dalida, wearing an American Army helmet at a becoming angle, sings her way heroically through the perils of D Day, to an odd number called "Si J'Avais un Marteau" ("If I Had a Hammer"), in which a group of deliriously happy Asians build a house. A leather-clad young man named Vince Taylor, who seems to have taken up where Elvis Presley left off, appears in three or four galvanic episodes, and the Kessler twins lend their tall good looks and husky voices to a couple of musical scenes.

We dropped in at Spark's one night last week and found it jammed with customers, many of them eagerly feeding quarters into the machine, which stands opposite the far end of the bar. A system of mirrors provides a view of the entertainment from almost any seat in the house and also from the front end of the bar, where we found the manager, a slim Virginian named Phil Lee, who lost an arm with the Marines in Korea. We congratulated him on the success of the Scopitone, and he said, "Oh, it's a wowser, all right. It's France's answer to the wasteland, if you ask me."

We inquired how he had got on to the thing, and he said that the owner of the place, Don Spark—an English actor who, upon retiring from the British stage seven years ago, came here and opened a bar on Second Avenue, near Seventy-ninth Street—had seen one in Paris and decided to try it here. The uptown bar seemed too long and narrow for the purpose, so he bought the downtown place, called up Mr. Lee, who had been a friend of his for some time, and opened about three months ago—with such success that now the uptown bar has a Scopitone, too.

A vivacious brunette appeared on the screen, and walked—or, rather, Twist-



*"I think your trouble is that you used to get your best ideas while shaving."*

ed—along the embankment of the Seine.

"That's called 'Le College Anglais,' " Mr. Lee told us. "I have no idea why."

"La la la LA LA LA! Gay Paree!" the girl on the screen sang, and was joined by a chorus line of dancers in short kilts, after which all hands skipped off on a sightseeing trip along the Boulevard de Clichy. "Yippee!" their leader cried.

"This one crumples everybody," Mr. Lee told us.

We asked him if he didn't get tired of listening to the same pieces over and over.

"I'm used to it," he said. "We cool the thing off every now and again, though, and turn on the regular jukebox. It's a pretty special one. I'll bet it's the only one in town with Dylan Thomas reciting poetry on it. We've got some great jazz, too. Some people do get tired of the Scopitone. One waitress we had couldn't stand it, and quit. We change the films about once a month—as often as we can get them from France. Of course, we keep the favorites; otherwise we'd be clobbered. We get people from all over town down here. The other night, this big plum-colored Rolls pulled up out front and in came Helena Rubinstein and some of her crowd. She had a ball. Hoagy Carmichael comes in, too. He's fascinated by the machine."

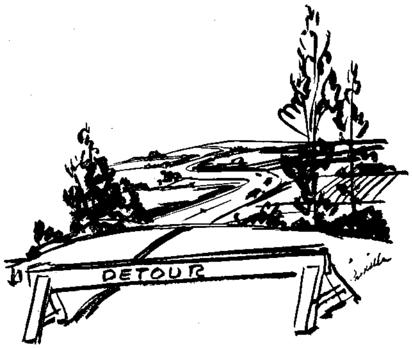
On the screen, a lioness was pacing up and down a rocky landscape, in time to "Tell Him." We watched two or three more films, said good night to Mr. Lee, and left. The girls in kilts were back on the screen, their leader happily chirping, "La la la LA LA LA! Gay Paree!"

## *Finicky*

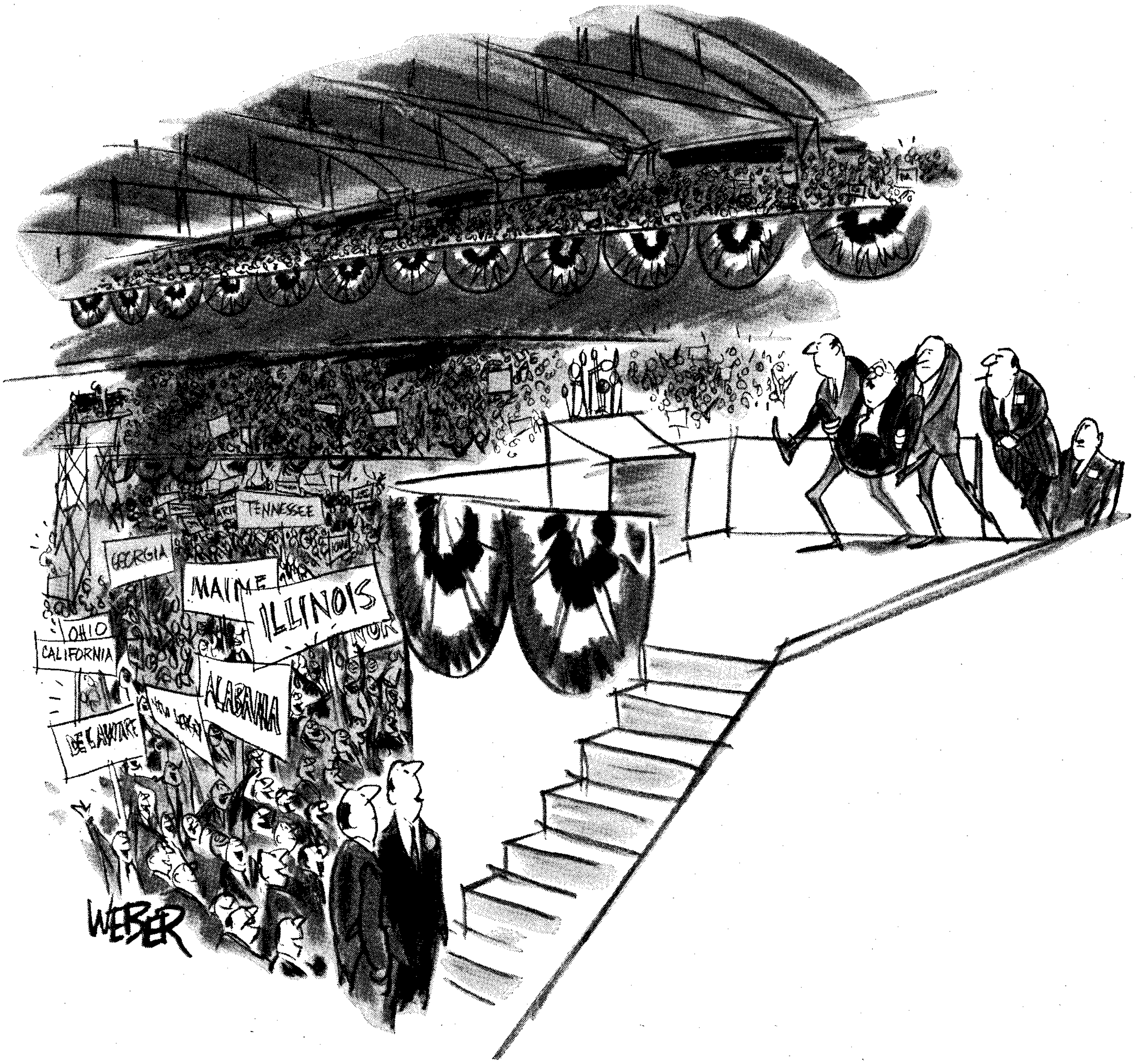
A Seven-Year-Old friend of ours, called upon by his mother to explain his sudden dislike of a fishing companion, said, "He eats the bait."

## *Health Planner*

NOW that questions of poverty and health have been raised in the political arena, we have been to hear a government psychiatrist discuss the relation between them, the occasion being a recent lecture by Dr. Leonard J. Duhl entitled "Urbanization, Poverty, and Health," at the New York Academy of Medicine. The lecture was billed as being addressed "to the laity," but, like most psychiatrists, Dr. Duhl, who is chief of the Planning Staff of the National Institute of Mental Health, in Bethesda, Maryland, began by diagnosing the problem in professional terms: "The most prevalent disease of our time [is] urban man's loss of self-identity." *Unlike* most psychiatrists, however, he quickly switched to a more personal vocabulary, and in a chat with us after the lecture he explained what he meant in a sort of parable: "Our maid told my wife recently that she was all excited about buying a new television set; she said she had just picked out a nice one that cost four hundred and fifty dollars. As it happened, *we* had just bought a new set at a discount house for ninety-one dollars, but the maid said that she had been given very easy payment terms, and she showed my wife a paper she was about to sign. Well, it turned out that the paper called for the payment of something like seven hundred dollars, all told. So my wife got her to return it unsigned, and they went to the discount house, where she bought a set for ninety-one dollars. The point is she didn't know about discount houses—which are essentially middle-class institutions—and she didn't know about credit, and she didn't know how to go about finding out." Dr. Duhl then invited us to ponder the fact that there are people who know just as little about taking advantage of the health and educational facilities of our large cities. That is one way to get a glimpse of what it means to be poor in the midst of prevailing prosperity, he said. "Such people reach out, but they're unable to *connect* with the benefits of modern society," he went on. "Things that we take totally for granted may present heartbreaking obstacles—things like dealing with the police, talking with minor bureaucrats, even making appointments on the telephone. In the past, when people grew up in closely knit families within closely knit communities, there was seldom any problem about making independent value choices. The community had its own ways of coping with the world, its own stable system of values, which it passed along to the child. In relation to these, one's self-image was clear. But these reinforcing factors have broken down, just as the individual is being handed a tremendously increased fund of information through radio, television, and travel—other people's, if not his own. So instead of four or five variables, let's say, he's suddenly faced with thousands. And no one has trained him to make the choices. It's like sending an astronaut into space without preparing him for a weightless environment."



If the loss of self-identity is "the most prevalent disease of our time," Dr. Duhl cheerfully admitted that he himself is not immune to it. A graduate of the Bronx High School of Science, Columbia University, and Albany Medical College, he is a bouncy, cherubic-faced public servant who works as a consultant to the Peace Corps, a member of the Advisory Committee on Migratory Labor, and the chairman of the Committee on Cultural Deprivation, among other clinical and administrative duties, and who still manages to look, at thirty-eight, as if he had never had a worry in his life. The fact is that he has made a career of taking other people's worries as his own. "The whole concept of total health planning, of community psychiatry, is so new that you can't help getting involved in all kinds of related fields," he told us, with a small smile. "Sometimes I forget whether I'm a psychiatrist or an administrator or a city planner, or a Jack of all and master of none. But we *have* to find new approaches. For a long time, psychiatry has been oriented toward the individual patient who comes in for help. Fine. But that means limiting yourself essentially to the middle-class person, who knows when and how to seek help, and leaving the other people to be discovered by community agencies after their problems have taken an anti-social, pathological turn. What we are trying to create is an aggressive health program—one that reaches out into the community to find those who need help and to deal with those areas of the environment that seem to be giving people the most trouble. We take the position that there is no disease until there is a breakdown in the environment and the individual at the same time. You can see this concept in operation on some college campuses and within the personnel program of the Peace Corps. The Peace Corps has two full-time psychiatrists on its staff, who aren't there merely to screen out unsuitable applicants but actually sit in on a whole range of policy decisions that may not seem, at first glance, to have anything to do with the mental well-being of volunteers in Ethiopia or



*"I'd call __this__ a genuine draft."*

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Colombia. But out of seventy-seven hundred volunteers we've had only three hundred returns for any reason, and only about thirty-five for psychological reasons."

Dr. Duhl hesitated to specify ways in which this experience might be adapted to an organization serving our own not so visible poor, but he did say that some sort of Health Corps might be organized along the lines suggested by the President in his war-on-poverty speech. "The problem is how to man such a corps," the Doctor continued. "We haven't enough doctors and social workers to go around as it is. I believe the answer is to rely increasingly on what I call 'skilled amateurs,' or back-up people, drawn right from the lower-class neighborhood itself, and trained and paid to do specific jobs, under the supervision of professionals—in community centers, in special schools, in work with the retarded, in assisting homemakers, in organizing youth and recreation programs. These people may be harder to recruit and train than the usual middle-class volunteer worker, but they will be more likely candidates for advanced training and greater responsibility, because this will be their *own* way of moving on and up as well as a means of helping their neighbors. Of course, we professionals will have to get used to the idea that many of our jobs can be done by people without a briefcaseful of certifications. Take the Peace Corps, again. When it was being organized, many academic people advised us to accept only candidates who had M.A.s in social work, or educational degrees or the equivalent in other fields. Well, Sargent Shriver took other advice, and we found that our volunteers, most of whom were without special degrees, could be sent around the world, after a short, intensive training period, and help teach school and organize community projects to everyone's satisfaction. Now that it has worked, the same people say, 'Oh, well, the Peace Corps, that's different, that's abroad, that's a specially motivated group. It can't work here.' I happen to think it can."

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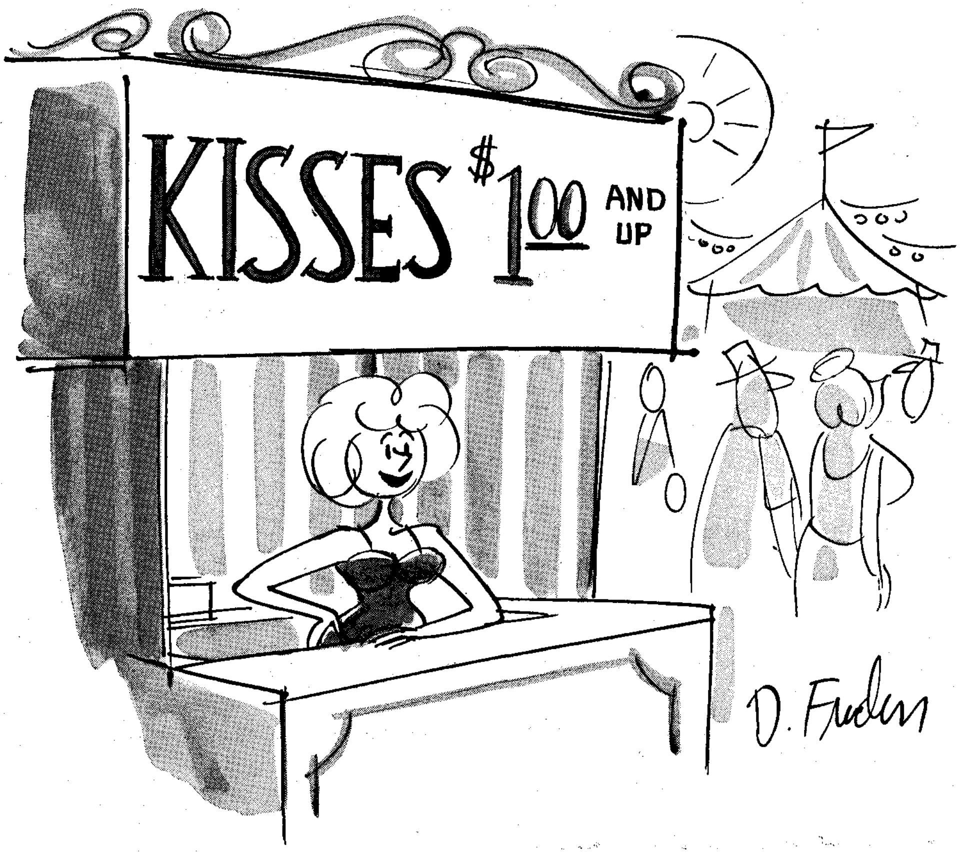
AT Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, there is a restaurant called Dante's Furnace Inn. It is air-conditioned.

# A GLARE INTO THE FUTURE

THE Columbia Broadcasting System, you may remember, announced the eventual winner of the New Hampshire Republican primary just eighteen minutes after the polls had closed. N.B.C. then evened matters by selecting Rockefeller for first place in the Oregon primary three and a half minutes after the local bars reopened. In the recent California primary, the C.B.S. soothsayer, after consulting the entrails of an electronic sheep called VPA (Voter Profile Analysis), declared for Goldwater after twenty-two minutes of what turned out to be a very close race, and was, in a manner of speaking, vindicated when the final returns were counted some twelve hours later. My uneasiness in the face of all these marvels is caused by the omission of that useful, hedgy old word "predict;" the networks now "declare" a winner, much as the Praetorian Guard once declared who would wear the purple. The pleasures of anticipation and speculation, hitherto thought intrinsic to human proceedings, are clearly done for, and I have contrived a few *aperçus* of the all too smug face of the future. I predict—no, I *declare*—that our newspapers will soon carry this kind of news-deadening stuff:

NEW YORK—The New York Yankees were declared the winners of the American League pennant today in the fourth inning of their game here with the Boston Red Sox. It was the Yankees' fifth game of the season, and the earliest they have ever clinched the flag. The Bronx Bombers were trailing, 2–1, with a runner on first and slugger Alvin Ripple at the plate, when the C.B.S. Sports Department released the announcement. The Yankees were named champs on the basis of a computer study known as CPA (Championship Profile Analysis), which indicated that if they were as high as seventh place in the standings (they are tied for fourth) and trailing by no more than two runs at the mid-point of their fifth game, they would go on to win the pennant.

The early prediction struck consternation into the N.B.C. Baseball Department. Vice-President Bob Butters threatened a complete overhaul of his Baseball Predictions staff. A glum N.B.C. spokesman, who asked not to be named, said, "We felt that with Ripple—a notoriously weak knuckle-ball hitter—at the plate and the double-play situation set up, the outcome was too close to be certain, even though our own computer did indicate the Yankees would eventually win the pennant by three percentage points. As you know, Ripple popped up, but by now, of course, even the newspapers have declared the Yankees to be the American League champs, and we can all forget about the remaining games on the A.L. schedule."



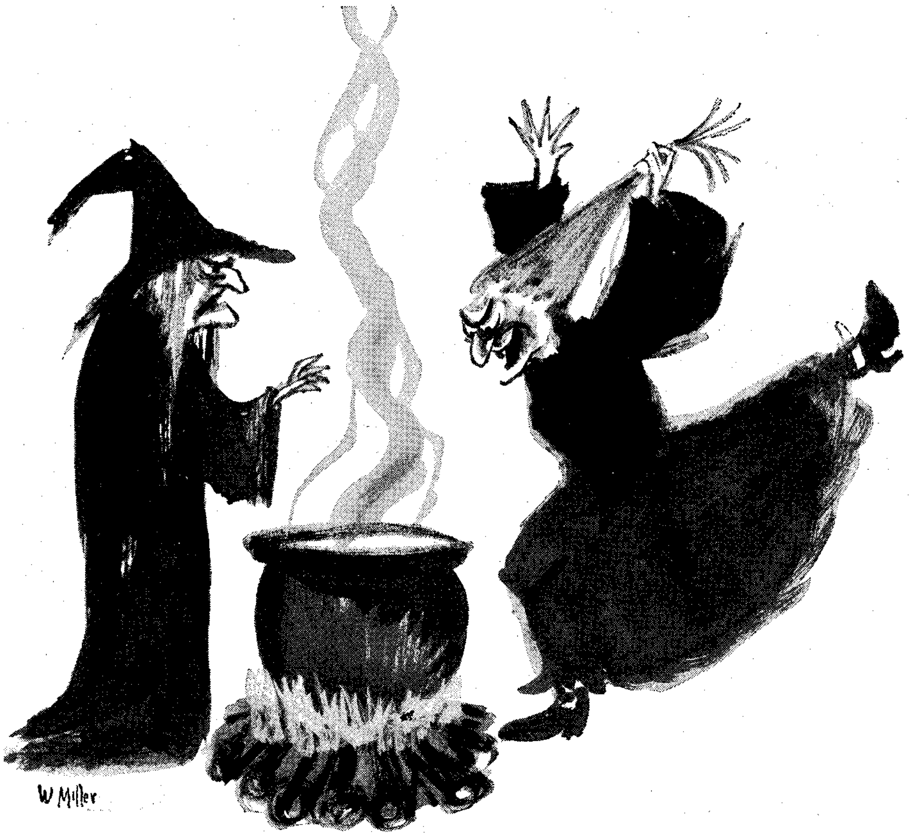
HOLLYWOOD—After watching six minutes of the first reel of the première performance of Robert Cudahy's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow," the A.B.C. Drama Department today declared the film the winner of the coveted Oscar award in the "Best Picture" category. The leader of the A.B.C. reviewing team, who asked to remain unnamed, gave this account under the marquee of Grauman's Chinese Theatre while the movie was still in progress: "The performance of Roddy Billups, when extrapolated to its full two and a half hours, will be one of the great screen characterizations of this decade. We had expected Billups to be weak in the comedy areas, which usually occur at the beginning of this type of film, and to come on strong in the dramatic precincts, which always occur later. Instead, his comedy rating for the first six minutes, as recorded on our RFD (Rapid Film Decoder), was twenty-two Gs [guffaws], which was four or five Gs more than the necessary minimum. Because of this unexpected early comedy showing, we were able to make an extremely fast decision."

Red-faced C.B.S. drama men, who did not concede until fifteen minutes of the second reel had elapsed, admitted that they had been caught flat-footed by Billups' dramatic prowess. A C.B.S. spokesman, who asked to remain unnamed, said that the network had been unprepared for Billups' strong closing in the rural dramatic areas. "Our raw data on his pastoral scenes simply did not indicate such upstate strength," the spokesman said.

NEW YORK—All trading on the New York Stock Exchange was abruptly suspended at 11:17 this morning after a wild buying spree triggered by Channel 13's sudden announcement that Apex Unicycle common stock would rise to 278⅞ before noon next Tuesday. The news struck a recently sluggish market with hurricane force, because Apex common was listed on the Big Board for the first time at the opening of trade this morning, with a modest offering of 500,000 shares quoted at 15. A spokesman for Channel 13, who asked to remain nameless, quickly confirmed the declaration, which had been made during the station's regular morning lesson in Sanskrit. "There is no doubt whatsoever about Apex's bullish prospects," the spokesman stated. "We submitted the company's data to our SPCA (Stock

Profile Computing Analyzer) yesterday, and it indicated beyond peradventure that American youth is now ready to boom unicycles, which combine the riskiness of drag racing with the bucolic fascination of the hula hoop. Apex will declare seven extra dividends this year." By the time the Stock Exchange's board of governors suspended trading, the floor was a scene of panic, as traders dumped such leaders as General Motors and Xerox in their effort to climb aboard the Apex bandwagon, meanwhile driving Apex common up to a figure of 162½. Apex directors appeared stunned by the news, perhaps because the company has so far only manufactured two dozen of the one-wheeled conveyances.

C.B.S. and N.B.C. market experts could not be reached at once for comment. At A.B.C., however, a spokesman, who had forgotten his name, stated, "We have learned that an error was made in programming our new FM (Foresight Manufacturer) for Apex common. This error resulted in the omission of single-wheel giddiness tolerance factors among teen-agers, and thus gave us a completely false picture of the unicycle market. The A.B.C. mathematician responsible has, of course, been disciplined."



*"Oh, knock it off! It's only cream of asparagus."*

NEW YORK—By projecting the opening page of Fletcher Buhler's and Alexander Hawley's latest *roman à clef* seconds after the galley proofs came off the presses, the N.B.C. Book Department declared the novel "The Ghastly Dew" winner of the coveted National Book Award. However, N.B.C. was badly beaten by the C.B.S. Novel Department, which gave "Ghastly Dew" the palm after scanning the first sentence, thus defeating its arch-rival by fourteen seconds. The book, which will end rather grimly if C.B.S. is correct, will tell the story of an idealistic operator of a back-yard steel mill near Canton, who gives his life in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent a neutron-bomb attack on Fire Island. A C.B.S. spokesman, Jim Pellocoudas, who asked to remain unnamed, stated that "The Ghastly Dew" proofs were fed to the network's GBS (Great Books Scanner), which can determine the ultimate irony quotient of any book, except those of Herman Wouk and Dwight D. Eisenhower. "When the machine came up with a positive analysis of that introductory adverbial clause, we knew we were in," the spokesman said. "By comparing the results of the first sentence with one thousand masterworks of literature and then measuring these data against the personality indices of every leading book judge, we were able to come up with our winner. It is an authentic masterpiece, packed with human relevance and destined to take its place as one of our enduring pieces of literature. I look forward to reading it this summer."

WASHINGTON, D.C.—President Andrew T. Teeples, who was elected in November on a back-to-normalcy platform, was today declared "one of the ten great Presidents in our history" by the N.B.C. Presidential Department's Washington Bureau. The prediction was made despite the fact that President Teeples—or A.T. & T., as he likes to be called—has been in office only six weeks, during which time he has failed to settle a crippling steel strike and has threatened to defoliate Liechtenstein with S.A.C. bombers, as a result of an alleged insult to his family.

These negative factors, plus the failure of the President to remember the name of the French President (de Gaulle) when they met at a recent dinner party, would appear to constitute an insurmountable obstacle to greatness, explained N.B.C., had not the Chief Executive's GPO (Great President Outlook) already indicated that he would be weak in precisely the areas of labor negotiation, personal pride, and mnemonics. He is expected, however, to offset this poor start by strong gains in art appreciation, rose gardening, and reverence. "President Teeples," the N.B.C. source states, "will become great in about one hundred and thirty years. Until that time, he will be the most unappreciated, if not disliked, President since Andrew Johnson, and will, in fact, be impeached next September." —F. P. TULLIUS

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## BY THE SALTINGS

When the wind is in the thrift
gently, down by the saltings
at dawn when the vapors lift;

and pattering sanderlings
run from you rather than fly
across the sandflat screaming;

before the runnels drain dry
among the sea-lavender
and sun severs sea from sky;

there is time enough under
any listing low-tide hull
of your choosing to wonder

at the force of it to pull
you to its shelter, alone
as you are and as fearful

as some crab beneath some stone.

—TED WALKER

# A FREE CHOICE

Rose stood waiting for the dance, a waltz, to end. She felt ill at ease, being stranded like this without a partner. She wondered why Hubert Derdon had not come in search of her, to ask her for a dance, or to ask her if she would like to go into the dining room and find something to eat. A lot of them were in there in the dining room, she knew, but she did not want to go in there alone. She would rather have been sitting down, more out of sight, but there were no chairs along the sides of the room but only at the ends. Mrs. Ramsay's drawing room, cleared for dancing, seemed enormous, and from where Rose stood the ends of the room seemed not only far away but impassable, with sofas and chairs crowded together and people sitting there together, people who knew each other well but who did not know her very well, and she was younger than any of them and anxious not to appear to push herself upon them. Her mother had warned her not to be forward. It was only an accident that she was at the party at all. Father Kane had arranged for her to be there. The party was being given for the people who worked at Ramsay's shop, where Rose's father had worked before his death. Father Kane was very good. He had even arranged for Rose to get a ride in the car that brought a crowd of the girls from Ramsay's.

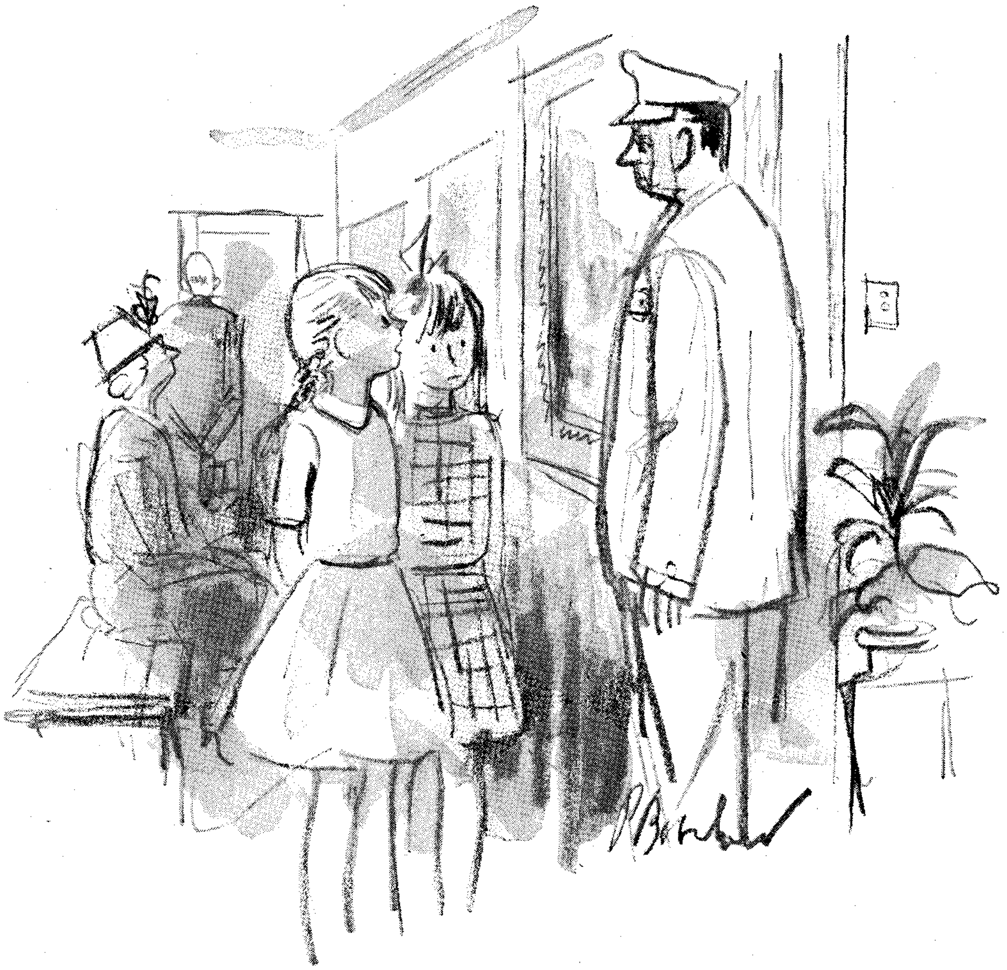
Rose thought the room was lovely. She was standing in front of long sweeping curtains of blue velvet. The blue of the curtains put the blue of her dress in the shade, and her dress was velvet, too. Rose felt that the dress she had made for herself, that had seemed so grand at home, could never compete with the splendor of the curtains, and since she was not competing with the curtains, she felt that they protected her, falling from the top of the tall windows to the floor behind her as they might well have fallen in front of her. She had been looking forward to seeing this room, which was famous in the town, although not many people had had the privilege of visiting the house and seeing it for themselves. She recognized the velvet curtains the minute she walked into the room, and she turned at once to speak to Hubert Derdon about them, but just as she turned, Mr. Lord, who had been a very old friend of her father's, came up and asked her for a dance, and she danced off with him, feeling very nervous and shy, and when the dance was over, Hubert had disappeared, and she had not had the chance since to speak to him and tell him what she knew about the curtains.

She had first glimpsed the curtains as she walked through the front door into the big hall outside, and she had been astonished, as though she had caught a glimpse of an old friend from long ago, someone she had worshipped and had never dreamed of seeing again. There were the curtains her father had told her about, and they were exactly as he had told her they would be. And he had never seen them finished. During the months before his death Rose's life had been full of talk about velvet, and he had brought home bits of velvet to show her—rose velvet and red velvet, several different colors of green velvet, a yellow velvet that was called amber but that he said was old gold, mouse-colored velvet and orange velvet and blue, his favorite color, every shade of it. Many of the other men and women who had been working in Ramsay's a long time had been delegated to do this or that job in connection with the decoration of Mrs. Ramsay's house, and to Rose's father she had given the task of finding the velvet for the curtains. He had to find the right weight of velvet and the right color to go with the wallpaper, which had been chosen from an English firm that supplied the best houses in London, Mrs. Ramsay had told Rose's father. He brought a scrap of the paper home to show to Rose, and the samples of velvet that he had collected, and they went over them together every evening, and in the morning he took them back to the shop. He wasn't able to bring all the samples to show to Rose—there were some, made in Italy, that he dared not risk losing—but those he could not bring home he described to her. He said that Rose had a very unusual sense of color, and he was proud when, after he had the samples all arranged on the kitchen table, she put her finger on the colors she favored, and they were always the colors he favored, too.

She was only nine then, and now she was nearly twenty, and there were the curtains, as new-looking now, she was sure, as the day they had been put up. Mrs. Ramsay had been inclined to pick a blue red but Rose's father had had his heart set on a real blue, and he had brought Mrs. Ramsay around to his way of thinking. He was very proud of his victory. He and Rose rejoiced over it. He promised Rose that when the curtains were put up he would somehow get Rose into the house to see them. He wanted Rose to see the big dining room, too, and the big wide front hall that had a fireplace in it. He had not been upstairs, but he told Rose he could imagine the rooms up there—how nice they must be, all fully furnished.

He had seen a glass dressing table go up the stairs—Mrs. Ramsay's new dressing table. He said to Rose, "I never saw the like of it. I think she must have gone to fairyland to find it. It was in a big wooden box out on the lawn in front of the house and the two men who had brought it began to take it out of its box. They walked all around the box, looking at it and tapping it before they found the right place where they would begin to open it. They didn't take the top off the box and lift the table out, they took the box away from the table a bit at a time. First they took the top off and laid it on the grass and then they pried the sides off and the way they worked at it you'd think they were afraid of it. Then the table was out in the open and they cut away the paper it was wrapped in and you should have seen it there, all glass with the sun shining down on it. She has an arch there over the path, covered with roses, and the table caught the roses and made the most of them. A looking-glass table, that's what it is. Mrs. Ramsay will be able to see all around herself but I wish you could have seen the way the roses looked in it. It sparkled in the sun and all the roses sparkled. It made a fairyland out of the garden. I felt that I was dreaming. I looked up. The sky was blue. It was a lovely day. Rose, you should have been there. I was standing in the drawing room, no curtains on the windows and no carpet on the floor yet, all bare, but I like the wood under my feet, the bare wood—the floors are lovely in that house—and I was looking through the window at the table standing there in the sun

and I was thinking about you and making wishes for you. I was wishing . . . I don't know what I didn't wish for. Then they picked the table up and began carrying it into the house. They set it down for a minute in the hall and it looked as if the sun was still shining on it. Then they began carrying it up the stairs. They watched each other's feet and they never spoke a word all the time they were going up the stairs and they went very slowly, one step at a time. The table tilted a bit and I could see myself in it, all different ways. There is a prism in the Protestant Library—I will take you there to see it. I won't tell you what it is—it is called a prism, prism—and then you won't know what to expect and you will be surprised. And Mrs. Ramsay has a big diamond that she wears on her marriage finger. There are a lot of things that catch the light. I watched myself all the way up the stairs. That is a very big enormous square hall she has there, with as many windows in it as if it was a room, but I was standing as quiet as if the table depended on me as much as on the two that were carrying it and I began to feel as if I was at the bottom of a well watching myself go away from myself. I was standing there looking up. It is very funny to see yourself looking up the stairs. I suppose that is the way we appear to God—always looking up when we want something. Then they got up on the landing and the table went away out of my sight. I suppose I won't see it again."



*"Where is the one that the guard with the revolver always stands next to?"*

The curtains comforted Rose because, although she had not remembered them all these years, she recognized them the minute she saw them. All these years they had been here, looking just as he had imagined them and as he had described them. The curtains had been here, looking like this, on the day she had not come with her father—on all the days she had not come here with him, or gone anywhere with him, days and weeks and months that had followed him into eternity. She began to believe that she had been remembered at some time far back, at some moment when she had thought herself down and out and forgotten and derided. It had all been only in her imagination, that she had been forgotten. She had not been forgotten at all. She felt she had as much right in the room as any of the others who were dancing around and talking together in little familiar groups. Even though she had no job at Ramsay's—they were hiring very up-and-coming girls there now, one or two even from Dublin—she had been in on the plans for this room, she had known as much about it as anybody, long ago; before the wallpaper was on the walls, she had known about this room, the furniture that was waiting to go into it and the carpets that had been bought for it. The two little marble-topped tables near the fireplace there—she remembered them now, although she had never seen them before. And the big sofa was against the end wall, under the landscape picture from France, as he had told her it would be. It was all as he had told her it would be. They had rejoiced together over the beautiful room that was growing in their minds. There were two small white plaster portraits on the wall, one on each side of the door that led into the dining room, and he had never been able to remember the names of the people they represented. He called them "masks." Rose looked at them now, and thought them very dull, very religious-looking, very out of place in this brilliant rich room. She thought of her father looking at them and wondering who they were. He could have asked, but everybody seemed to know, and he had not wanted to appear less well informed than the rest of them.

He had been very pleased that Mrs. Ramsay had called him in on the planning of the house, and that she had trusted him to find the right stuff for the curtains. She had asked his advice on other matters connected with the decorating and painting, and even on the placing of the pictures. He told Rose that this extra work provided him with a great chance, the first real chance he had ever had, and that it might mean great things for him. He and Rose both knew that he was fitted for something better than unrolling and rolling bolts of linen and cotton and serge over the counter all day long. He told Rose that miracles would never cease, because it was just at the moment when he was feeling himself to be of no importance to anybody at all in the world that Mrs. Ramsay had sent for him and started to talk to him about the way she wanted her new house to be.

It got on her mother's nerves, the way they covered the kitchen table with scraps of velvet every evening and sat there together going over the scraps as though they were counting gold and diamonds. Her mother said it was getting to be too much of a good thing and that it was bad for Rose to sit there dreaming over things she could never have. Rose and her father were like two misers sitting at the table over their treasure while her mother stood and confronted them. At that time of the evening, after tea, Rose and her father generally had the kitchen to themselves. They had a small shop in what had once been a front sitting room, and Rose's mother went in there after tea and sat there talking with anyone who cared to drop in and occasionally selling something—bread or cigarettes. She became more and more annoyed about the samples as the weeks wore on and still the color of the curtains had not been settled on by Mrs. Ramsay and still Rose's father talked about them and about what Mrs. Ramsay had said to him.

"Mrs. Ramsay is making a fool of you and picking your brains for nothing," Rose's mother said. "And you are making a fool out of the child, giving her notions about herself and what she knows. What does that child know and what good would it do her if she did know anything? What chance has she got, and why can't you leave her alone and let her learn her lessons? She has a bag of homework there, hasn't she? She won't thank you later on in life. Giving her ideas is all you are doing."

When she spoke like that, Rose's father used to take his hands off the table and put them in his lap and stare down at them and say nothing. When she left them and went back to the shop he always sighed, but he did not look at Rose, and then he always said, without raising his head, "No use provoking her. Let her have her say. She means no harm."

Rose looked at the masks, and pretended to be so interested in them, far away as they were, that she could not look into the faces of any of the dancers as they went by. She felt that she had been stranded there in front of everybody. She blamed Jim Nolan, who had been her partner in the last dance. He had given her to understand that he would be back, and so she had waited for him and he had not come back at all. At first she imagined he had been delayed but now she realized he had never had the slightest intention of coming back. If she had only known, she could have found her way out of the room and then she would not be standing here making a show of herself. It was not fair. There was a chance he might have been annoyed at what she said to him, but he had not seemed annoyed, and he must have known she meant no harm.

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LOANS
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She had been delighted when Jim asked her for a dance. He had worked at the same counter with her father years ago, but he was not more than ten years older than she was, and he was very handsome and tall. The other men who had asked her to dance were quite old men, all of them married and old enough to be her father. She was surprised that Jim took any notice at all of her, because he was popular and she knew that every girl in the room was watching him. He had a lovely friendly smile. She had always seen him, all her life, in Ramsay's, and around the town, walking with somebody, usually a man; he was great with the girls but the women laughed when his name came up and said he would be hard to catch. He was different from the other men, very dark; there was something foreign about him, like an actor.

Before dancing with Jim, Rose had believed that she was having a lovely time at the party. All of her father's old friends had come one by one to ask her for a dance and one time there were two men competing for her hand—Mr. Cleary, who was fat and nearly bald, and Mr. Fagan, who was thin and always smiling—and they asked her to choose between them, and she could not, and they all stood there laughing and she felt very much at home. Mrs. Cleary came up to them and took Rose's hand and asked her how had she learned to be such a good dancer, and she told them about the way her father used to always dance her around and make her keep time, and Mr. Cleary said, "Your father was a great dancer. I can see him now." And Mr. Fagan said, "When he danced, he was enjoying himself. You could see that." Then Mrs. Cleary squeezed Rose's hand and said she was a good girl and that it was a pity her mother hadn't come tonight, to see how popular she was.

But when Jim asked her to dance—from the moment when he appeared before her to her astonishment—she remained in astonishment. The brilliance of that moment when she had first looked into his face and said she was free remained around them, and made them both free from the rest of the people in the room so that she understood at once that it was not the velvet curtains or the masks that had made the room familiar to her but the impression that remained on it of her father's hand. Somehow, however he had done it, her father had managed to make the room ready for this moment when she and Jim would dance together without interference and without reproach. Her father had loved her. This room could never have been his. And as it was now, he had only dreamed it. He had never seen it at all, but he had known how it was going to be.

She looked up at Jim and told him it was her first big party. He said nothing, but he smiled down into her eyes as though he knew what it was she really meant to say. How could Jim know what she really meant to say, when she did not know it herself? She was filled with gratitude, and with the assurance that whatever she said next did not matter very much, because she was saying it to him, and he would not mind what she said, because it was Rose who was speaking. "I am afraid I am not a very good dancer," she said. The truth was that she felt she was dancing quite well—splendidly, in fact, although she was a little worried for fear she might not be able to stop gracefully at the end. But Jim continued to smile at her and seemed to hold her more closely to him, and he told her she was much lighter than a feather, lighter than a swan's feather, lighter even than a thrush's feather. Then he began laughing and he asked her if she had ever danced with a feather bed, and without giving her time to say no he told her to look over her shoulder and she found herself staring straight at Mrs. Fleming, who was in charge of the hat counter, and whose extravagantly towering hair arrangement was designed to draw attention away from her fatness, which was alarming, seeming to flow solidly not down to the floor but away from her and around in all directions, as

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WHO HAS
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though she grew larger while you watched. But Mrs. Fleming had been on the floor all evening. She had not missed a step, dancing around like a young girl with all the younger men, smiling brightly on everyone, like an empress.

Now when Rose found that Jim was inviting her to laugh with him at Mrs. Fleming she was exhilarated, as though she had won a great trophy she had not known existed. She felt that her new dress was as good as any dress in the room, and that she was a natural dancer and could dance with anyone. There was no doubt about it, people would say that she and Jim were meant for each other. He had only been acting with all those other girls. He had only been playing for time. He had not been himself, and it was perfectly possible that he had never been himself all his life until this moment. She would be a very good influence in his life. He would see that her heart was true and that she was not like the other girls, who were only out for a husband.

It was clear to her, as she laughed up at him, that all the stories she had heard about him were lies, or at least that he was misunderstood by those who envied him. He was not wild and a flirt and a drinker and a loud talker, as people said—he was not any of those things, he was something else entirely, and she wanted to confide her understanding to him and to show him that he could trust her, but he was making it obvious that he could trust her, and they were dancing too fast for conversation, so she contented herself with saying to him, boldly, that she thought he was a funny man. He looked at her sharply and he looked very pleased, so that for a moment she thought he was going to stop right there on the floor, and he squeezed her hand tightly—that is why she thought they had stopped dancing—and he said, "You're going to have some explaining to do, young lady. You're going to have to explain that remark."

And then they seemed to dance faster than ever, and when the dance ended he swung her around in a half circle so that for the moment she lost her balance, and when she righted herself she laughed very loudly, taking it all in her stride, as though she were accustomed to occasions like this and to the world, and some of the older women nearby turned and glanced at her and then at Jim, and looked away. She knew they thought she was making a show of herself but she did not care. She turned smiling to Jim, thinking he would take her arm and lead her off to sit down where they could have their talk, but instead he smiled affectionately at her and thanked her and walked quickly away. He would be back, she knew, and she began to wait for him. Mr. Lord, with whom she had had the first dance, came up and asked her to be his partner again now, but she told him she was engaged and he smiled and said, "Oh, so that's the way it is, is it?" and went away.

THAT was the moment, if she had only known it, when she could have made her way out of the room and to a place where she would not have been so conspicuous. But how could she go, when there was a chance that Jim might come back? And now she had been standing here for a long while, hardly noticing the time, and she would have to go on standing until the dance was over. If she walked in one direction, to the dining room, and made her way through the crowd of people gathered at the end of the room, all of them talking together, sitting and standing, all familiar together, she might find Hubert Derdon among them and he would imagine she had come looking for him. And then again, in the opposite direction, toward the hall and the stairs that led up to the ladies' cloakroom, she might find him in that crowd there at the end of the room or in the hall itself, and she did not want to find him.

Not for one minute would she want Hubert Derdon to think she, Rose, would try to find him or that she would ask him for anything or expect anything from him. Only last night he had asked her if he might see her home from this party. She had been very pleased. That was only last night. She had thought of him all day and of the way he had looked at her when he turned at her door and spoke about the party. And here she was, and except for that one minute when she had seen him in the hall, just after she arrived with the other girls, he had not spoken to her. It was a shame. She had imagined herself walking around here with him, and that everyone would see them together. She could have told him about the velvet curtains and all the rest. There was a lot to tell him that she had imagined he would like to hear. She and Hubert had never been alone together. Her mother had always come in and sat in the kitchen with them when he came to visit, and then her mother had done nearly all the talking, with Hubert occasionally making a sharp remark. That was one of the things Rose had against him—his tongue was too sharp. He was too sure of himself. But he was very nice, or at least he had seemed to be nice until tonight.

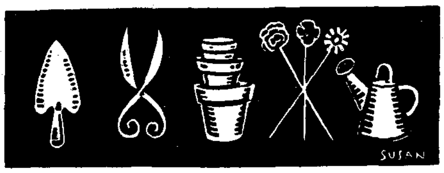
Perhaps Hubert had found one of those smart girls from Ramsay's; Father Kane would have introduced him around. This was Hubert's first visit to Wexford. He had come down from Dublin on a holiday with a nephew of Father Kane's, and Father Kane had been taking the two of them, Hubert and the nephew, all around everywhere in his car and showing them all the sights. But Hubert was a quiet sort, and he liked to walk by himself and to look around by himself, and one afternoon, walking like that, he had come into the shop and Rose had been behind the counter and so they had met each other, and for the last week he had been dropping in for an hour or so every evening. He was a stranger still, and it was clear now that he would always be a stranger. There was no use hoping for anything from anybody. She wondered if by chance Father Kane had said anything against her. Father Kane might have said that she was not quite good enough or something like that. Father Kane was fond of her and he had arranged for her to come to this party, but perhaps he had his doubts about her. There was no way of telling. And Hubert might have changed his mind about seeing her home. Perhaps Hubert was reluctant to be seen in public with her. And there was always the chance Jim Nolan might ask to see her home, and if he did, she wanted to be free to go with him. Hubert was a stranger and he would be going away soon and she could never feel as much at home with someone like him as she could with someone like Jim Nolan. She wished she was whirling around the floor with him again, being told that she was as light as a feather and that she was going to have to explain herself because she was so interesting. She should have offered to go with him when he walked away from her. It was what any of the other girls would have done.

She wondered where the music was coming from. She knew it was coming out of a piano, but she was certain she remembered hearing a violin during the time she had been dancing with Jim Nolan. She had wanted to ask some of the other men she was dancing with where the music was coming from, but she had not wanted to betray her ignorance of a house like this. In a house like this there would be a special room for the music, she was sure of that, although she did not know what the room might be called, or where it might be placed in the house. She had heard there was a cellar here with wine in it, but perhaps that was only a story.

People were always talking about the Ramsay family, and everyone had been surprised when Mrs. Ramsay invited all the ordinary people who worked in the shop to a party. It was nice of Mrs. Ramsay, but it was not like her to be all that familiar with those who worked for her. Mrs. Ramsay was very stately. She had been standing in the drawing room here holding court when Rose had arrived, and Rose had wondered if she should go up and greet her, but she had decided not to call attention to herself, and then the music had started, and the dancing. Father Kane had been standing at Mrs. Ramsay's elbow then, and he had waved at Rose but he had not beckoned to her to come and be introduced. Even so, Rose had hoped that Mrs. Ramsay would notice her, but Mrs. Ramsay had not noticed her. Mrs. Ramsay's youngest daughter had just come home from a year at school in Paris. Everyone said that the Ramsay girls were spoiled but that the youngest was the worst of the lot and that she had to have her own way in everything. Her name was Iris. Iris Ramsay. There was no sign of Iris Ramsay here tonight, but then it was not likely that she would bother with an affair like this when she had seen so much of the world and knew what was what.

Now she was sure that the music was coming from the dining room and she looked in that direction and there was Jim Nolan walking out of the dining room and toward the dancers in the company of two women Rose did not know except by sight—they both worked at Ramsay's. They were much older than Rose and she had admired their dresses earlier—they were both very smart. Jim had not so much as looked in her direction, although he must have known she was still standing there and that she was waiting for him. All the time she had been standing here he had been in the dining room talking with his real friends. Rose began to tremble.

The people dancing around on the floor seemed very noisy all of a sudden, and very much occupied with themselves, and selfish, and their talk and laughter sounded ill-humored and at the same time intimate, as though they rejoiced in a private joke at the expense of some person who might, at any moment, be at their mercy. Surely someone had turned up the lights; the room was too bright, and in the brightness, which was hard on her eyes, Rose felt that her face was burning, and her body felt confined and tired in the dress she had made for herself. She believed that she had made the dress well, and that she had even made it very well. She had dreamed that Mrs. Ramsay might notice her appearance, and might compliment her, and then she would be able to tell Mrs. Ramsay that she had made the dress herself, and from a pattern bought at Ramsay's, but that the choice of velvet had been her own—the pattern-maker had recommended taffeta. She had even gone so far as to imagine that she had made the dress better than she knew, and that Mrs. Ramsay, with her practiced eye for style, would notice



## ON THE OCCASION OF WHAT WAS TO HAVE BEEN HIS 47TH BIRTHDAY

The flame hollows the dark cliff.
The green-wrapped folds show no increase.
Sun will follow sun as if
the day had not been dimmed.
As if desire gave substance to the flesh,
the slim pale body moved in star-streaked flight,
plucked from the teeming countries of the mind—
or as if some giant stage, the world, was spread.
The crowd stood in murmuring dread—
a momentary boldness brought them forth—
to see what now they feared to watch,
lest action mingle stage and watcher,
watcher and star. The dark dissolved;
magic figures stirred, for a moment, it seemed—
so tangible and well crafted was the art—
as though they stood upon the stage, crying,
receiving blows into their captured hearts.
Applause drew time from trembling pause
when, hands grown sore, each leaned
to his companion, said some words of praise,
and emptied into the warm, familiar night,
while he, washed pale of his trade's disguise,
escaped the watchers through an unknown door,
entered the craft that bore him home.

—Dick Goodwin

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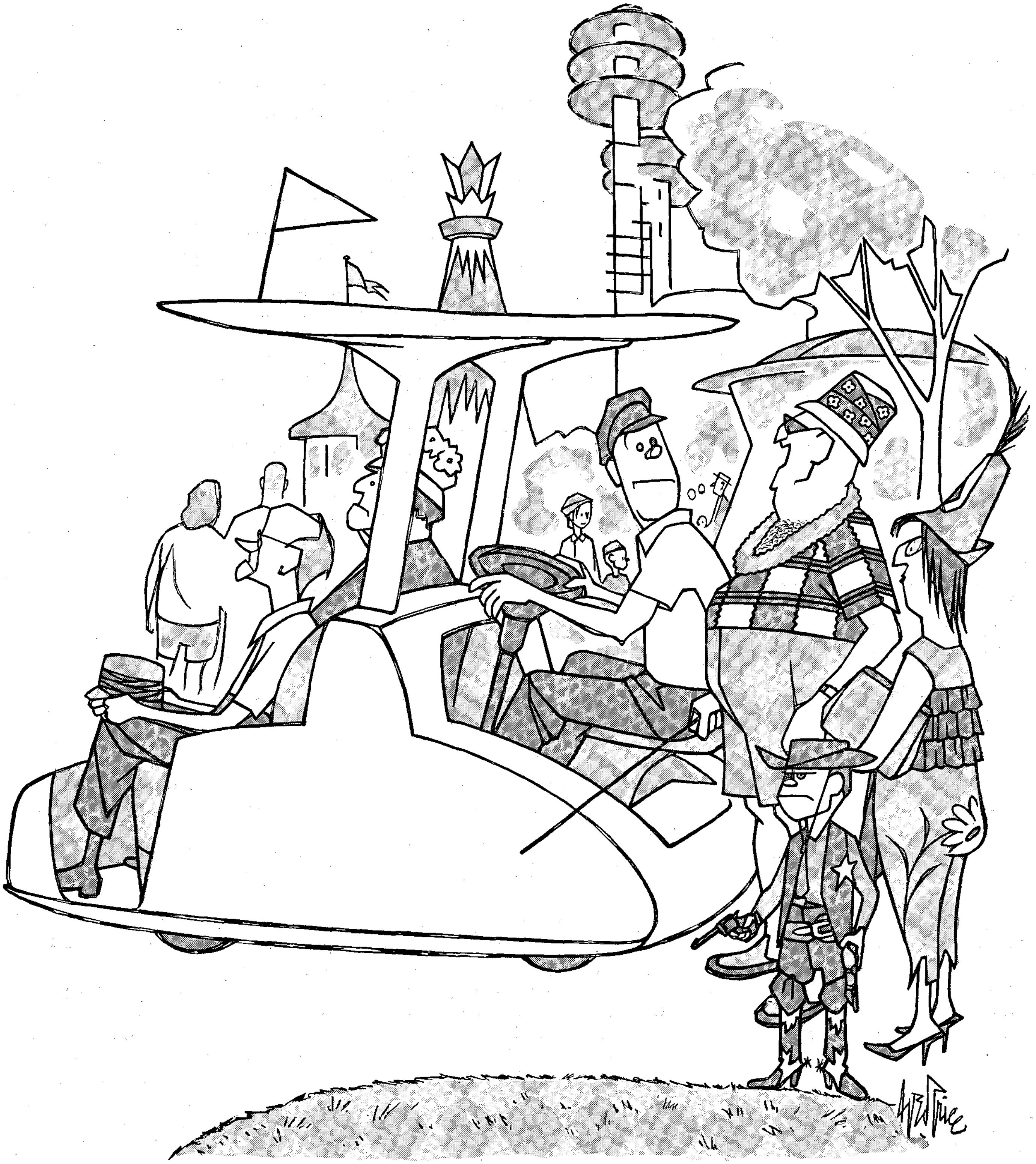

*"Which way to the House of Good Taste, Mac?"*

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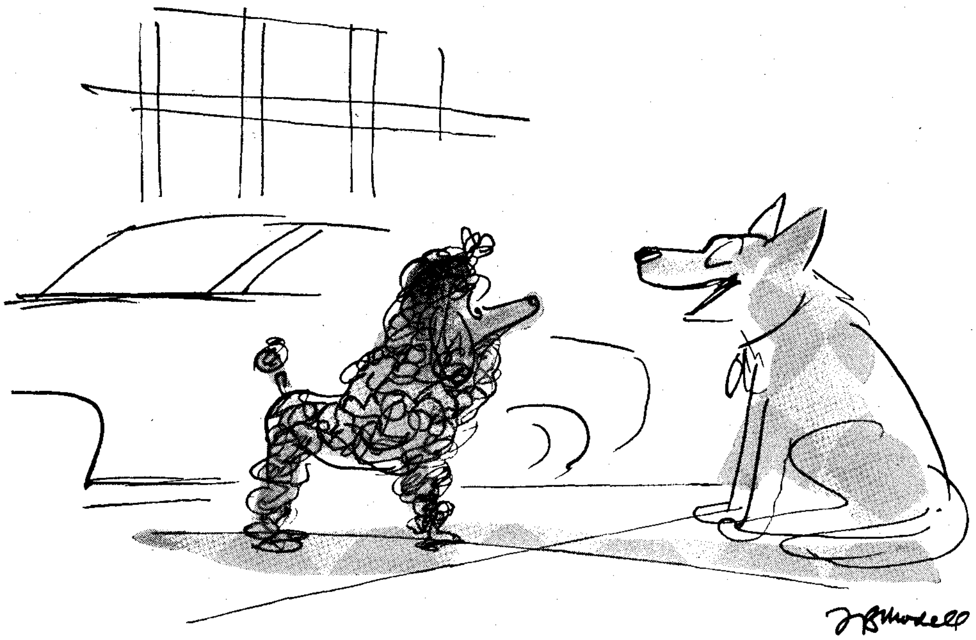
how nicely it was cut, and that she would recognize in Rose what she had recognized years ago in Rose's father—the extra touch of imagination that she had told him he possessed, and the unusual instinct for color.

The room was too hot. She felt in the short sleeve of her dress for her lace handkerchief, so that she could pat her forehead with it, but the handkerchief was not there. She remembered taking it out of her raincoat pocket out there in the hall and fitting it carefully, all folded into a triangle as it was, into the sleeve, but now it was gone. But it couldn't be gone. It was real Irish linen, edged with real lace, and it had been a present from her mother four Christmases ago, and from the day she received it until tonight it had lain in its tissue paper in its original complicated pointed folds. She had never so much as shaken it out. She had barely touched it. It had stayed in its box, lying like a treasure at the bottom of the drawer where she kept her clothes, until tonight. It couldn't be gone, but it was gone. It must have slipped from her sleeve when she was dancing around so gaily, making a show of herself. If she hadn't been so taken with herself she might have felt it go. Now it was down there on the floor under some-



*"Being man's best friend does not, in my case, preclude having a feeling for an attractive member of my own species, baby."*

one's feet. It would be a rag by this time. Even if it was a rag, she would be glad to have it back. Her mother had hesitated a long time before buying it, and then she had asked that it be wrapped in white paper, because it was a present, and she had carried it home and walked in smiling and saying to Rose, "I have something lovely for you." It was the best handkerchief money could buy. Her mother had gone out to buy a woollen vest for herself, and she had seen the handkerchief, and instead of buying the vest for herself she had bought the handkerchief for Rose. The lace on it was real and there was a great deal of lace on it. When Rose first opened the box and lifted up the handkerchief, she and her mother looked at it very carefully, tracing the shells and roses and daisies and shamrocks and ivy leaves that covered it like the ornamentation on a wedding cake; and not funereal anyway, because they were so small and so white—not a cold or an icy white but a radiant white, like rose petals.

Rose knew that when a thing is gone it is gone. She tried not to think about the handkerchief, but she could not forget that it had been, was being, kicked around the room like a rag. There was no use thinking about it, and there was no use wondering who those plaster casts that he had called masks represented, or what names those faces had been called by when they were alive. If he were alive now, she would ask the names and tell him when she went home tonight. She would not mind asking. He had always said that she was very brave. But if he were alive now, he would be here tonight with all the rest of them and her mother would be here and the three of them would be the center of attention, because her father would have got along so fast and gone so high in Ramsay's after the curtains were up.

Rose had carefully not been staring at the dancers as they went by, but now she looked and saw, quite close, a tall dark girl with a pearly forehead. The girl was Dr. Malloy's wife, his bride, and she was dancing with her husband. They had been dancing together during most of the evening and once Rose had seen them talking and laughing with Mrs. Ramsay. They had not been married long. They had met in Dublin and been married there and Mrs. Malloy was still very much of a stranger. Rose had heard her mother say that they were only children. And the woman next door had said they were children who did not know how well off they were and that some people went through life being spoiled. The woman next door had gone on to say that it was only an accident they had married at all, because Dr. Malloy had been interested in another girl altogether, and he had only married this one on the rebound. Rose's mother had said, "Oh, everyone knows she was not his first choice, and she knows it, too, poor girl." The Malloys were dancing smoothly in time with the music, which had grown faster, but they were not smiling or talking. They were looking at each other and their faces reflected a common memory that was still too new to be familiar and too brilliant to be believed in. Rose thought, They cannot take their eyes off each other.

Oh, why could everything not have been different? She looked away from the Malloys and tried to measure the distance, the great distance, between her and the door that would provide her with escape. Why could everything not have been different, but if everything had been different, everything would still have seemed exactly as strange to her. Her mother said, "Rose simply does not know the difference." Another time, her mother said, "Rose, you don't know the difference and you will not learn." But why could everything not have been different? Why could Hubert Derdon not have asked her to dance at least once? From time to time during the evening, she had seen him watching her and she thought he had even nodded at her once in a while as she danced around, but he had never made a move to come near her and now there was no sign of him at all. Why had Jim Nolan asked her to dance if he was only going to make a fool of her? Why had Mrs. Ramsay not made some sign of recognition, and why had Father Kane not even taken the trouble to speak to her? Why were the ceilings so high in this house, and why were all the girls so sure of themselves, and why had nobody taken the trouble to see that she, Rose, got something to eat, or a glass of lemonade at least? She was not going to walk into that dining room by herself and walk up to the table, or tables, or whatever they had, and ask for something as if she was a beggar.

The only thing to do now was to get out of the room as quickly as she could. It did not matter who saw her or what they said about her. It could not be helped if Hubert was around the hall and saw her. She did not care what he thought or what anybody thought. She longed to be at home and out of sight. She would make her way out of the room and go upstairs and take her raincoat off the big rack that was set along on the landing up there. Then she would slip out of the house and go home by herself. It was a very long way and she was afraid of the dark but she had to get home. Her mother would want to know what sort of a feast Mrs. Ramsay had provided and she would not be able to tell her. And where was the music coming from? She knew nothing. She felt she knew nothing.

She hurried toward the end of the room, keeping so carefully out of the way of the dancers that she scraped the shoulder of her dress twice against the wall. Her dress would be marked from the wall, but that did not matter now. And after all, it turned out to be quite easy to make her way through the throng that was collected at the end of the room. None of them looked at her, and no one seemed to think that there was anything at all remarkable in her appearance, alone and hurrying as she was. She need never have feared that they would imagine she was trying to push herself upon them.

The big square hall was deserted but someone had opened the front door to let the cold air in and Rose began to shiver as she ran up the stairs. It would serve them all right if she caught a bad cold. One blessing—the landing was deserted, and the bathroom door by the coat rack was open to show, in the wall inside, a square window of red-and-green glass. It would be very dark out. She turned to the big rack that was crowded with ladies' coats and scarves and began to rummage for her raincoat. A sound from the long dim hall behind her made her turn and she saw a girl in a bright-blue uniform coming out of one of the rooms. It was Mary Lacey, who had gone to school with her.

"Oh, Mary," Rose said, "I never saw you in your uniform before."

"And you in your silks and satins," Mary said, in a disagreeable tone, but her face was forlorn.

"Oh, Mary, I made it myself, every stitch," Rose said, "and it's only the cheapest velvet—nothing like as good as the curtains on the windows downstairs. I bet your uniform cost a lot more than this, Mary, and better made, too."

"Oh, the same old Rose," Mary said. "You haven't changed a bit. I remember the day after your poor father's funeral. You came to school, we were at our desks waiting for the nun to come in, and you said to me, 'Oh, Mary,' you said, 'it was a lovely funeral, only for the coffin.' "

She opened her hand and they both looked at the key that lay there on her palm.

"I had to lock all the rooms up here earlier, before anybody got here," she said. "She's that afraid somebody might try to steal something from her. And then she told me to come from time to time and see if everything was all right. I don't mind. I'm glad enough to get out of the kitchen. They left the door open between the kitchen and the pantry, and every time the dining-room door opened I kept looking along to see what I could see. I couldn't help myself."

"I'd forgotten about the coffin," Rose said. "My mother said, 'It's time to close the coffin.' "

"With all they have in this house," Mary said, "all their belongings and all their money and all, you'd think they'd have different keys for the rooms, but no, it's the same key for all the rooms. The kitchen used to be in the basement but they brought it upstairs. They can do anything they like."

"Is it very hard work, Mary?" Rose asked.

"Oh, it's more tedious than anything," Mary said. "Not hard. But look, there's someone on the stairs. Come on back in here with me."

She pushed open the door of the room she had just left and went in there, with Rose following her, and closed the door softly behind them. The room was dark except for the faint red light cast by an altar lamp that burned low under a large picture of the Sacred Heart. The picture was hung between two windows and the lamp was set on top of a glass-fronted cabinet that stood against the wall there. Rose could see the shine of the glass panels and through the glass small white shapes, of little ornaments, perhaps, precious china ornaments that were too good to be left out where they might be touched. The curtains were drawn across the windows; she could see only tall dark forms where the light would enter in the daytime. And where the darkness became impenetrable she knew the bed was, by the outline and the bulk she sensed there. But Mary was pulling her by the arm.

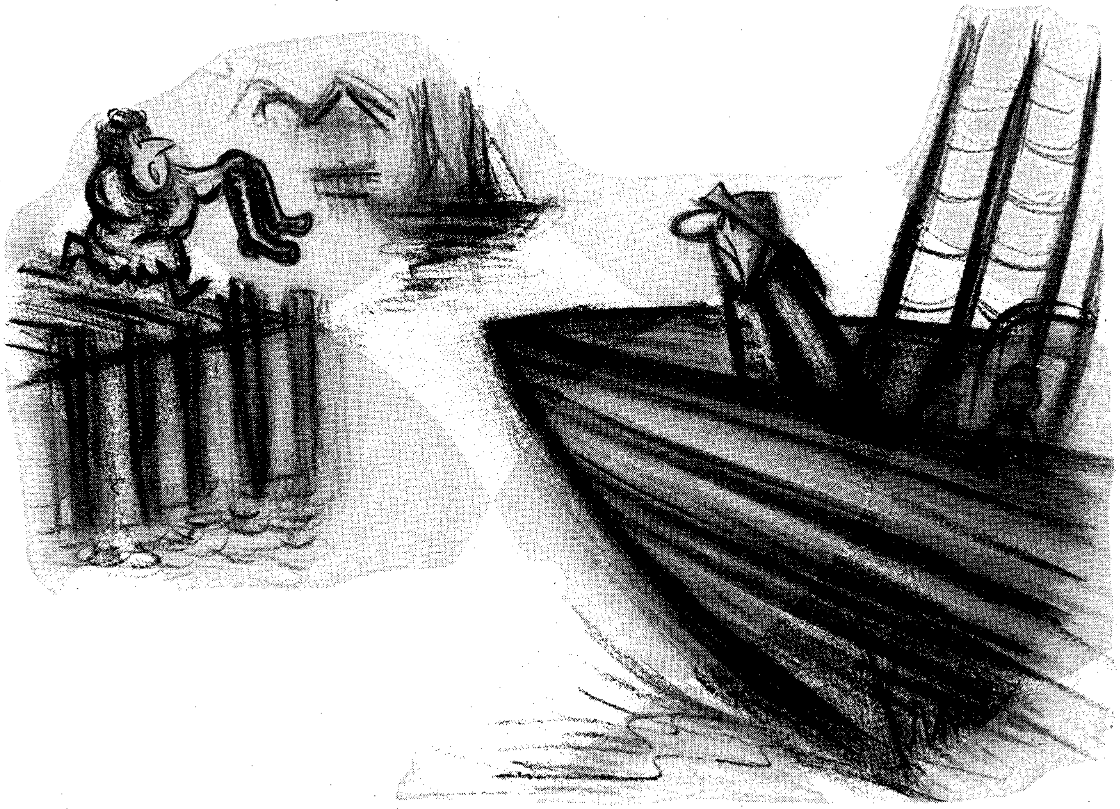
"Look, Rose. Look at that. Did you ever see the like of that? It's her dressing table. I'll never forget the first time I saw it. It's all glass. Even the little knobs on the drawers are glass. Only the legs are wooden. Isn't it lovely?"

"It's lovely," Rose said, and as she approached it, walking only a few steps to it, she began to see her own shadow and then her face in the large oval mirror that made its center, and then she saw Mary, who was standing behind her, and the two girls stood and watched themselves.

"We look very mysterious," Mary said. "Don't you think we look mysterious—as if we weren't here at all. I wish I looked like this always. I'm fatter than you are."

"It's the uniform," Rose said. "It's too big for you."

Mary giggled. "I knew you'd say that," she said. "The minute you said it, before you said it, I knew that was what you'd say. I wish I could always look mysterious, this way. I don't look like myself at all. I could float up and down the main street and I wouldn't care what anyone said about me. I'd go to Dublin and then to London and I wouldn't say



anything to anybody. And if anybody said anything to me I'd say, ‘I'm Miss Iris Ramsay and I don't like *anything*.’ . . . She makes me sick, that one, the way she goes around the house pretending to talk French. And there's nothing anybody can do to please her. Her mother is going to do the whole house over for her. That's why she's having this party, to get all the good they can out of the place before they start to do it up. They would have had to move everything anyway—the carpets and the furniture and everything. They're going to get all new curtains and new paint and new wallpaper everywhere, and a new carpet for Miss Iris's room.”

“They're going to take down all the curtains?” Rose said.

“All the curtains, downstairs and up here. She says the place is too heavy and old-fashioned. She wants all light colors. And she wants this dressing table for herself. She says it's not suitable for an older lady. She says it's suitable for *her* room. She's to have it. She means to have it and she will have it. When could I ever put out my hand and see a thing I wanted and say that it was mine? Oh, what difference does it make to me? I have to laugh. What difference does it make where it is? Not a particle of difference. What do I care what room it's in? Whatever room it's in, it's still not mine. This room or that room or her room or some other room, I'll see it just as much and want it just as much. Tell me something, Rose. I want to know— Is Jim Nolan down there?”

“Yes. I saw him. He's down there,” Rose said.

“I thought I heard him,” Mary said. “First I thought I heard him talking and then I thought I heard him laughing and then—I was in the kitchen; he must have come into the dining room—and just before I came up here I heard him again.”

“I saw him,” Rose said. “Here and there. He was talking to two women from Ramsay's—Miss Martin, I think her name is, and another one.”

“I knew he'd be here,” Mary said. “Oh, what's the use. I knew he was here. He always goes around with the same gang of fellows, and when I saw one of them, Tommy Rice, I knew he was here.”

“He fancies himself,” Rose said angrily.

“You're right there,” Mary said. “He fancies himself. Oh, yes, he fancies himself. No doubt about that. He fancies himself. More and more he fancies himself. But I knew that.”

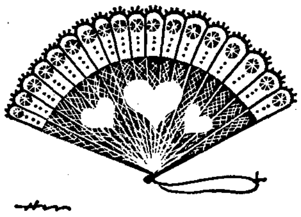
(These were the words she said, but her voice, helpless, went on its own way. *He is perfect,* her voice said. *He is perfect. He is perfect. Yes, he is. Perfect.*)

“I was great with him once,” she said. “Well, I suppose I can say I was great with him. It was only for a couple of weeks, a little over two weeks, last summer. He thought I was great. I believed him. It must have been a poor sort of greatness that I had, but I didn't know the difference then. Oh, I don't care. It's over and done with. When a person doesn't want you he doesn't want you. Oh, I wish I could go away. Even a few miles, but I wish I could go to Dublin.”

“Oh, Mary, I wish there was something I could say to you,” Rose said. “I would like to kill him. He is not good enough for you. It's awful. Everything is all wrong. You are worth ten of him.”

Mary looked at her as though she might say something, and then she looked as though she had decided not to say what she really wanted to say but to say something else instead. “Oh, it doesn't matter,” she said. She sat down in the easy chair that stood not far from the dressing table and she put her head back and sighed.

Rose took a step toward her and would have touched her, but she was afraid of making the pain worse. She tried to think of the word that would mean comfort to Mary, but either she could think of no words at all or all the words she thought of were wrong. It was useless. “When a person does not want you, he does not want you.” That is what Mary had said, and Rose knew it for the truth, but how she knew she did not know.



She thought of Hubert Derdon, and of how he had looked at her last night, when he had asked to see her home, and of how he had looked at her tonight, when he had not asked her to dance. She felt she was between the devil and the deep blue sea. The last few evenings, when Hubert had been coming to the house every evening, she had been glad to see him walk in, and happy and excited as long as he was there, but every evening, the minute he stood up to leave, she had wanted to tell him not to bother to come back again, and to tell him that she was not depending on his visits. Every time he walked out away from her into the night, without even a hint that he might come back, she felt like telling him that it meant nothing to her whether he came back or not; but he always went without a word, smiling at her but never giving her a chance to tell him that if he never appeared in the house again she did not care, and that she would rather he never came back at all than to come back and go off again leaving her with what was worse than emptiness.

She would rather have no hope at all, and know there was no chance for her, than to have to contend with this little hope she had, that she was ashamed of, because it was so little and so timid. She felt that Hubert knew about this hope—that it was little and that it was timid—and that he was amused by it and that he was playing with her and hoping she would betray herself and then, for some reason unknown to anyone, he would laugh at her. And her mother would laugh, too. And her mother's reason for laughter was not unknown to her but familiar. Her mother would laugh out of despair, because once again Rose had let the side down. Her mother would laugh because her mother knew that sooner or later somebody would let the side down, because that is the way it was in their family. It was bad enough to be not good enough, but to invite laughter was a crime against the family. And everybody outside the house was ready to laugh. Her mother had told her again and again that they were all only waiting to see somebody make a false step.

Rose did not want to turn away from Hubert, because to turn away would be to admit that she had been turned toward him and had been disappointed. It was very important to keep hope secret, because then the disappointment that followed would also be secret. A girl who let herself in for being laughed at deserved what she got. Rose did not want to turn away from Hubert and tell him never to darken her door again, but she wanted to turn away from him before he had the chance to turn away from her. But she did not really want to turn away from him at all, because without him before her eyes she would have to look again at what did not exist—except in darkness, where it could not be seen, although she knew it saw, and in sleep, where it could not be heard, although she knew it cried out to her. She did not want her father to see her sad.

THE red flame under the picture of the Sacred Heart flickered wildly, and sank, and went out. Rose put her hands to her face to keep herself quiet and then she put both hands out and caught Mary by the shoulder and felt her start from sleep to wakefulness. "Oh, Mary," she said, "wake up quick! The Sacred Heart lamp has gone out! Please wake up."

Mary sighed, and then she jumped to her feet. "Oh, Rose," she said. "How long was I asleep? Was it long?"

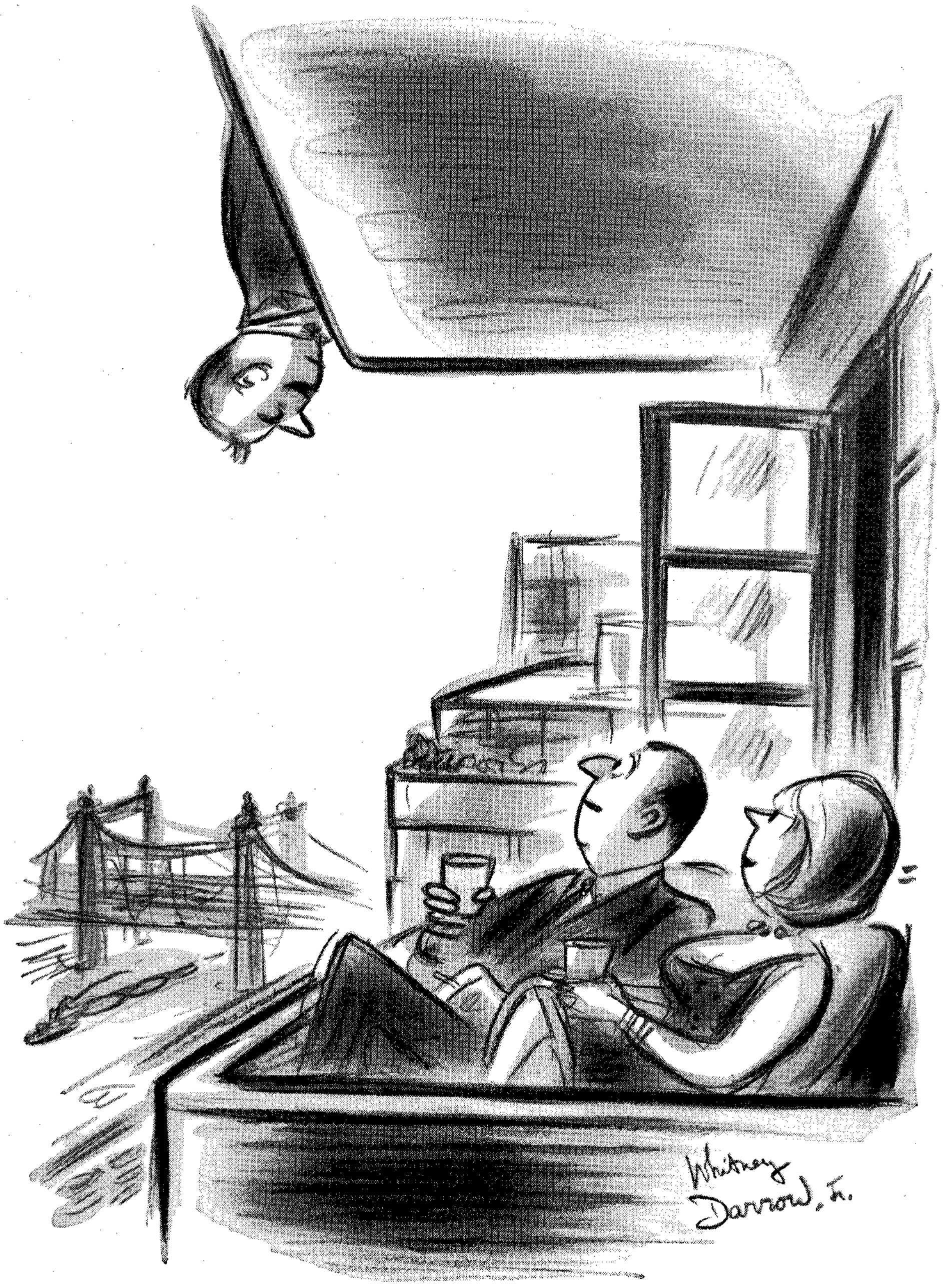
"Only two or three minutes, Mary. I wouldn't have wakened you only that the lights—the light in the lamp there went out. I'd better be getting on downstairs. I shouldn't be in this room at all."

"You'd better be getting downstairs and I'd better get back down to the kitchen. I'll get another light for the lamp. I'm going to open the door now, Rose, but don't you go out till I see if there's anyone on the landing."

There was no one on the landing, and as Mary bent to lock the door behind her she smiled up at Rose. "I don't know what's the matter with me, falling asleep," she said. "I keep falling asleep. Every time I sit down, I fall asleep."

She walked quickly away from Rose toward the back stairs and she must have heard Rose call her name but she did not turn around or look back. Even after she had disappeared Rose continued to look after her. She had remembered a hundred things to say to Mary, but she had not been able to remember the right thing to say. She knew that if she had been able to take away all the wrong words she would certainly have found, underneath them all, the one word that would kill pain, and kill it, and make it never come back anymore. There was such a word. She had known it once, and she knew it still, but she could not translate it for Mary. *Father.*

What Rose wanted was a word for Father. She wanted a word that she could *say*. There was a simpler word for Father now, but she did not know what it was. In his new form, he was formless, and would not answer to Father. There was a word for him now, as he was now, but she did not know what it was, only that it was a common word, and that she ought to know it so that she could say it to herself in a whisper. Once, he took her to the abandoned quarry outside the town, and they stood together near the edge, and saw the glitter of water on the bottom far below them, and he had thrown a penny in, and they had watched it drop down, and he had told her that the penny would fall forever and that it would never stop falling, because the quarry was bottomless and the water they could see was only the beginning of a drop so deep that no man could imagine it. He said that for all he knew, and for all anyone knew, the penny might continue to fall through all eternity. And then he had laughed at her and told her that if she wanted to save money she should throw it in the quarry, because no one would ever find it there, and only she would know where it was. Only she, and only he.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"Welcome to 457 East Sixty-third."*

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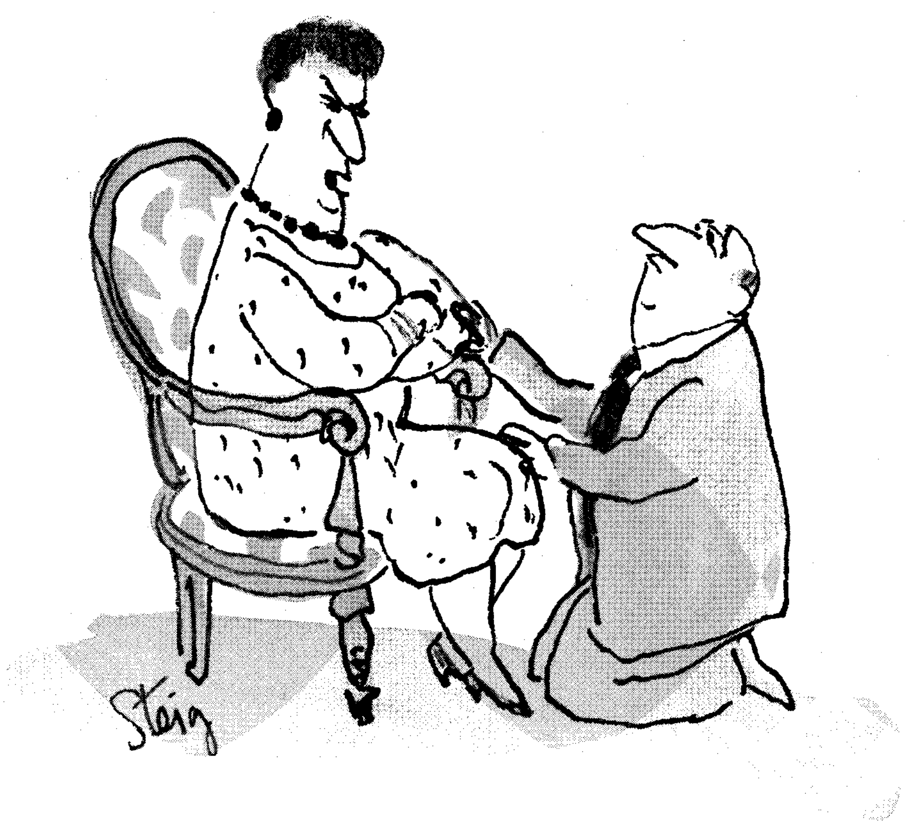
IN the hall below, Hubert waited alone and watched for Rose to come down the stairs. He held her lace handkerchief in his hand. He had seen it slip from her sleeve as she entered the drawing room, and he had picked it up and put it in his pocket to keep for her. He would have told her he had it, but she had given him no chance to speak to her. She had danced off, and then she had gone on dancing, round and round the room, and finally she had begun dancing with that Nolan fellow, and he had gone off in a rage to the dining room and eaten ham sandwiches one after another so that he would not have to watch her smiling in the arms of that glorified corner boy, that ladies' delight, that actor at love.

Hubert was angry and anxious. She had slipped away. He had lost her forever. He was sure of it. He had looked for her everywhere. He did not want to ask one of the girls to go up and find out if she was all right. He did not know Rose very well and he did not want to annoy her. And he did not want to ask anyone to go up anyway, for fear that she might not be



*"Promise never to cross me again?"*

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up there at all. All these past nights it had been the same thing every night. Every night he had gone to her house to make sure she was still there and had not vanished, and every night, when she saw him to the door, she turned that face to him that said she was seeing him for the last time, and did not care—that face of indifference and of downright cruelty. Because she knew very well why he came back, night after night, without being asked, and without any hope of being asked, apparently. She must have known why he continued to appear at her door, making a fool of himself, and not caring that he was making a fool of himself. And he didn't care that he was making a fool of himself now, standing right out in the middle of the hall with her little handkerchief in his hand. He had begun his vigil by leaning carelessly over there against the open front door, with his hand and her handkerchief in his pocket, and a careless eye on the stairs, but his anxiety had got the better of him and he had moved near and nearer to the foot of the stairs until now it was all he could do to restrain himself from going up the stairs two at a time and calling out to her to come to him and stop her nonsense. But what if she wasn't up there? She might have vanished, flown, slipped away home by herself. It was only to be expected. She would do whatever came into her head. She had no sense. She was like a child. She often appeared to him like a child who walks through a madhouse and is not afraid because she does not know the difference between inside and out. But she had every right to be afraid. Anything might happen to her. What if she had taken it into her head to go off home alone? He might never see her again, because she was as good as invisible with that mother of hers always there in the kitchen with them every night, always there and always talking.

Then Rose appeared, coming around the curve of the banisters from the landing above. Hubert thought, Lord, what a beautiful house this is. Look at the wonderful staircase they have. And he watched Rose. He thought, She is immortal, with that fair hair. . . . She made him think of the Forest of Arden. She had her coat over her arm and she was coming down slowly one step at a time, like a child. He thought she looked discontented, but then she glanced up and saw him watching her and she gave him a conspiratorial smile, as though he had seen her at a disadvantage and she did not mind. He thought, She is not very big, and he wondered admiringly what size shoe she wore. When she reached the third step from the bottom she stood still and looked at him.

"I am afraid of the stairs," she said, and then she said, "You look very polite, standing there."

"I was thinking I would like to take a bite out of you," he said, and he grinned foolishly as she stepped down three more times and came to stand before him.

He gave her the handkerchief, relinquishing it as though he were giving up his passport, or his ticket of passage, or, as it was, his one and only hope of refuge in her country. She took the handkerchief without surprise, but he saw how her fingers closed around it once she had it in her hand. She looked at him and he thought, She is the only one in the world who can see me. . . . Her eyes were green, the color of seaweed, and in their depths he found the light that would define him and enclose him in constancy. He thought, She is my own true self, and he wanted to tell her all his troubles.

"I can't dance," he said. "I would have told you before, but I was ashamed."

"Hubert," she said, "there were a whole lot of things I wanted to tell you. I wanted to tell you about my handkerchief, that it was lost, but it wasn't lost at all, but I didn't know that. There were a whole lot of other things I wanted to tell you about, about the curtains and so on—a whole lot of things. But first I want to know—there is no one else I can ask, but please don't laugh at me—I've been wanting to know, where is the music coming from?"

"Oh, wait till I show you," he said. "It's as good as an orchestra. You'd never find it unless you were looking for it. The house is bigger than you would think. We have to go through the drawing room. Wait till you see. I'd never have found it only that I was looking for you."

He took her coat and folded it over the back of a chair. "That will be safe there," he said.

He took her hand and led her toward the drawing room as though they were about to dance, like the others. At the entrance he felt her hesitate before the confusion in the room, and he smiled at her to encourage her.

"Come along now, Rose," he said, "chin up and step together. If we're not careful some of these lunatics will trample us under."

—Maeve Brennan

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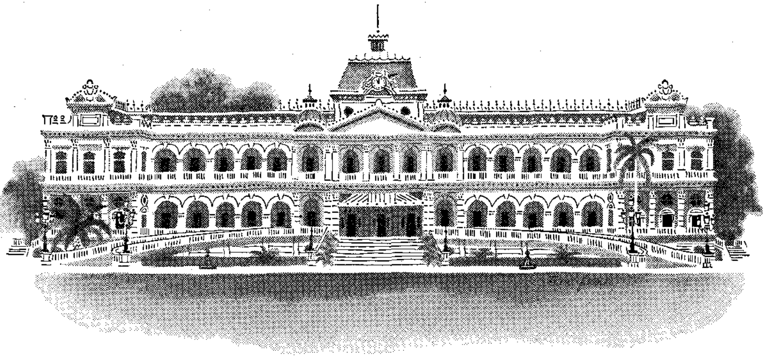
Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Ashton are spending three weeks in Holland and possibly Europe.—*From the Saratoga Springs Saratogian.*

After all, they'll be handy to it.

# LETTER FROM SAIGON



JUNE 30

THIS jittery capital, caught in a fresh crisis of politics and personalities just as the war in the countryside is emerging from its early monsoonal lull, seems raw at the edges, as if all the anxieties and strains it has suffered so long would at any moment prove too much to bear, and the whole town would fall apart. Indeed, it has taken on a quality that is wholly new in my experience of the city.

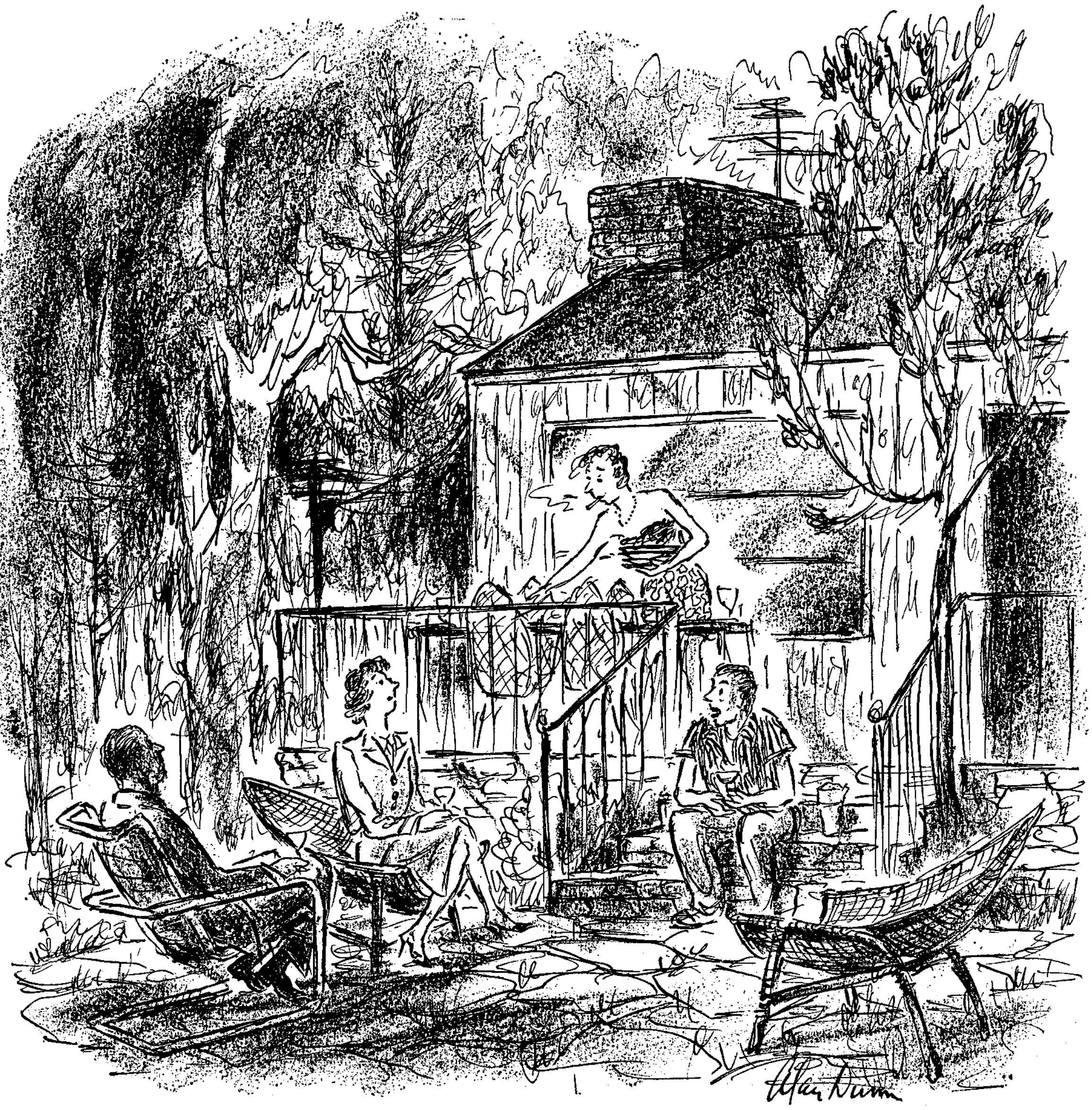
Eighteen years ago, when I was first here, Saigon was a soft and uncluttered place, in which people moved graciously and calmly along the tree-lined streets. An underground conflict was going on between the Viet Minh, as it was then called (it is now the Viet Cong), and the French colonialists, who were returning after five years of Japanese occupation, but no one foresaw anything like the long struggle that lay ahead. It was possible in those days to arrange an appointment on the outskirts of town with a Viet Minh agent and his girl courier, take a "cyclo"—a sort of bicycle taxi—to the rendezvous, discuss elementary Marxism and guerrilla tactics over a bowl of crab-and-asparagus soup at a sidewalk café, and return in time to have tea on the veranda of the old Continental Hotel and watch the afternoon shoppers strolling through a French Impressionist sun-speckled haze. On my next visit, in 1951, the Viet Minh's battle against the French and the Americans who had come in to support them was raging in the jungles, and the people in the city had begun to sit in the back rooms of their cafés to avoid random grenades tossed by youthful bicycling terrorists, but if the war no longer seemed remote, it was regarded by the general public in Saigon as more of a nuisance than a harsh historical reality involving a dedicated people fighting for their freedom. Nobody in the foreign colony here could have believed that within three years the French Empire in Asia would have collapsed at Dienbienphu, or that the Communists would have taken over North Vietnam at the Geneva Conference, leaving the shattered south to pull itself together as best it could under the Presidency of the returned exile Ngo Dinh Diem. Then, over the next few years, as Diem, with the support of the Americans, not only survived the chaos but created a regime out of a virtual vacuum, Saigon acquired a new self-confidence. Even though its colonial heritage—especially the long inhibiting presence of French bureaucracy—weighed upon it heavily, it had an independent identity at last, and its established pleasures, including the finest restaurants in the Far East and a large number of plush gambling casinos, could still be enjoyed. However, power once more demonstrated its corruptive quality, turning Diem into a dictator and Saigon into a city filled with fear. On my third trip here, in the spring of 1962, the feeling of oppression was everywhere; there had been a proliferation of police, and to seek out one's old friends who were in the political opposition was difficult and hazardous, even when they turned out not to have been arrested. The city had a martial atmosphere; the few night clubs that were allowed to operate were protected by graft and kept tables reserved for generals, including those who, even then, were secretly plotting the coup of last November—the one in which a military junta overthrew Diem and his sinister brother Ngo Dinh Nhu.

Shortly after that coup, I was back in Saigon once more, to find the city outwardly in the process of rejuvenation; the lid was off and fresh zest and hope were welling up. Unfortunately, the gay atmosphere proved to be more frenetic than real. The old, easygoing way of life was done with, although some of its surface manifestations—the open-air flower market, the slender, silken-clad women floating past the bright shops—lingered on. The new government of generals lacked cohesiveness and a sense of direction, and the Viet Cong had grown bolder and stepped up its offensive throughout the country. Fresh tensions were building up, and the air of the city was soon heavy with new rumors and conspiracies. Then, on January 30th, came the second coup, which put one man, General Nguyen Khanh, in power in place of the top-heavy junta. Having received immediate backing from the Americans, Khanh took hold, and programs to repair losses and carry the war to the enemy were being undertaken with somewhat more purpose than before. Within the last few months, though, the popularity of the thirty-six-year-old General, who had never been very well known in his country, has waned, and today there are once more internal stresses and conflicts. Saigon has an air of stridency and a tone of dissoluteness that are something entirely new. The prostitutes are more brazen, and the beggars, who include hordes of tattered youngsters with hands automatically outstretched, are more professional. There are Vietnamese Teddy boys about, and a group of teen-age Americans—sons of members of the various American missions that have been established here—have organized a Honda motorcycle club and go roaring wildly, among the thousands of less noisy motorbikes, through what were once quiet streets. Anti-Americanism has increased noticeably—a phenomenon that was probably inevitable in view of the numbers of Americans in Vietnam (there are almost ten thousand in Saigon alone)—and our so openly putting all our eggs in Khanh's basket has forced him into a defensive position in relation to many of his countrymen.

None of this depressing news means that the war is going any worse now than it was a few months ago. On the contrary, in the last several weeks it has taken a turn for the better, and there has certainly been more panicking back home about the possibility of imminent collapse than there has been here. Moreover, the physical attractiveness of Saigon remains; the ample gardens where children gambol at dusk are as green as ever, and the cafés and restaurants are as numerous and as delightfully variegated (even if they do have protective gratings that rather suggest prison bars), and, on the whole, the surface of the city still has the rich and diverse pattern of life that has always made it a unique blend of Orient and Occident. But no one seems to enjoy the place much anymore. Beyond an ominous feeling that the Viet Cong is encircling the town, and that, however efficient the new counter-intelligence squad may be, the number of Communist agents inside the city limits is increasing, there is a deep fatigue, giving rise to a far vaguer malaise—a foreboding that whatever changes are in the offing may not be for the better. Lately, the prevailing mood among the Vietnamese has been one of cynicism, while among the Americans it has been one of frustration.

At least for the moment, however, the American frustration has given way to a sense of excitement, engendered by the designation of General Maxwell D. Taylor as the new Ambassador to Vietnam. Still, no one here expects any sudden miracles, least of all General Taylor himself. Despite the recent flurry of government victories, the situation is far too serious to warrant anything more than cautious hope that there will continue to be some improvement in the government's ability to respond to the Viet Cong, which is expected to mount a new offensive within the next month or so. General Taylor, notwithstanding his eminent qualifications as a man who understands the nature of guerrilla warfare and also knows Vietnam, is certain to feel that he is faced with some of the most complicated and perplexing problems any soldier-statesman has ever come up against—problems that cut far deeper than military strategy and tactics, since they involve the whole social and political fabric of a tired and stricken nation. Some of these basic problems were brought out in the open at a remarkable press conference conducted here two weeks ago by a departing senior American military adviser—a press conference that, in the light of the Taylor appointment, has been seen by some people as a carefully thought-out means of preparing the way for a new, tough line of American thinking. In a long tirade, only parts of which were made public at the time, the officer, a colonel who has had three years' experience in the field and is famous for his frankness, condemned the whole Vietnamese military and administrative structure as riddled with "second-raters" who have no capacity for "management of the war" and who go about it in the manner of the blind leading the blind. In decrying "politics, corruption, and nepotism" at the top, and sheer incompetence and laziness at the middle and lower levels, the colonel reminded the Vietnamese that their Viet Cong antagonists had become stronger and better in the past three years not only because they had better weapons, including such new ones as electrically detonated vehicular and personnel mines, but because they worked at the business of winning the war "twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, convinced that their cause is right."

Taylor's impending arrival gave special significance to the colonel's further statement that "we must develop a technique to put the squeeze on these guys to get results" and must "influence decisions at the top level." This is obviously what Taylor, who in 1961 sought unavailingly to put some "squeeze" on the Diem government, is being sent out to try again. In doing so, he will work directly with General William C. Westmoreland, the new head of the American military command, and with a large and constantly growing group of American specialists, who function as a sort of "brain trust" in the areas of economics and finance, foreign relations, public affairs, and psychological warfare. These



*"First, you folks ought to familiarize yourselves with the noises of the country. That cheep-cheep-cheep you hear now is the refrigerator, the chirruping is the freezer, and that sort of rumbling whump-de-whump-de-whump is the oil-burner."*

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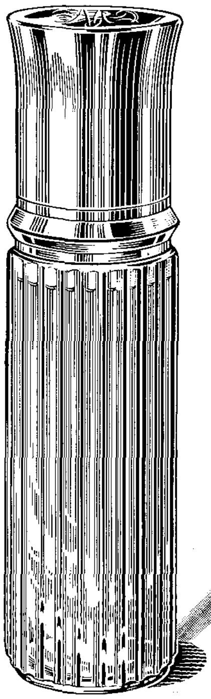

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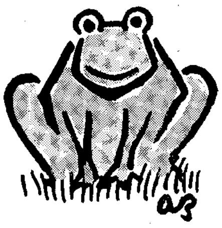
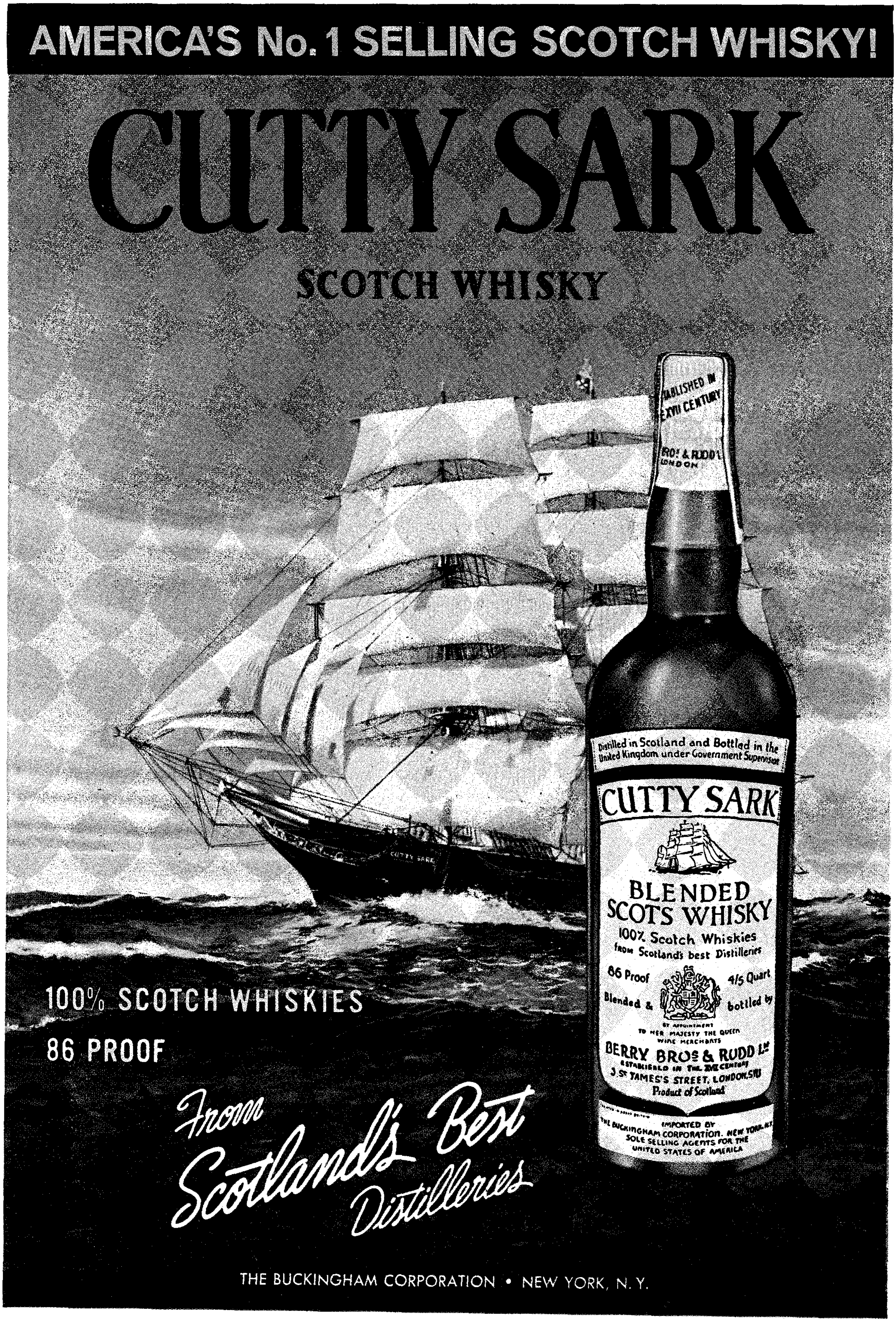
civilian experts, who are eventually to total several hundred, are to perform coördinating roles at South Vietnam's four military corps headquarters and on down through the echelons of its forty-three provinces.

What seems to be happening is that the United States has finally decided to stop being half in and half out of this long war, and to assume a more active role, which could ultimately involve us completely. At the moment, in addition to increasing our air activity in Laos and staging a new buildup in Thailand, we are taking some steps of a different sort—most notably making available the best American military brains to stimulate the Vietnamese Army effort while simultaneously creating a "shadow government" of non-military advisers. Whether this will do the trick, permitting us both to formulate and to implement what the colonel at the press conference called "a national campaign that is beyond the competence of the government," and whether such a campaign will really turn the tide of the war remains to be seen. At best, it will require a lot more victories and a lot more time.



In dealing with General Khanh, who has been taking the difficult situation more in stride than many of his compatriots (or at least has been putting up a front of boldness and courage which reflects his reputation for toughness in battle and for a cool suavity off the field), the new American team of Generals Taylor and Westmoreland and the Deputy Ambassador, U. Alexis Johnson, will possess some advantages and some disadvantages. The advantages derive from Khanh's being a forceful man of innate ability, who can take advice and get things done. Although he ostensibly organized his coup because he suspected that some of the generals in the previous government were trying to make a French-backed neutralist deal with North Vietnam, and although he insists that French "colonialists" and their Vietnamese accomplices have tried to assassinate him in order to install a neutralist government of the kind that President de Gaulle has advocated for all the former Indo-China states, Khanh privately admires de Gaulle as a man of strength, and would like to emulate him. What Khanh wants for Vietnam—for the time being, anyway—is a sort of Gaullist Fifth Republic, in which he himself will firmly hold the reins of power, as head of the Military Revolutionary Council and also as Premier, ruling with the help of a handful of Vietnamese Ministers and the new American brain trust. The disadvantages of dealing with Khanh are the result of his increasing isolation. He is caught in the dilemma of wanting to make himself more of a popular figure and of being unable, or unwilling, to risk relinquishing his tight hold on the government. His sources of power lie in the Army and are not especially strong, for even those generals who are supporting him for the moment, and are theoretically close to him, are also his potential rivals. Rumors of more coups or of plans to assassinate Khanh are constantly heard, and, in fact there were two plots against him in the last month, both of them nipped in the bud. Loyalties within the Army are what they have always been—shaky and subject to frequent shifts—and ambition and jealousy are widespread. Khanh is trying to shore up his position by giving promotions and key assignments to the men he thinks will be most likely to stand by him, but some of these men, including a few who hold vitally important command posts, have not demonstrated any particular competence, and others can best be described as erratic opportunists. Such appointments increase the perpetual danger of another upset, which would further interfere with the war effort and might even lead to a dangerous premature settlement.

Among the most immediate problems that General Taylor will face is the touchy relationship between Khanh and General Duong Van Minh, who headed the former junta and, at the request of both Khanh and the Americans, stayed on after the second coup as titular Chief of State of the new government, but whose position has been anomalous. Minh and Khanh are not friendly and probably never will be—chiefly because Minh can't forgive his successor, who is considerably younger than he, and whom he regards as an upstart, for overthrowing the junta just when it was beginning to show some signs of life. Minh is more popular than Khanh, both with the common people and with the younger officers and men of the Army, and he is also a particular friend of General Taylor's. The expectation here is that General Taylor will try to get Minh to coöperate more actively with the Khanh government in his present capacity. Even if Minh agrees, though, he will represent a fresh threat to Khanh, and also to a number of other "second coup"



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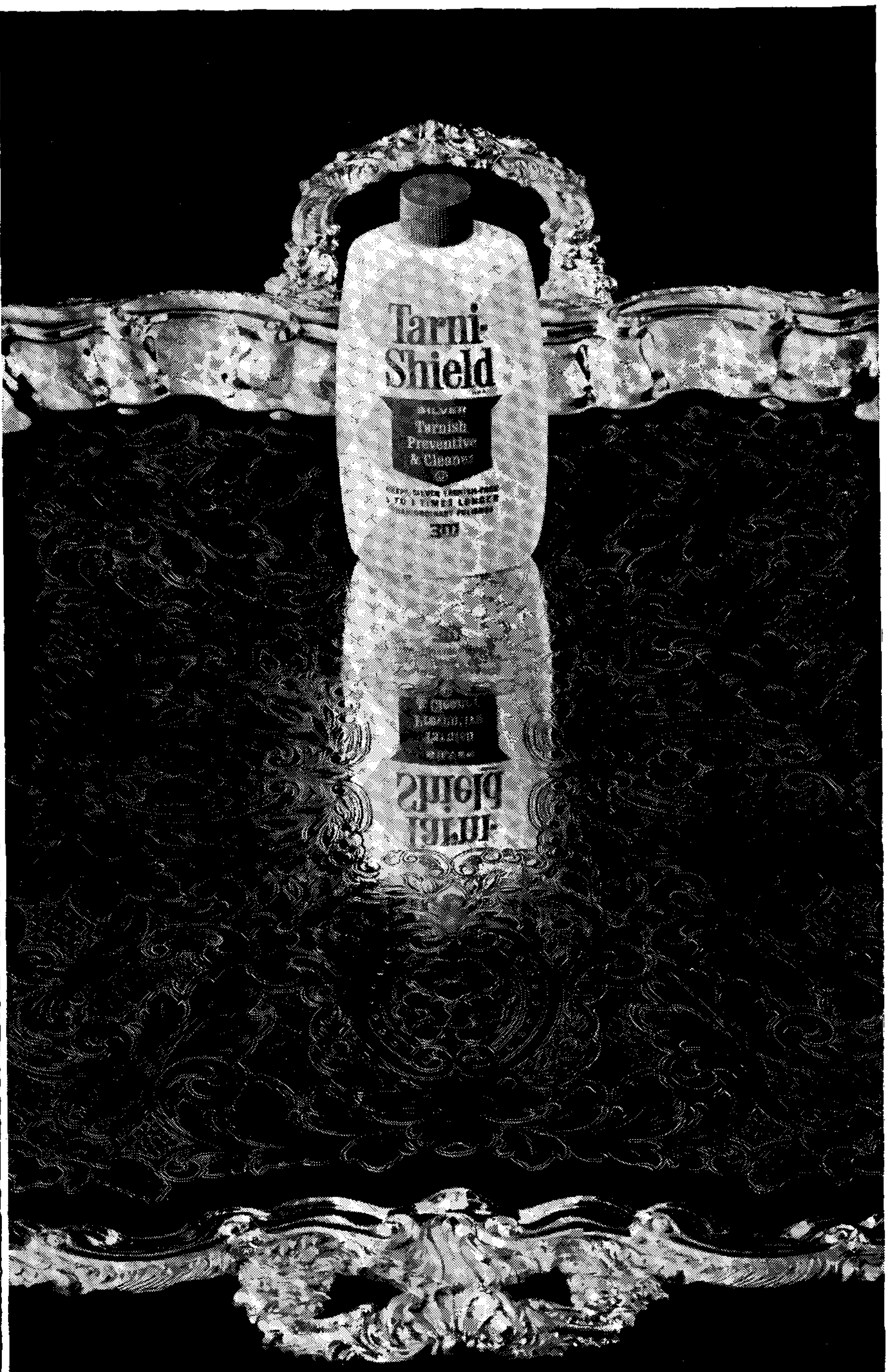
generals, who see their position weakened by Taylor's arrival. Consequently, while the news that Ambassador Lodge would be replaced by Taylor was publicly acclaimed here because of Taylor's stature, the immediate effect was to set the town further on edge and to touch off a whole series of rumors and conjectures about fresh alignments and power plays. The local fortune-tellers, who have always been popular among people of all classes, are predicting bigger and direr events, and are currently enjoying quite a boom.

WHATEVER happens next, Khanh will surely insist on solidifying his position with the military before responding to current pressure to give civilians a larger measure of control in his government, their subordinate status being another troubling aspect of his five-month-old regime. In this respect, too, the role of the new American team—and particularly of Deputy Ambassador Johnson, who is a political expert—is likely to be significant. Pressure is also being brought on Khanh to create a more democratic atmosphere as a prelude to local elections, which he has promised will soon be held, and which are supposedly to pave the way for the selection of a provisional constitutional assembly in the fall. There is considerable doubt whether the war will permit the holding of more than scattered elections in the countryside, and it is certain that if they are pushed too vigorously, the outcome will be an effort by the Viet Cong either to disrupt and make a mockery of them or to infiltrate still further the ranks of the peasants in the villages and guide the results to its own liking. Nevertheless, there has been a good deal of talk in top government circles about "reaching the people" and obtaining their support for a more concerted war effort, and in the last two weeks Khanh seems actually to have made a tentative move toward establishing a political framework for the country. In mid-June, representatives of a score of political parties and numerous independent leaders were called together to create a new code for the existence of parties and to try to form either a single bloc, like the Indian Congress Party, or two or three strong groups. Khanh urged the politicians not to fall into "the tragic situation of the French Fourth Republic, which was for a time divided because of the quarrels between the political parties, thus weakening the national forces," and declared, "This painful experience should give us some food for thought." Politicians and parties, he



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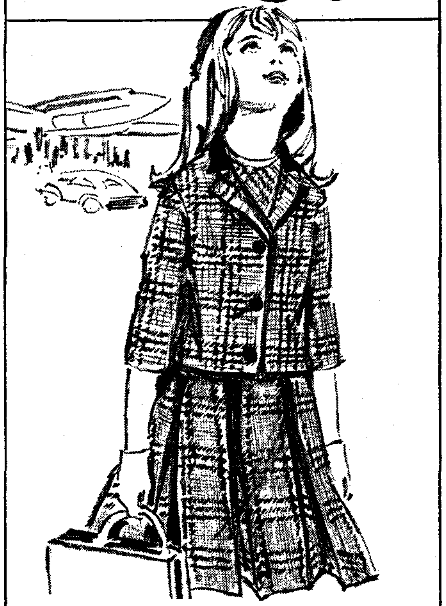
added, are "only a means to an end and not the end itself," and he called on the leaders, a hundred or so of whom were present, to put a stop to their long history of bickering and accept their responsibility "of establishing a bridge of understanding between the people and the government."

Khanh was applauded for his sentiments, and the politicians immediately started huddling, but many of the leaders who attended the meeting have remained as skeptical of his true intentions as he has of theirs. With the recollection of the last years of Diem and Nhu still fresh, the intellectuals—which is what the more serious politicians here like to be called—are forever holding private discussions about Khanh's dictatorial tendencies. Beyond that, they have a profound contempt for most generals, and for the military as a whole. What they particularly object to is the low personal and professional standards of many of the military leaders, who have been more interested in feathering their own nests than in winning the war. On the other hand, there are plenty of civilians, including some politicians, who have had the same inclination to reap rewards, and have often succeeded in doing so in cahoots with one general or another. For their part, the generals look upon the intellectuals as people who fritter away their time talking in teahouses and who lack a national conscience and purpose. The sad thing is that what each group says about the other is largely true. In a fundamental sense, this is the trouble with South Vietnam, and why the sharper and more purposeful northerners, who were guided initially by a more driving nationalist spirit and are now completely disciplined by Communist doctrine, have become such a severe threat to its existence.

THE jockeying now going on among the politicians, and between them and Khanh, must be viewed against the special political background of South Vietnam. The reason that the situation today is so chaotic is that the parties and the party leaders have been weakened by the years of sheer struggle to survive, first under the French and then under the Diem regime. As a result, the anti-Communist movement has remained deeply fragmented, and so far it has had little, if any, social or psychological impact on the peasants, who make up eighty-five per cent of the population. In past centuries, revolutionary activity was always concerned with overthrowing the Chinese invaders

Sunny Lee



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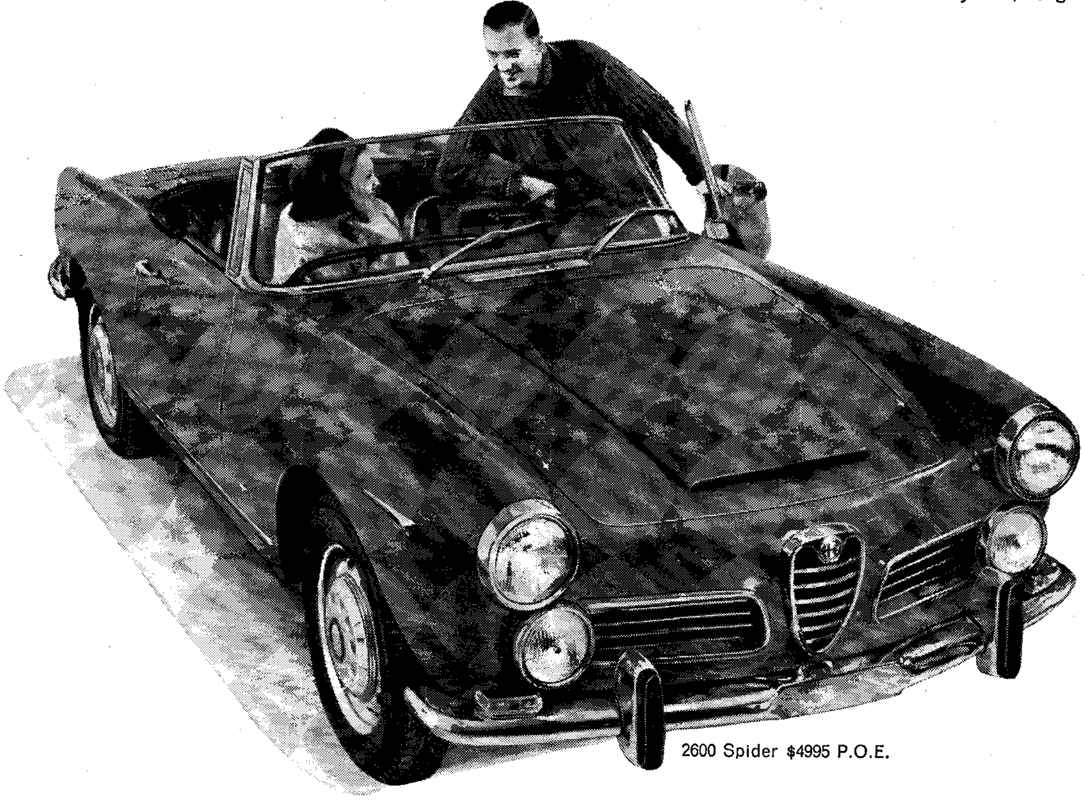

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from the north—who ruled the country sporadically for nearly a thousand years—or other invading racial groups, like the Khmers. Then, during the first half of this century, the French colonists became the target, and they proved harder to fight than previous oppressors, because they were more firmly entrenched and because they combined harsh military and police methods with velvet-glove treatment of a few chosen Vietnamese, who were educated in accordance with the needs of French officialdom. The south was the center of both French culture and French strength. Between 1930 and 1945, individual nationalists with scattered supporters operated clandestinely in central Vietnam and in the north, but their efforts resulted in a heroic sense of martyrdom and little else. Then, in 1945, also in the north, a well-organized, tough-minded internal enemy appeared for the first time, in the form of the Viet Minh, led by the old Bolshevik and ardent nationalist Ho Chi Minh, and the Viet Minh front took over the anti-colonial struggle. At first, it attracted many non-Communist nationalists, but none of them had much voice in it. The older nationalist parties—like the Dai Viet, a revolutionary underground organization that is now trying to resurrect itself—in effect surrendered the nationalist cause to the Viet Minh, which came to be completely Communist-dominated after the war against the French began, in the fall of 1945. As the situation was described to me not long ago by Dr. Dan Van Sung, one of the most astute of the Dai Viet leaders, who is currently seeking to work out a fresh approach with a mixed group of intellectuals, "Out of sheer irresolution, the anti- and non-Communists allowed the Viet Minh to seize the initiative and take command of the resistance movement, and this proved to be the Communists' greatest victory." When Diem returned in 1954, after the French defeat, there was no political movement in South Vietnam that had not either disintegrated or been destroyed—in sharp contrast to the dynamism of Ho's regime in the north. Diem's most effective aides were isolated young nationalists who either had been with the Viet Minh in the early years or had gone abroad to study—most of them in France but some in England and the United States. These young men, who were essentially part of a French-trained élite, suffered a *crise de conscience* after Dienbienphu, feeling that they had not supported their people's revolution as diligently as they might

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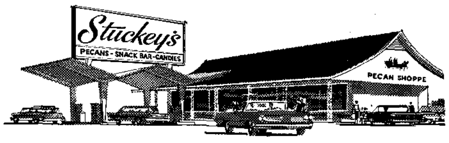

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have, and overnight they matured politically as individuals and began to acquire a sense of responsibility. One of them told me recently, "Our entire background, based on fifty years of disillusioning nationalist history, had now been telescoped, and all at once we had to do a lot of practical things we had never dreamed of before. Within a few months, for example, I found myself acting as chargé d'affaires in an Asian embassy and representing my country at Afro-Asian conferences and at the United Nations in New York."

Such contributions, while commendable, were not enough. What was still lacking was a national purpose and goal. The Diem government, like the Kuomintang in China, gave little more than lip service to the idea of land reform and other measures for the improvement of the farmers' lives, and, as the regime came under the increasing domination of Ngo Dinh Nhu, the urban-rural cleavage in South Vietnam, which had always been great, grew worse. As the intellectual theoretician of the family, Nhu suffered from the grave fault of thinking that he understood the countryside when he didn't. In the fifties, then, no effort was made to build up democratic and libertarian institutions or awaken the social consciousness of the people. And in 1959 the Viet Cong, which had left its Viet Minh cadres behind in the south after the Geneva partition, poured into this vacuum. With that, the second revolution of postwar Vietnam may be said to have begun. The Communists quickly took advantage of the misrule and corruption of the Ngo representatives in the provinces, and by employing such tactics as a free distribution of land and the murder of hated Diem officials they gained the support of the people. The result was that the Communists had as much of an open road to success in the southern rural areas after 1958 as they had had in the north since the end of the Japanese occupation. "We remained unprepared," Dr. Sung says of his own party. "Our fight against the Viet Cong was and is a fight against national delinquency. We have to change the social and psychological conditions, our neglect of which for so long has helped Communism spread throughout the countryside."

Whether the intellectuals can actually get away from their parlor discussions and down to the grass roots long enough to achieve this remains to be seen. Since the close of the conference that Khanh addressed, a government inter-ministerial committee has been holding meetings with a

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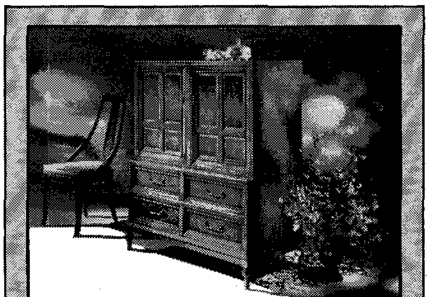

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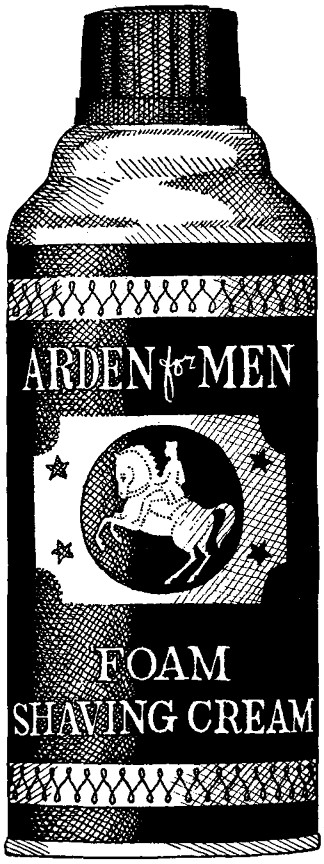

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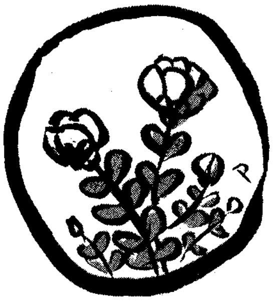
limited number of politicians to draw up the new political code. There has been an effort by some of the old-line leaders, especially in the comparatively conservative Dai Viet, to re-create the former party groups, but Dr. Sung and a dozen or so other prominent intellectuals and professional men seem determined to find a new approach, and this is probably the most encouraging political development to have taken place here in many years. "The past party groupings are no longer useful," Dr. Sung says emphatically. "They were part of the revolutionary underground, and things are different now. We need something more appropriate to the building of a proper democracy, and we must get away from old-fashioned ideas. Above all, we need dedicated young teams of men who are willing to work actively among the peasants, and we need to regroup our political parties on this basis. We older people can provide guidance, and in that sense we can still be useful, but it's the young men who must do the hard work."

Several members of Dr. Sung's group of intellectuals have presented a manifesto to Khanh proposing a full-scale reorganization of the government, with a separate civilian Cabinet functioning under the direction of a chief of state to relieve the Revolutionary Council of generals, headed by Khanh, of many governmental burdens and allow it to concentrate on military matters. Though Khanh has continued to meet with representatives of this group, he has shown few signs that he is willing to turn over anything more than limited administrative responsibility to the civilians. In a speech he made before a group of officers a week or so ago, he reiterated a long-standing belief of his that the Army is "the only organized and disciplined force capable of leading the country," and characterized the civilian intellectuals as engaged in "a mere scramble for individual interests." In a talk I had with him, he looked at me fiercely—he is a rather plump man with dark, probing eyes and a goatee—but made the same point in a milder way. "We can only provide the formula for democracy now," he said. "We can create a foundation, the institutions, for a state, but we cannot achieve full democracy for some time—perhaps for another generation or two."



It is typical of Khanh to take a step forward and then move back, as he has done in the matter of the politicians. He opened the door to them, apparently, out of an awareness of the need to improve his popularity, but though he is more of a political animal than any of the other Vietnamese generals, he has no coherent political philosophy. Expediency is his continuing guide—he is said to have taken to consulting fortune-tellers himself—and most of his actions are grounded in intuition.

There was more than intuition involved when he propelled himself into power, however. As well as I have been able to piece the facts together, his coup was a scheme that he had conceived some time before the November coup; in fact, the idea that he might someday be master of South Vietnam was probably in his mind at least four years ago. Naturally, much of Khanh's character derives from his background, which was obscure, leading him to develop both a sense of isolation and a desire to assert himself against authority. His mother ran a night club in the resort town of Dalat, north of Saigon, that was frequented by roistering Frenchmen, but soon after her son was born, at Tra Vinh, in 1927, she sent him to live with his father, a Vietnamese landowner, and a friend of his, a well-known Vietnamese actress and singer of the day, who brought Khanh up, playing the role of a stepmother. For much of the time, the family lived in Cambodia, and it was there that Khanh first went to school. Afterward, he attended school in Saigon while living with French-Vietnamese relatives. At the age of eighteen, Khanh says, he was one of a group of twenty high-school graduates who left Saigon to join the Viet Minh. They were away for fifteen months, mostly working with small Viet Minh bands in the delta region; thereafter a larger, better-organized, and more thoroughly indoctrinated group of a hundred or so Viet Minh guerrillas took over, Khanh and his companions being told that they were too tired and lacked proper discipline, and then being disarmed, whereupon they returned to Saigon. Soon afterward, Khanh entered the first special Vietnamese military-training class ever to be established by the French, and, as it happens, most of the co-plotters in his recent coup, including General Tran Thien Khiem, who is now Minister of Defense and commander-in-chief of

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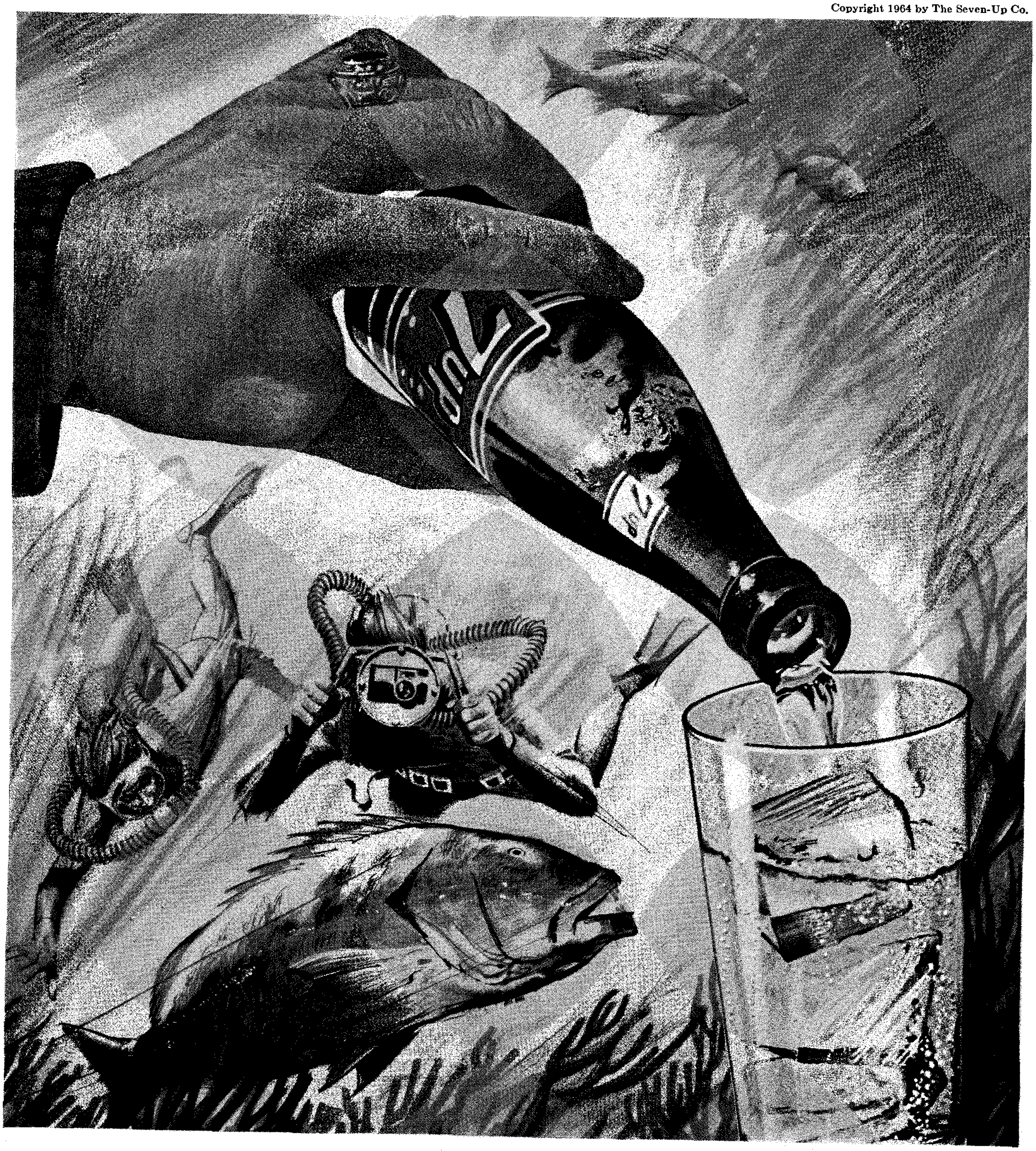

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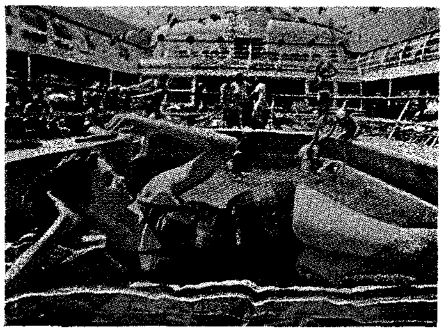

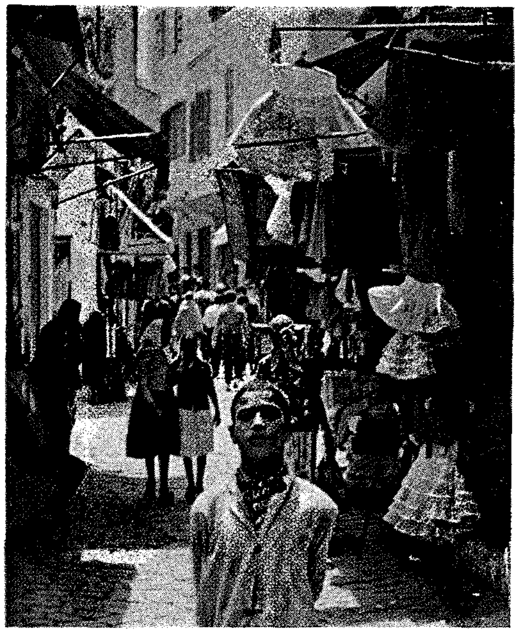

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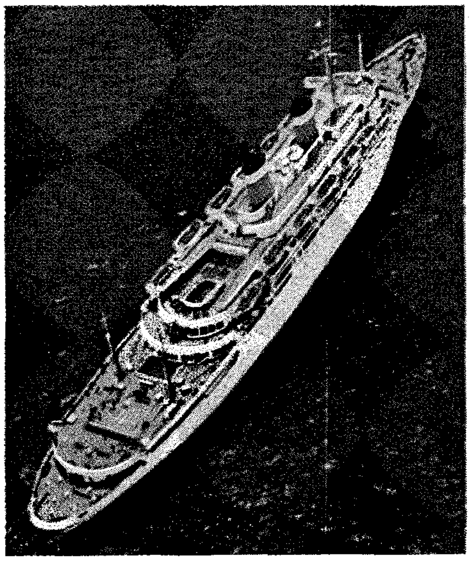

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the Army, were members of that class, which numbered seventeen. Only eleven—including Khanh—passed the course and graduated, in 1947, and eight of them, plus the six who didn't graduate, soon went out to join the Viet Minh. Khanh maintains that he tried to dissuade his classmates from going by telling them what he had already learned about how the Communists dominated the Viet Minh, but in fact it appears that he himself was persuaded to try the Viet Minh again and went along with the rest. In any event, after a few months the whole group was thoroughly disillusioned and returned to the government side, and thereafter, despite their anti-colonial views, they fought with the French against the Viet Minh.

By 1952, when Khanh was a top officer of one of the French-directed mobile groups in the plateau area of central Vietnam, he had become convinced that the French had no intention of granting any real freedom to the puppet Vietnamese government in Saigon, and he thought seriously of deserting with his troops and fighting both sides from the jungle. He hung on because the war was almost over anyway, but then came the settlement at Geneva, which disillusioned him further. When Diem succeeded in establishing a government in the south, Khanh took heart, and for a number of years he supported the new government, eventually becoming Diem's Deputy Army Chief of Staff. By 1960, however, when the opposition to Diem started to mount, Khanh seems to have begun to look upon himself as the potential leader of his country. During the abortive military coup of November, 1960, he reportedly defended Diem in the palace by consulting with the opposition just long enough to enable Diem to bring up loyal troops from the provinces, but the truth of the matter most likely is that Khanh simply thought the coup would fail anyway, and, besides, it wasn't the kind of coup he wanted. A month later, at the instigation of Nhu, whom he had come to detest, Khanh was transferred to a corps command in the plateau area, and now he began to plot in earnest. He established lines of communication with the anti-Diem conspiracy that was being mapped by Dr. Tran Kim Tuyen, chief of Diem's secret police, but he also had a scheme of his own, which some Americans knew about. He was about to move in August, 1963, when the Buddhist crisis that helped bring Diem down reached its peak with Nhu's at-

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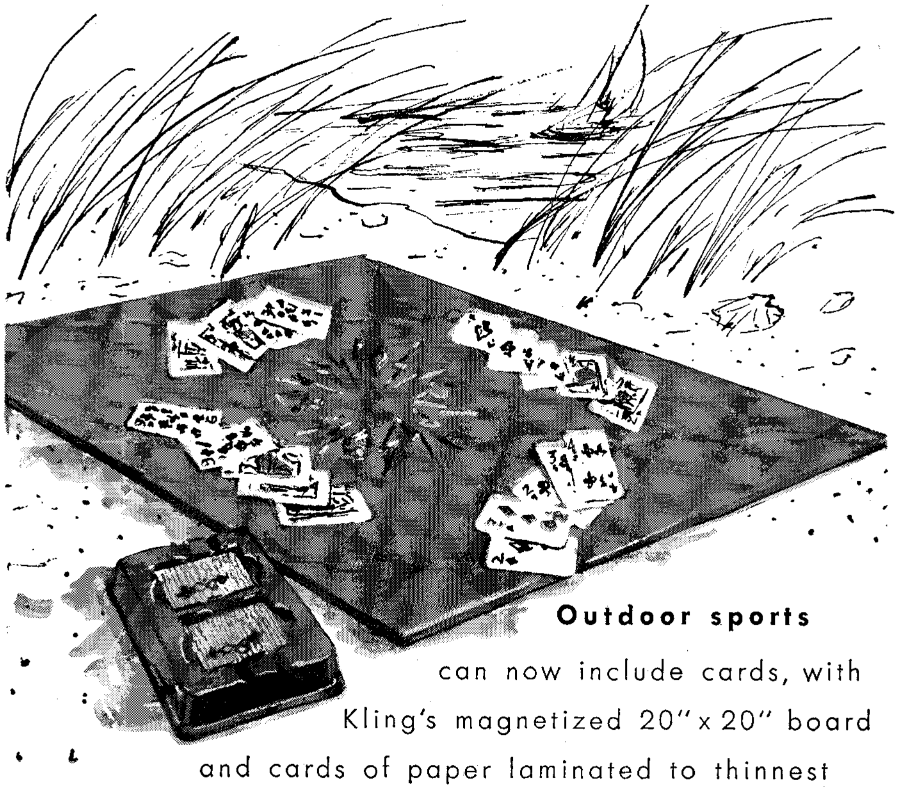

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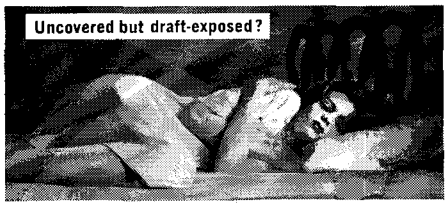
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tack on the pagodas, but at that moment someone betrayed Khanh to Nhu. In the chaotic weeks that followed, during which several groups of plotters were working separately and Nhu was preparing his counterplot, Khanh remained more or less in the background, but some aspects of his August scheme were incorporated in the plot that finally overthrew the Ngo family.

For a time after the new junta had established itself, under the leadership of General Minh, Khanh retained his old corps command in the plateau. Then, in mid-December, he was shifted to the northernmost corps, which had its headquarters in the cities of Hué and Da Nang. Since he had wanted a command in the delta, where most of the fighting was going on, he was perfectly well aware that his transfer north was the result of military politics and a response to the desire of the other generals, who regarded him as a dangerous lone wolf, to keep him as far away from the capital as possible. I saw Khanh at that time, in Hué, and he made no attempt to hide his annoyance over not having been given a more important job. When I asked him to tell me the details of the November coup, he replied, "It is too soon yet to tell the whole story, but someday I will tell it to you."

As it developed, the second coup, like the first, involved a typical Vietnamese cabal of disgruntled generals and colonels who were as much annoyed as Khanh at having been put on the sidelines by the junta. Other motives played their part, though, including Khanh's by no means unjustified feeling that the junta was simply too big and too divided within itself to carry on the war. In the weeks before Khanh's coup, the customary flow of rumors in Saigon was swelled by the impact of bad economic conditions—the price of rice and other commodities was rising—and there were strikes, accompanied by some violence, and student demonstrations. The press, taking advantage of its new liberty—there are some forty newspapers in Saigon, which has a population of a million and a half—was engaging in an orgy of recrimination and attack. The Council of Notables—a group of sixty prominent citizens that was supposed to "advise" the government and has since been disbanded—added to the confusion with a series of inconclusive debates and demands. A grave cholera epidemic increased apprehension among the city's population, and the final disruptive factor was the advent of *Tet,* the Chinese New Year, when every-

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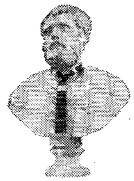

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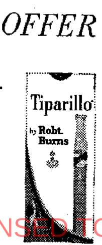

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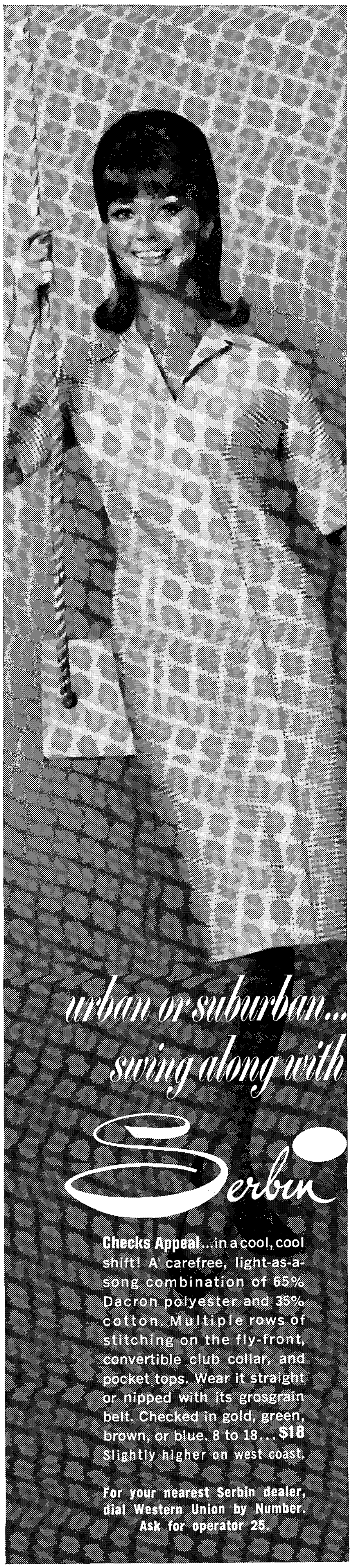
one, Vietnamese as well as Chinese, traditionally seeks to settle affairs—not only his own but those of his neighbors and of the nation itself—and when a desire for clean slates builds up an attitude of recklessness over a period of weeks.

At this point, about a month before the junta was overthrown, Khanh was approached by an enigmatic man, who has proved to be the principal tactician behind both the November and the January coups. This was General Do Mau, a silent, saturnine officer who was once a busboy, briefly attended a French military school, and in time became the head of military security under Diem. While he had never commanded any troops of his own, Mau's thorough knowledge of the backgrounds of most of the officers in the Army, including their personal weaknesses, had enabled him to bring together many of the elements that overthrew Diem in November. The members of the new junta respected Mau but feared him, too, and after the November coup they gradually isolated him, eventually placing him in the relatively innocuous post of Minister of Information and transferring his close friends to new posts a safe distance away. Casting about for "replacements," Mau soon found some among officers who had been exiled to Cambodia or France and had returned to Vietnam after the fall of Diem. The most important of these, as far as Mau was concerned, was Colonel Nguyen Chanh Thi, a tough, opportunistic former paratroop commander who had fled to Cambodia after the unsuccessful 1960 coup against Diem. Mau persuaded the junta to send Thi up north as Khanh's deputy, pointing out that Khanh had been instrumental in crushing the 1960 revolt, in which Thi had been implicated, and that Thi would therefore be a good man to keep *him* in check. What Mau really had in mind, though, was to use Thi as a means of building a firm bridge between himself, in Saigon, and Khanh, in the north; he correctly figured that whatever old enmities may have existed between the two would be forgotten under the new circumstances. Having made one move, Mau quickly made a second; General Khiem, one of Khanh's old fellow-cadets, who had worked closely with Mau in the November coup, had just been demoted from Executive Chief of Staff to commander of the III Corps, near Saigon, so Mau had no trouble gaining his coöperation in the new plot. Khiem controlled the 5th and 7th Divisions, and he brought the commanders of



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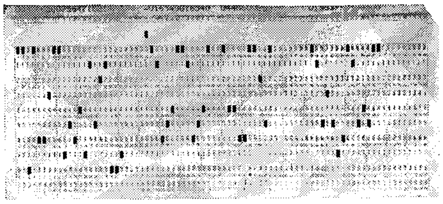

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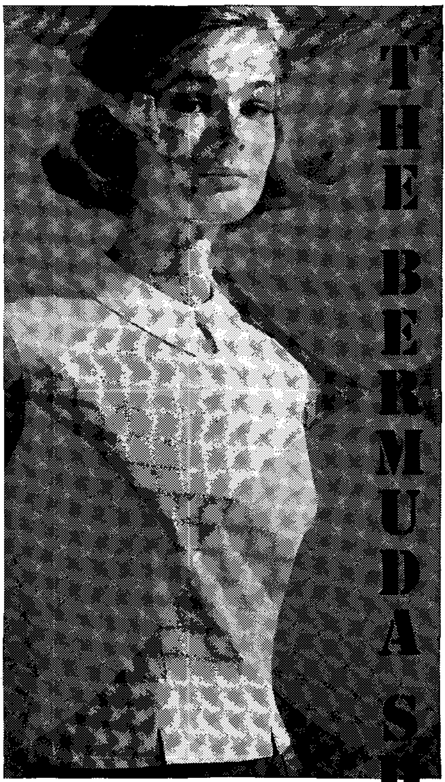
both these outfits into the plan, thereby giving the plotters the backing of vital troop elements close to the city. Khiem and Mau and Khanh, who were now keeping in regular surreptitious touch, built up their group by gaining the support of some Marine and Air Force units and various other troop contingents here and there. Two additional important men were brought into the plot—Colonel (now General) Duong Ngoc Lam, the chief of the Civil Guard, whose willingness to coöperate may have been influenced by the fact that his name had been mentioned in connection with an alleged swindle of military funds being investigated by the junta, and Colonel (now General) Duong Van Duc, who had just returned from exile in Paris and was acting as assistant to General Le Van Kim, the chief of the junta's general staff and its most able officer.

The organization for the new coup was now more or less completed. It remained for de Gaulle to trigger it by going ahead with his plan to recognize Communist China and publicly proposing the neutralization of the former Indo-China states. In late December and early January, as student demonstrations against de Gaulle and neutralism mounted in Saigon, the Council of Notables not only accused the provisional government under the junta of lacking a firm policy on the neutralist issue but went as far as to recommend that relations with France be broken off. The crisis came when a known French agent, Lieutenant Colonel Tran Dinh Lan, who had served in both the French and the Vietnamese armies, suddenly returned to Saigon after several years in France, reportedly bringing with him several million dollars' worth of Vietnamese piastres. Lan moved into the home of one of General Kim's top aides, and reports got around that other French agents were arriving in town secretly. These rumors, whether they were true or were simply planted by the conspirators, served to spread the belief that a French-sponsored neutralist deal was in the offing, and thus furnished an excuse for the conspirators to act.

Colonel Duc, whose years of experience in France had given him a good idea of what the French might be up to and what their relations with pro-French members of the Vietnamese Army were, had prepared some incriminating documents for General Mau. They purported to show that three prominent members of the junta—Generals Kim, Tran Van Don, and Mai Huu Xuan—had been bought



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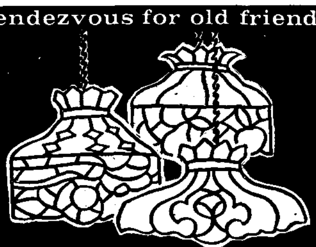

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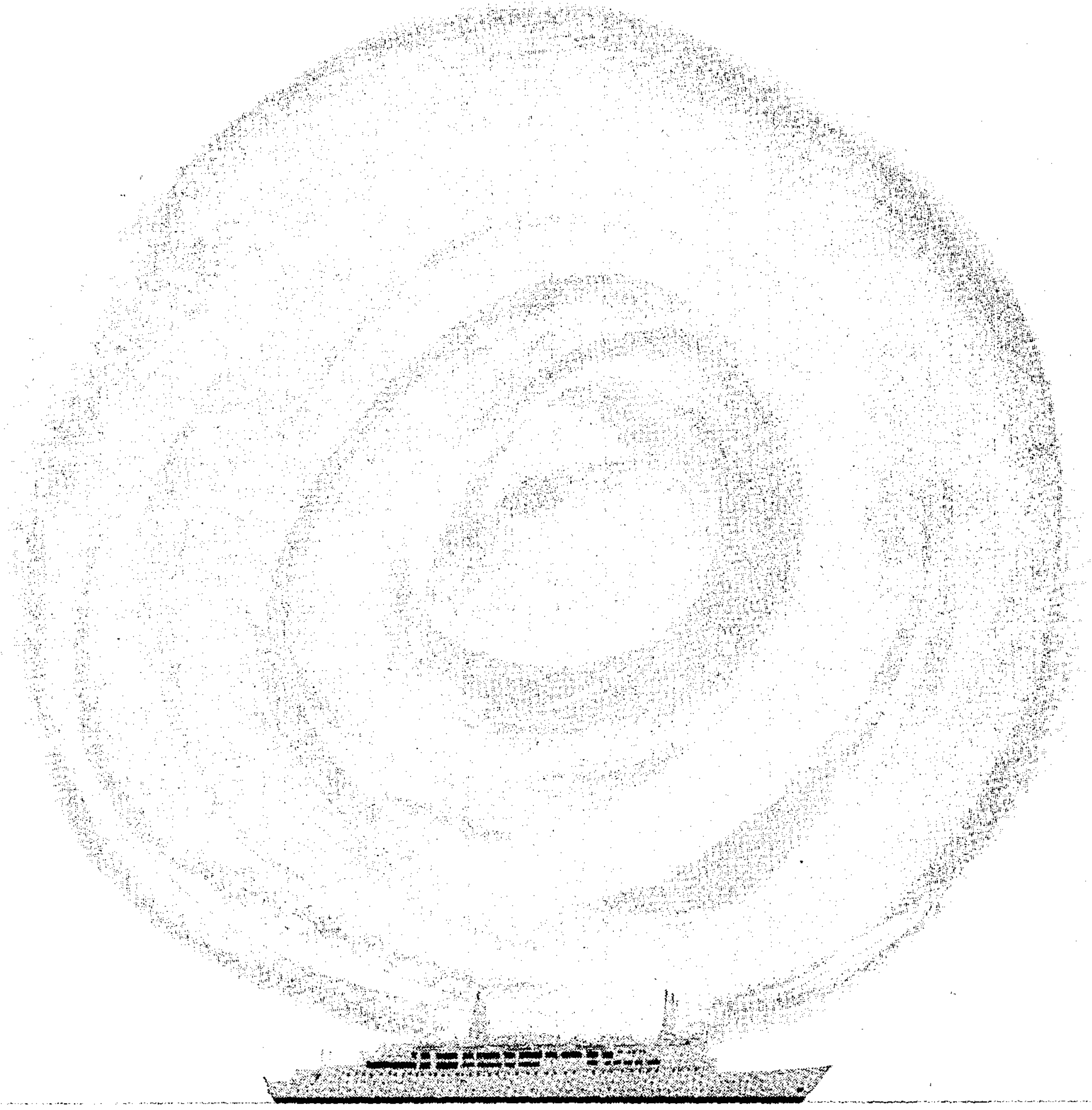

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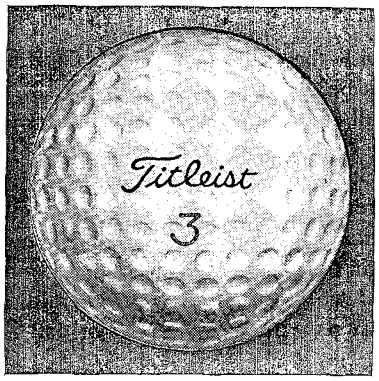

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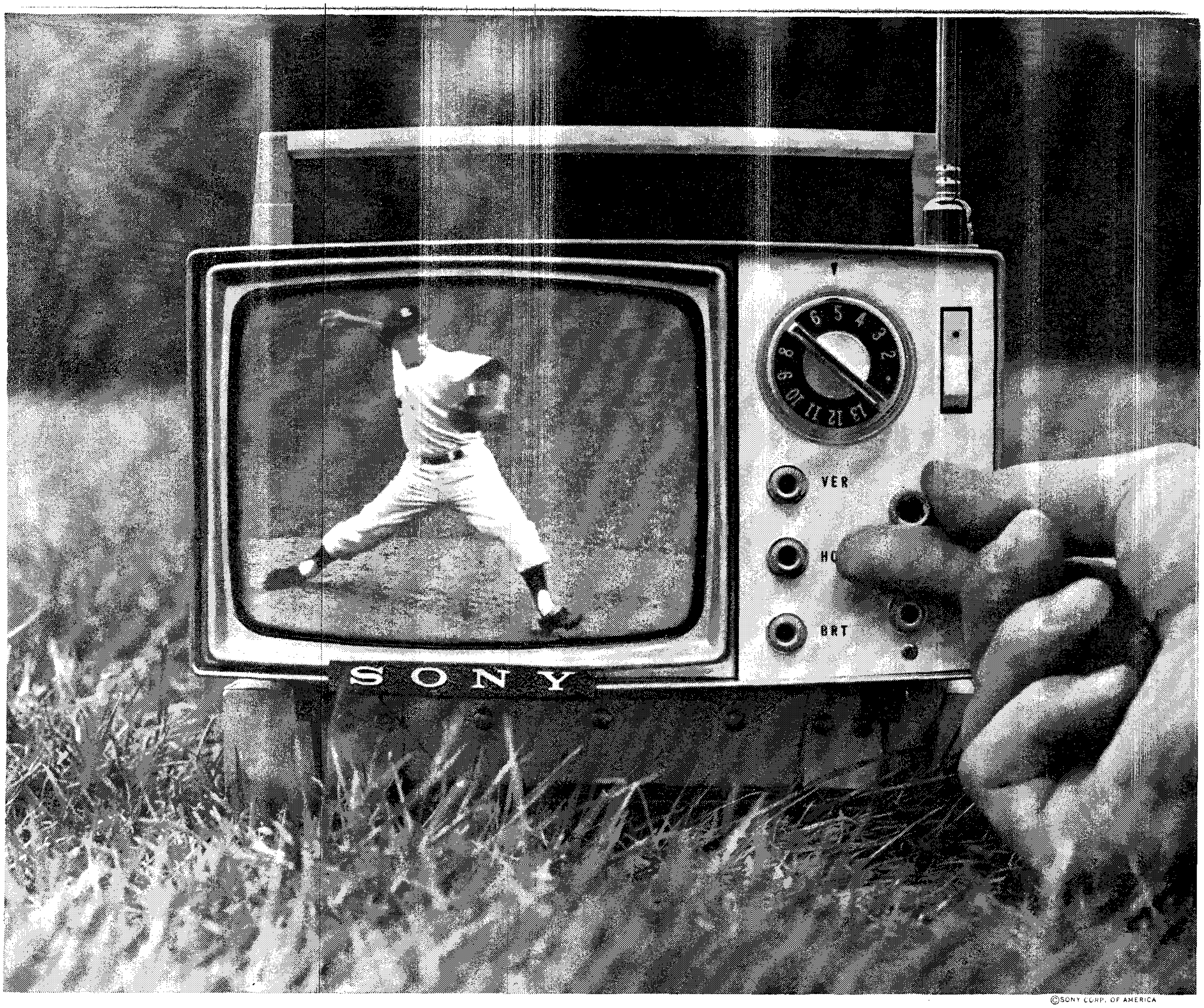
by French agents and were about to declare that Vietnam would go neutralist and would sign an agreement to end the war with the north. Certain Americans got wind of these documents, and there is no doubt that some of the high-ranking Americans in town knew what was going on. A number of meetings between Khanh and American officers in the north took place in Hué during the first two weeks in January, and while they may have dealt partly with routine military matters, it is very likely that they also dealt partly with the new coup. On January 25th, a few days before the coup, Khanh flew to Saigon for a final meeting with his co-plotters, and then returned north. On January 28th, he came back to the capital in a civilian plane, wearing civilian clothes. He still retained his small beard, which he has always worn when he has set out to do something, and which he refuses to shave off until he considers the job finished (he is still wearing the beard, and it is growing noticeably fuller), but apparently no one recognized him. The next day, January 29th, Khanh's deputy, Colonel Thi, followed him to the capital. Elaborate arrangements were made by the plotters to have their agents around town meet each other in out-of-the-way spots for the exchange of information and orders. There were no betrayals. On the night of Wednesday, January 29th, the troops that General Mau and General Khiem had alerted quietly took their positions around the city. They included many of the forces that had been used in the first coup—armored cars and tanks and some men from the 5th and 7th Divisions, two airborne battalions, one Marine battalion, and some scattered special forces and Ranger and Civil Guard units. The homes of the junta generals were surrounded, and a number of American officers and embassy officials were advised to be in their offices at two o'clock on the morning of Thursday, January 30th, to be kept in touch with events. At about four o'clock that morning, General Khanh took over the headquarters of the general staff, at Tan Son Nhut Airport, on the outskirts of town. Ambassador Lodge's staff, of course, kept him informed of this move and of everything else that went on that night, including the arrest of the junta leaders. By daybreak, it was all over, without a shot's having been fired, and the city was going about its business. Yet if there was no opposition, there was little popular enthusiasm, either, and the general apathy was in sharp contrast to the open expressions of joy and relief when Diem and Nhu were overthrown. While General Khanh was trying to persuade General Minh to stay on as a figurehead Chief of State, the three junta leaders implicated in the supposed French plot—Generals Kim, Don, and Xuan—were flown to Da Nang, up north, and placed in special custody.

General Khanh lost little time in establishing his authority. In an immediate broadcast to the nation, he explained that he had conducted his "purge" because the junta had made no progress in its three months in power. "The political, economic, and social situation in the countryside still offers no promising prospect," he said. "There has not been one single compensation worthy of the sacrifices accepted daily by the soldiers." This accusation against the generals contained an element of truth, but so far Khanh has not succeeded in proving the charge that they were engaged in a French-backed neutralist plot. Late in May, having been told repeatedly, if quietly, by the Americans that he ought to do something about the arrested generals, if only to obtain General Minh's full collaboration in the new government and reëstablish a sense of unity—and rumor has it that another motive was the need to spike a new coup in the making—Khanh suddenly called a "trial" of the arrested officers in Dalat, and it went on, in a rather weird fashion, for two days. No real proof of any wrongdoing was adduced against them, but the outcome of the trial was a vaguely worded communiqué that accused them of having lacked a proper revolutionary policy and a clear-cut political attitude, and of having been inadequately aware of "their heavy responsibilities" and of letting "their subordinates take advantage of their positions." They were officially reprimanded, deprived of command for various periods, and allowed to remain in Dalat with their families, though under some surveillance. The solution satisfied no one—least of all General Minh, who had been perfunctorily accused of misusing some piastres before he was invited to sit in as an ad-

Judith Shahn



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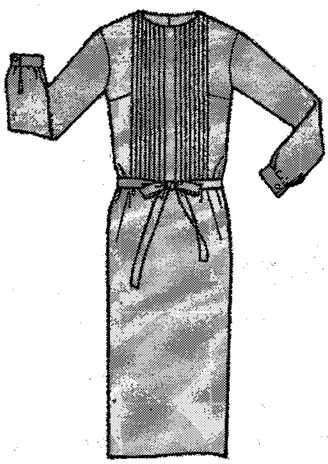

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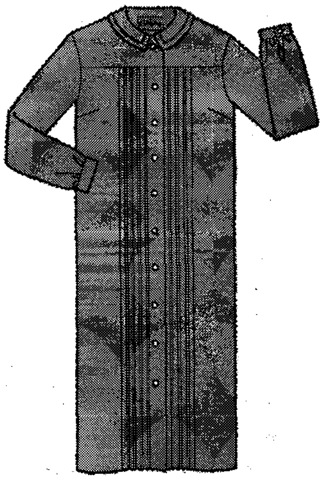

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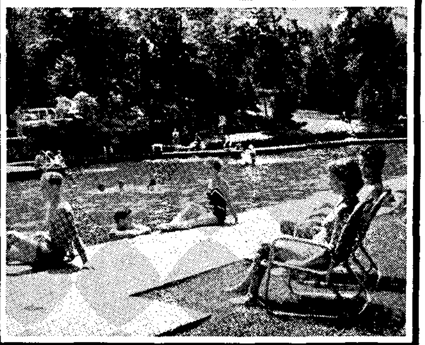
viser on the trial panel, and who now went into a new sulk. The danger of permitting the generals, even if they were being watched, to sit around without anything to do but hatch new plots would seem obvious, but nobody seems able to decide what to do with them, and, on the whole, the case of the generals has proved to be one of Khanh's biggest embarrassments.

KHANH has other embarrassments, too. When he first took power, he summoned from a decade of exile in Paris Dr. Nguyen Ton Hoan, a Catholic who had formerly been one of the leaders of the Dai Viet. Dr. Hoan, a rather remote Vietnamese intellectual, of a kind often encountered in the nineteen-thirties and forties, was supposed to become Premier, but he proved unable to rally enough support, whereupon Khanh took on the job himself without much apparent reluctance. As one of three Vice-Premiers, Dr. Hoan was put in charge of Khanh's pacification program, under which the nation's fifteen thousand hamlets—the official designation of these communities is now "new rural-life" units—are first to be made militarily secure and then strengthened morally through broad schemes for social, economic, and political reform, but control over this tricky area of activity has been quietly recovered by the military, while Dr. Hoan's position has grown weaker and more untenable. Accordingly, when the Catholics staged a demonstration in mid-June, in reply to a successful Buddhist demonstration three weeks earlier, Dr. Hoan, feeling ignored by both Khanh and the Americans, quietly endorsed a militant minority element among the demonstrators, which denounced Ambassador Lodge for "fomenting religious discrimination" and accused him of supporting the Buddhist revival in the country and condoning the persecution of Catholics in central Vietnam. Other demonstrators claimed that the Catholics were being "victimized in an unjust and ruthless way" and charged the Khanh government with promoting "demagogy instead of genuine democracy." As these events suggest, the worm has turned, to a considerable extent, and the Catholics are now on the political defensive—though the Buddhists claim that they are still being persecuted in some of the central Vietnam areas, where the Buddhist revolt began in 1962, because there have been Diem holdovers in provincial and district jobs there who have sought revenge for their leader's overthrow. Five Buddhist laymen are said to have



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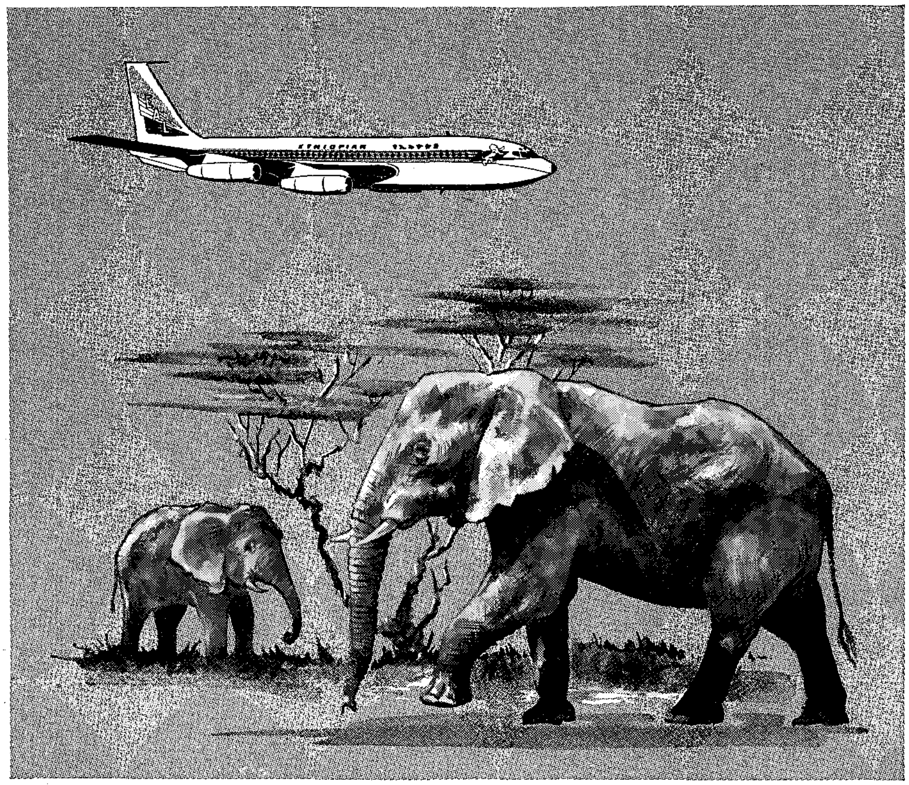
been killed in the eight months since the first coup, and it is certain that others have been arrested. While the immediate importance of the religious issue has been exaggerated, the whole controversy between the Catholics, who make up a tenth of South Vietnam's population, and who still hold many key government posts, and the Buddhists, who are in the majority but only a small fraction of whom actually practice their faith, is a serious one, and could again become explosive. If it does, it will be largely due to the influence of one cryptic individual, Thich (Reverend) Tri Quang.

Tri Quang, an intense man in his early forties, is the most politically militant of the Buddhist monks in Vietnam. He was principally responsible for inspiring the Buddhist revolt, and during the raid on the Saigon pagodas in the summer of 1963 he sought and received asylum in the American Embassy. Emerging after the November coup, he immediately set to work to unify the country's two chief Buddhist branches—the Mahayana and the Hinayana—and various lay groups and factions as well. The history of Vietnamese Buddhism dates from the third century, but in Vietnam, as opposed to other Asian nations, it has always been an amorphous, loosely constructed religious movement, containing elements of Confucianism, Taoism, animism, and ancestor worship, and most of the so-called Buddhist population has traditionally crossed lines and worshipped several things at once, its devotions depending on the schedule of family, village, and national holidays as much as on anything else. The Mahayana (greater-wheel) branch, whose followers believe that anyone can attain enlightenment, or Buddhahood, is mostly active in the central and northern parts of the country, while the Hinayana (smaller-wheel) group, whose followers believe that many can reach sainthood but only one among millions can attain Buddhahood, is concentrated in the south. Tri Quang, whose headquarters are in Hué but who visits Saigon regularly, has been seeking to organize a Buddhist revival, and while he denies that he wants to see Buddhism made the state religion, as it once was in Vietnam, he would admittedly like to build up a unified form of Buddhism in the villages until it became something more than just a religious force. At the start of this year, the two main Buddhist branches and some of the other groups did form both a unified Buddhist association, headed by a high clerical council, in charge of doctrinal



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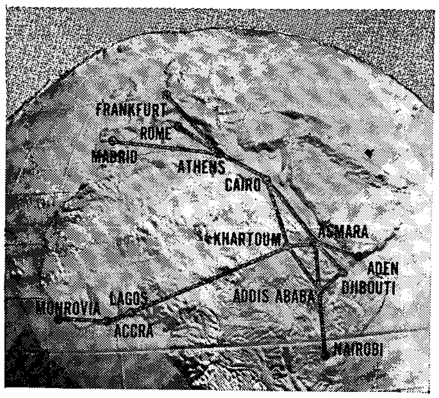

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and spiritual affairs, on which Tri Quang is serving as secretary-general, and an institute for the propagation of the Buddhist faith, a secular body headed by a less militant monk named Thich Tam Chau. Despite these outward manifestations of unity, however, the Buddhists are still divided on numerous questions, spiritual and practical. Tri Quang and Tam Chau themselves disagree about tactics of organization, and are engaged in an undeclared competition to capture the allegiance of the southern Buddhists.

Tri Quang's real motives are the source of much speculation among both Vietnamese and Americans. Although he is formally opposed to involvement in politics, his methods and his strategy, as he demonstrated so successfully in Hué in 1962, not only reveal a keen political sense but bear a considerable resemblance to those of the Communists, especially in such matters as the manipulation of crowds and the dissemination of propaganda. At one time, Tri Quang was in the Viet Minh movement, but he broke with it and has since expressed strong anti-Communist and anti-neutralist views. "The Buddhists are simply citizens of Vietnam, and we should not involve ourselves in politics," he said in the course of a talk I had with him. "But we must make better moral and more judicious use of our talents. It is our responsibility to serve the nation in a positive and concrete way, because the defense of Buddhism and the defense of the nation go together." Despite the anti-Communist leanings of Tri Quang and his followers, they have intimated that they could accommodate themselves to neutralism, if necessary, and it is said that Tri Quang's younger brother, a Buddhist monk in North Vietnam, paid him a secret visit recently in Saigon, accompanied by one of the political spokesmen for the National Liberation Front, which is the Viet Cong's southern political arm. Even if one assumes that Tri Quang means it when he says he has no political ambitions—that it is contrary to Buddhist practice—it still seems likely that under certain circumstances he could someday play the role of a Vietnamese *éminence grise.*

IT is difficult to make a fair appraisal of the Khanh regime's ability to deal with the program of pacification of the countryside. Some of the reforms introduced by the Americans are beginning to show results, but these must be measured against the discouraging fact of the long-standing apathy in the rural areas and the additional fact that

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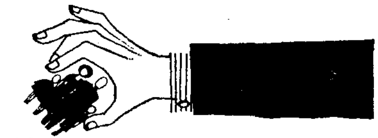

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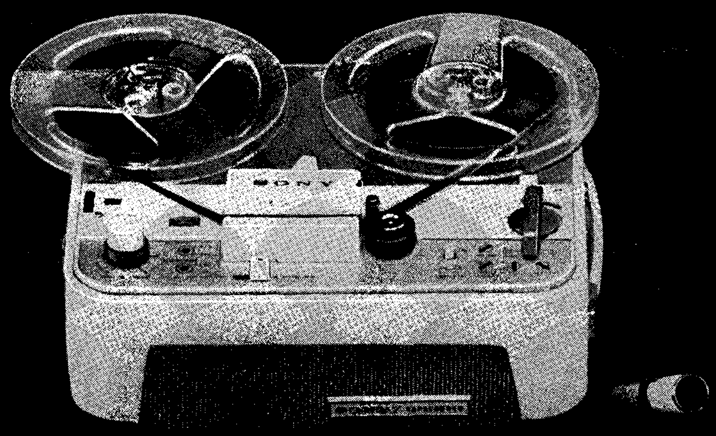
among the Vietnamese good leadership remains scarce. One thing seems sure, and that is that General Taylor, who, for all his military background, has consistently stressed the importance of civilian reform in Vietnam, will give a great deal of attention to improving the pace and quality of the plan for pacification. At present, only eight or ten provinces out of a total of forty-three can be considered generally pacified; the rest are under partial government control or under virtually no control at all, and about eight of the most critical ones around Saigon are expected to be subjected to particularly strong Viet Cong pressure in the coming months.

One of the most insecure of the eight is Long An, which I visited last month. Just south of the Saigon district, it has a population of three hundred and eighty-two thousand, and of these only sixty-seven thousand, including twenty-two thousand in the capital of Tan An and about as many in half a dozen other urban centers, can be said to live in pacified territory. There are two hundred and sixty hamlets in the province, and only about thirty have been made even partly secure; of twelve hamlets that have supposedly been made safe since the end of January, only three have not been reinfiltrated by Viet Cong agents. Usually, these agents appear in the evening or at night, cut the barbed-wire fence that is a standard form of protection for hamlets (or make the villagers cut it), pass out propaganda, and sometimes encourage the inhabitants to leave by forcing them to tear down the roofs of their own houses. Two-thirds of the ninety thousand people who were "relocated" in Long An under the Diem regime—that is, who were brought in from outlying areas to new hamlets, close to the main highway of that province or to Tan An itself—have gone back to their former homes. Many of them went back because they had better land to farm in their old places, or because, in spite of the increasing demands of the Viet Cong for money—it extorts an average of a sixth of a farmer's annual income in the territory it dominates, and sometimes as much as half—they preferred to live in their old surroundings. Others returned simply because the government had failed to give them promised relocation payments—usually around two thousand piastres. This, at least, is now being rectified, and there are other hopeful signs, too. The hamlets that are more or less secure are getting much needed fertilizer at controlled prices, free bags of rice and



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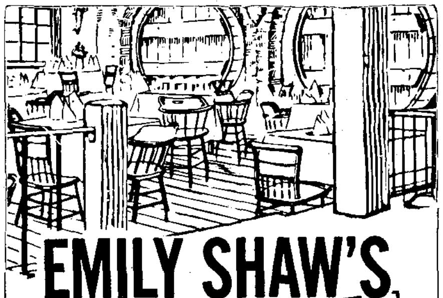

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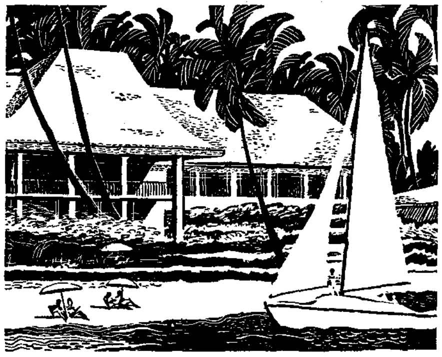

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Of the six hamlets I visited, none of them more than a couple of miles from the highway—which, by the way, is safe for travel only by day—three were considered wholly pacified and three partly safe; one of the latter three was attacked by the Viet Cong two nights after I was there. According to surveys made by local government teams, between a third and a half of the population in these six hamlets can be considered pro-government; most of the rest are neutral, but ten or fifteen per cent are pro-Viet Cong. In one hamlet I visited, twenty-two out of about a hundred families were known to have members serving in the Viet Cong guerrilla forces, and the government agents had not yet been able to get these families to persuade any of the youths to "*chieu hoi*," a phrase, meaning "open arms," that has come to signify the government's appeal for them to accept amnesty and be received with open arms. The *chieu hoi* program is one of the most important measures yet devised for combatting the Viet Cong, since it can weaken the enemy's morale and supply sorely needed intelligence, but up to now only about fifteen thousand men in the whole country have come over to the government side, while there have been at least as many desertions from the government side, mostly by local self-defense-corps troops, who are now in the process of being amalgamated with the hamlet militia into a new "popular force," designed to protect and hold an area once the Army has cleared it of the Viet Cong. For the most part, these deserters have just gone back to their homes, in order to escape patrol duty and avoid staying in their blockhouses at night. One self-defense-corps post that I visited in Long An had been attacked and all but obliterated by two heavily armed Viet Cong companies a short time before, at two o'clock in the morning, with a loss of eleven lives, while the whole complement of twenty-eight men was asleep inside the post. As a result, two nearby hamlets, which the self-defense-corps detachment was supposedly protecting, automatically lost their "pacified" status.

None of the people with whom my interpreter and I spoke in the six hamlets seemed particularly enthusiastic about what the government was giving them in the way of either food or relocation payments, and the reason was obvious; the Viet Cong was too close by and the government's presence too remote and inconstant. The best they

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would say was that the government troops no longer made them work on village fortifications without pay, as they used to do; instead, the soldiers now did most of the work themselves or paid the people to do it. The essential work in the pacification program—what is known as basic civic-action and consolidation work—is to be carried out by various teams. In each province, a three-man team will have charge of the program—the Vietnamese chief of the province; the American military-sector adviser, who works primarily with the Vietnamese Army but consults with the province chief on the coördination of local military operations; and the Rural Affairs officer of the United States Operations Mission, which is what the economic-aid group here is called. Assigned to work with these teams are American and Vietnamese specialists in the fields of health, agriculture, psychological warfare, and so on, who move around the provinces helping to support the holding operations that are supposed to follow the Army's "clearing" function. Until recently, the whole program has lacked direction and cohesion and, above all, understanding on the part of the Vietnamese; for example, the civilian officials have failed to realize how necessary good police work is in the hamlets, for first rooting out Viet Cong agents and then keeping them out, and how important it is to establish a system of priorities in introducing practical social and economic improvements and conducting propaganda activities. Invariably, it took weeks, if not months, for the Ministries in Saigon to act on requests that had trickled up just as slowly through provincial channels. One of the most salutary of the reforms that the Americans have now succeeded in introducing, after much persuasion, enables each province to operate under independent budgetary control; that is, money is allotted by the United States Operations Mission and by the Vietnamese government, and the province spends it according to its needs, making an audit afterward, instead of having to make every request separately and wait indefinitely for it to be first approved by Saigon and finally answered in the form of money or goods.

There remains a desperate need for trained personnel. The government has just begun to train teams of three to five Vietnamese, who will perform the civic-action groundwork in the villages as they are made safe, first assessing the local needs and then seeking to have the required men and supplies brought

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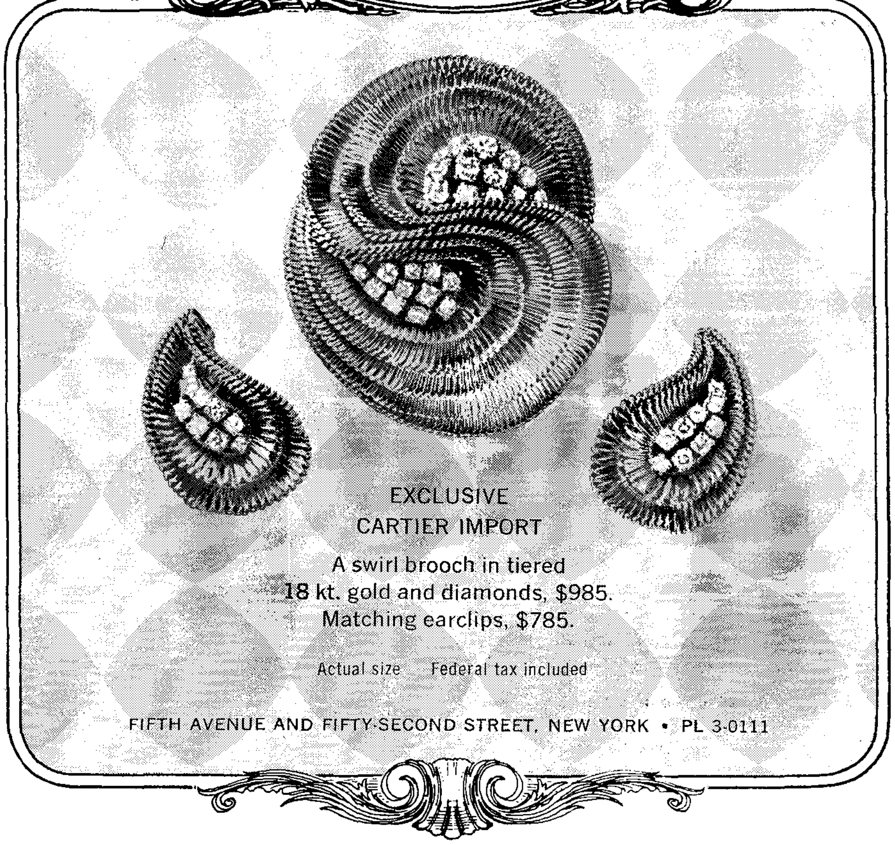

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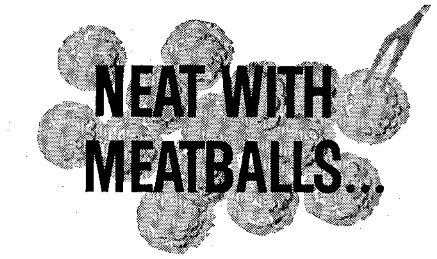
in. These teams will consist of local people, working in their own or nearby hamlets and villages, and the hope is that they will have seven thousand members by the end of the year and forty thousand eventually. In addition, fifteen thousand non-government agents are to be chosen from various local political and religious groups, to work chiefly as propagandists and psychological-warfare experts to undo what Viet Cong agents have done in the villages.

In some areas, less insecure than Long An, the new pacification program is beginning to take hold, but it is only a beginning. As one Vietnamese rural adviser told me, "The big problem remains bodies—Vietnamese bodies that will do the work when they are shown how. And you Americans have to show them. Morale is the key. Unless we can stimulate them, overcome their spiritual and bone fatigue, the whole business will continue to lag. Now, for the first time, the Americans here at least have the entrée and the leverage to get things moving and to develop leadership. The big thing is to follow through with quick concerted action on government promises and obligations. Already, in the best areas, the peasants, the end users, are beginning to get what they want. Never underestimate the political significance of fertilizer."

WHATEVER degree of success the new pacification plan may have in the months ahead, no one expects the Viet Cong to sit idly by without subjecting the government troops and civic-action workers to harassment and counter-pressure. In first organizing the countryside and then running it by a combination of blandishment and terror, the Communists have consistently shown far greater administrative ability and imagination than anyone else on the scene; for instance, in several of the provinces they have "shadow governments," composed of military and political structures parallel to those of the Vietnam government, that run all the way from the province level to that of the lowest hamlet. The organization of the Viet Cong in South Vietnam is based upon five districts, or regions, numbered 5 through 9 and stretching down from the Seventeenth Parallel, which divides the north and the south, to the delta; there are also four separate tactical jungle zones, all north of Saigon. The fundamental military strategy is probably formulated in Hanoi and radioed or sent down by courier to these districts and zones, whose chiefs operate under the general direction of the central office of South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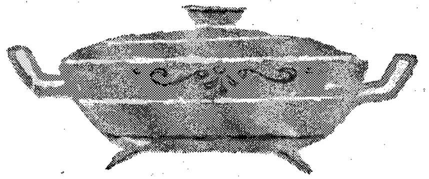

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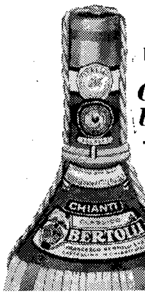

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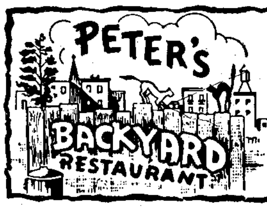

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Vietnam but are given considerable leeway in determining the kind of activity they want to engage in at a specific time—that is, whether to concentrate on small-unit actions, large-unit actions, terrorism, sabotage, or propaganda. Political action is under the direction of the Central Committee of the National Liberation Front, which was founded in December, 1960, ostensibly as an all-party movement, embracing "all patriotic South Vietnamese, irrespective of age, sex, social class, religion, or political alignment." The Front, which pretends to be a purely South Vietnamese organization, having as its objective the creation of a neutral coalition government in the south as a prelude to reunification with the north, has held two congresses—the first in February of 1961 and the second this past January—in one of the jungle zones, near the Laos border. At the more recent one, which was under the chairmanship of Nguyen Huu Tho, a former Saigon lawyer, a hundred and fifty delegates, representing all sorts of vaguely defined groups and associations of peasants, students, soldiers, artists and writers, women, professional people, mountain tribes, and religious factions, heard some thirty reports on the progress the Front has been making, and the general tone was one of complete confidence that the Viet Cong was winning the war.

Although the Viet Cong has been doing a good deal better militarily in the last three years than the government, there have been a number of indications in recent months that it has been having its problems. Its recruitment, like the government's, is down, and while it still has a "hard core" of about fifty thousand soldiers, led by cadres trained in the north, at secret bases in Laos and possibly in Cambodia, or in South Vietnam itself, its regional and local guerrilla units, which totalled approximately a hundred thousand a year ago, have been depleted by battle casualties, partly because there has been a shortage of antibiotics and other drugs for their treatment. The Viet Cong rest and replacement camps in Laos and Cambodia have been crowded, one hears, and the Communist cadres have been engaged in a contest with the government to recruit youths—sometimes as young as fourteen—in the delta villages. The weaponry of the Viet Cong has become considerably stronger, its regular forces now being equipped with heavy mortars and heavy machine guns, 57- and 75-millimetre recoilless rifles, and some new anti-aircraft guns; many of these weapons have been brought in from

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North Vietnam or from China, though the bulk of them—estimates run as high as ninety per cent—are captured from the government. The Viet Cong is short on ammunition, however, especially for the heavier weapons, and to bring it in along the Mekong canals from Cambodia, or down the tortuous trails from Laos, is a slow, laborious job. Technicians are also in short supply. All this doubtless accounts for the fact that the early monsoonal lull in the fighting was longer than usual this year, and that large-scale combat is only now resuming.

What is more encouraging to the Americans here is the manner in which the Vietnamese regulars have fought in four recent battles: one in which they disrupted the Viet Cong's communications network in the northernmost jungle zone, called Do Xa; one west of Saigon, where Ranger forces stood their ground and repulsed a large attacking force of several hundred Viet Cong troops, which probably represented the first of a series of planned enemy attempts to launch a big rainy-season offensive around the capital; one in the delta, where a similar large attacking force was turned back and suffered a loss of about a hundred dead; and one in the Tay Ninh area, near the Cambodian border, at the end of June, which was one of the war's biggest battles, and in which the government, with the help of armed United States helicopters, inflicted heavy damage on the Viet Cong. Between now and the end of the rainy season, in November, the Communists are expected to press several large-scale attacks, especially from the western highlands near Laos; it will be there, and in the area immediately north of Saigon, most observers agree, that the decisive battles will take place. The Viet Cong will be seeking to cut South Vietnam in two across its narrow waist, and the ability of the government to prevent this will have a great deal to do with determining the country's future. The Vietnam government, in its turn, with the help of the Americans and perhaps of some additional allied ground forces, whose nature has not yet been disclosed, may try to do something that military experts have been advocating for a long time—seal the border between South Vietnam and Laos, in a line running across from Quang Tri, on the South Vietnamese coast, to Tchepone, a large Communist base just over the border in Laos, and then on to the Laos-Thailand border at Savannakhet; this, if it could be done, would effectually block off North Viet-

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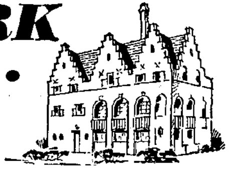

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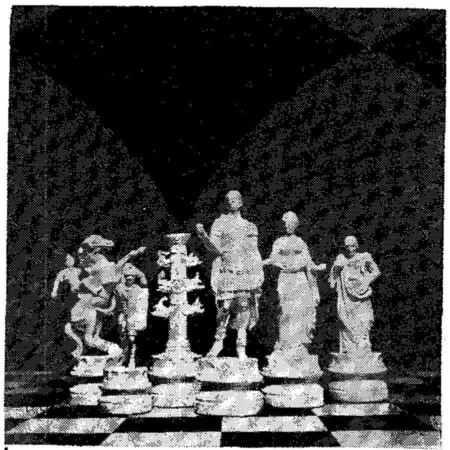

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nam from South Vietnam and Laos, making it much harder for the Communists to filter down men and supplies. All in all, 1964 may turn out to be the most decisive year since 1954, the year of Dienbienphu.

As for North Vietnam, its ability to supply the Viet Cong, and give assistance to the Pathet Lao, in Laos, is thought by observers here not to have diminished, even though there have been reports of a tightening of belts in the north. According to officials who are permitted to travel between here and Hanoi, the northern capital remains gray and austere in comparison to its gay atmosphere in French times, but it has been tidied up and painted, its people are better dressed, and, if their lives are still regimented for at least fourteen hours a day, they do seem to have just about enough to eat. There has been some undernourishment in parts of the country, it appears, but no famine. However, the population of North Vietnam, now estimated at eighteen million, is rising at a rate that will make the annual rice output, already apparently at its peak in respect to land utilization and application of fertilizer, insufficient within three or four years. Some supplementary crops, such as manioc and a little wheat and maize (the seed for these two had to be imported), have been planted, but they won't fill the gap. For the present, though, as one friend of mine who has just come back has commented, "The fact that they talk publicly and in the press about food shortages shows that things can't be very bad yet." He added, "Naturally, they need the south's rice, but their diet is not severely restricted. There is some meat and fish, and the stalls in Hanoi almost always have fresh vegetables for sale. The soldiers are well fed, and there is certainly no attitude of despair among the civilians. I shook hands with Ho Chi Minh the other day, and I've never seen him look so pudgy and pink."

What is plaguing Hanoi most at the moment, all observers agree, is its difficult relationship with Moscow and Peking. Geopolitically, North Vietnam is obviously in the Chinese orbit, and late last year, after a violent debate between pro-Russian and pro-Chinese elements in the Lao Dong (Communist Party), President Ho, who for years had managed to preserve a balance of power between the two factions, moved into the pro-Chinese camp by refusing to support the Soviet Union on the signing of the nuclear-test-ban treaty. Since then, the North Viet-

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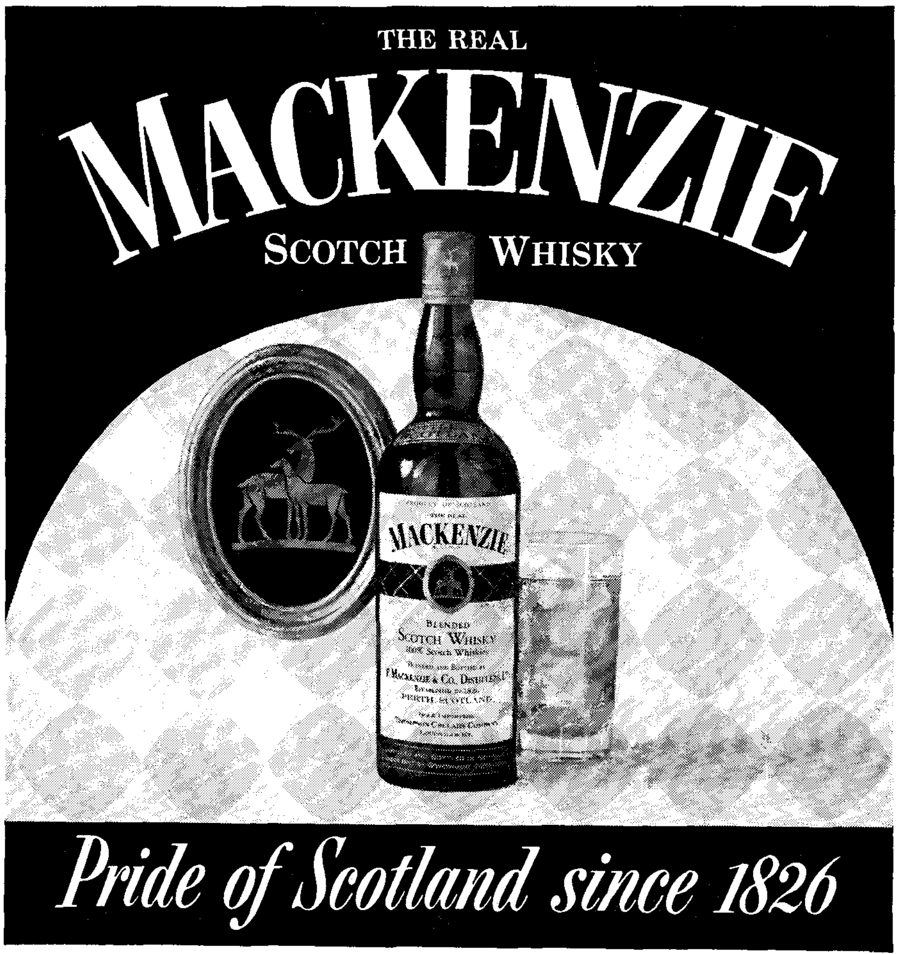

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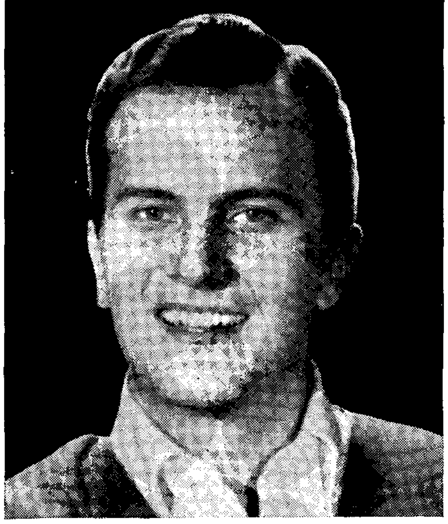

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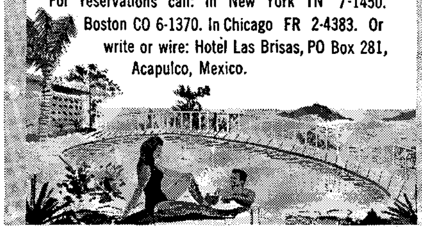

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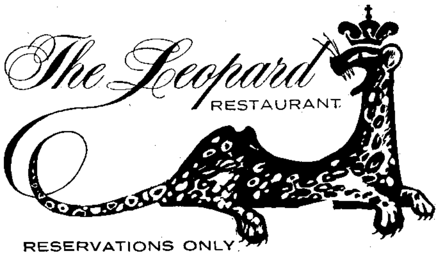

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namese have been increasingly pro-Chinese in their declarations and Party statements, particularly favoring the Chinese line on the full prosecution of wars against imperialism. At the same time, however, they have tried to be careful not to offend the Russians. Both the Russian and the Chinese economic-assistance programs, amounting to about four hundred million dollars each over a five-year period ending in 1965, are still in operation; the Russians are concentrating on building up agriculture, small industries, and hydro-electric works, while the Chinese stress aid to heavy industry and have recently completed their major project, a medium-sized steel plant near Hanoi. North Vietnam's complement of technicians from Russia and Eastern Europe once numbered several thousand, but the majority of them have gone home. Still, there are several hundred on the spot today, plus some Russian military advisers attached to the Soviet Embassy; at a recent rare press conference, the Russian Ambassador made it clear that the Soviet Union would maintain its presence in North Vietnam. It is thought that there may be two thousand Chinese Communists in the country, but the estimate can be only a rough one, because they are hard to distinguish from the ordinary population.

In spite of Peking's threats of taking action to counter the greater American involvement in Southeast Asia, Hanoi has no assurance that China would actually come to its aid if North Vietnam were attacked, and the Russians have made it increasingly clear that if any rash Chinese military venture *was* undertaken, they would not support it. What the North Vietnamese would like most would be to remove themselves from the Sino-Soviet conflict altogether and thus avoid the potential encroachment of China, the age-old enemy. In an effort to establish closer relations with France after de Gaulle's recognition of Peking, Ho sent a special emissary to Paris, but this accomplished little, for the French are in the odd position of being unable to have open diplomatic dealings with North Vietnam, the reason being that they still have relations with South Vietnam, in which they have a big economic stake, mostly in the form of rubber plantations. As for the plantations themselves, they have been caught in the middle between the government and the Viet Cong, and have lately been paying heavier and heavier tax assessments to one side or another—and sometimes to both. In the last fortnight, several of

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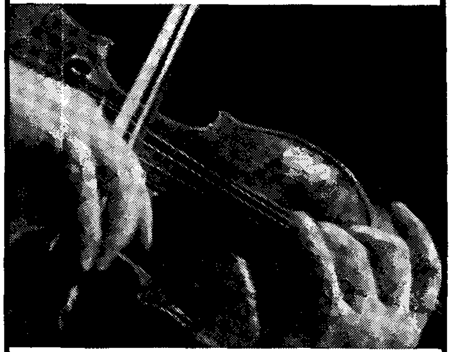

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the biggest ones, having been subjected to particularly strong Viet Cong pressure, have shut down. As a consequence, Saigon is suddenly full of "French refugees," who want to go home to France.

So far, the chief result here of America's apparent decision to assert itself in Southeast Asia and step up its various programs of military and economic assistance has been to call the Communist bluff. Out here, there is much less big talk of the sort going on in Washington that the United States is now willing to risk a major war in Asia. The assumption is that such an eventuality could arise but that nothing in the last several weeks has brought it much closer; indeed, both Peking and Hanoi, despite their shrill voices, seem to be carefully avoiding any move that might enlarge the scope of the conflict. This means that the ultimate chances of our negotiating a peace from a position of strength are greater than they were a few months ago, or even a few weeks ago. Even so, it will be no easy job to reach that position, and it may well take several years. Meanwhile, it will be the Vietnamese on both sides of the Parallel who will continue to suffer the consequences of the struggle, as they have been suffering them now for twenty years. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

### THE CHALLENGING LIFE

[*From Women's Wear*]

IF YOU DARE

Everybody's in a dither about Shakespeare's 400th birthday this year. So why not use a quote from the Bard as a theme for a beachwear window? Hamlet's famous soliloquy—"To be or not to be"—could be re-vamped into "To bare, or not to bare, that is the question!" as a theme for covered-up vs. almost-nekkid swimsuits.

If you dare—place a male mannequin (dressed in black tights, white ruff, and holding a skull in one hand) in the center of your window. Pose a group of mannequins in bare-bikinis on his left, and several gals in covered-up beachwear on his right. Title: "T-B-O-N-T-B."

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—Rep. Donald Rumsfield, Evanston (Ill.) Republican, said Monday the United States pavilion at the New York World's Fair is "A national disgrace."

Its impact, he told the House in a speech, "is almost totally negative."

Rumsfield criticized the use of "meaningless newspaper blowups" in the pavilion as well as mob scenes in a movie and the use of "words such as 'explored.' " —*Chicago Daily News.*

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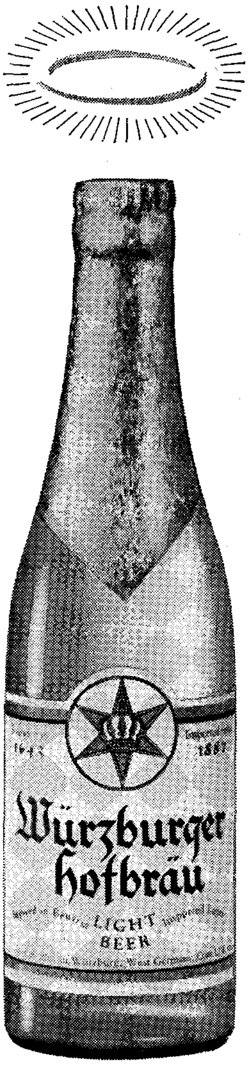

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Easy Does It*

"MAFIOSO," from Italy, climbs with sublime ease the slippery, narrow path of tragicomedy. Indeed, it has perfect poise, for it is a serene and funny picture that ultimately and effortlessly gives one the horrors. Alberto Sordi, the newest of the protean Anglo-European comic actors headed by Peter Sellers, deserves at least half the credit for the film's success. Using to the utmost a neat mustache, liquid eyes, and a brilliant snap-on, snap-off smile, Sordi plays a young Sicilian who has made good as a foreman in a Milan automobile factory. As the picture opens, he takes his wife and two children on a vacation to Sicily to meet his family. The first days are difficult. Sordi, a returning hero, is greeted with both respect and envy (most of his old friends are "sitting," or unemployed), and his wife is reduced to tears by the heat, the vast meals, and the beady stares of his family. After performing a continuous remedial ballet of embraces, kisses, fast talking, and slaps on the back, Sordi pays a bended-knee visit to Don Vincenzo, one of those village patriarchs whose nose, even, looks wise. Sordi delivers to him—with the warmest respects of his boss in Milan, who also comes from the village—a large, ornate gold heart engraved with the names of certain villagers who live in America. Ominous shapes slowly begin appearing below the limpid surface of the film. The names on the heart, which is admiringly displayed beneath a statue of the Virgin Mary in the local church, are those of Mafia members, and Don Vincenzo is a Mafia leader. Sordi, moreover, is indebted to him for his job and is himself a member of the Honored Society. Don Vincenzo watches him carefully and decides that he is just right for a difficult liquidation job, which Sordi, who values his family, rapidly accepts. He carries out his mission with extraordinary aplomb—it is a fantastic but entirely credible feat—and, his vacation over, returns briskly to work in Milan. Only his eyes, which suddenly flicker with pain when he returns a borrowed fountain pen to his immediate superior and is praised for his honesty, have changed.

The director, Alberto Lattuada, handles this sleight of hand with his fingertips. The acting is a delight (especially memorable are Ugo Attanasio, Carmelo Oliviero, and Francesco Lo Briglio, as Mafia elders); the camera tantalizingly glances at, rather than stares down, the baked Sicilian backgrounds; and the pacing, which moves imperceptibly from the genial to the terrifying, is flawless.

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SINCE it is redundant to mock a clown, "Blood on the Balcony," an Italian documentary about Mussolini, turns out to be a largely facetious pasting together of those silly top-banana newsreel shots that were so familiar twenty-odd years ago: Il Duce, with his Gibraltar chin and stony-looking bald pate, and with his arms akimbo, hamming it up on a hundred towering daises before thundering crowds; Il Duce in costume as an admiral, a general, a cavalry officer, a swimmer; Il Duce trotting along, almost a head shorter, on Hitler's starboard; Il Duce resembling the class butt alongside Hitler and Göring at Munich; Il Duce hanging upside down from a lamppost like a monstrous chicken. Not surprisingly, the makers of the film (Roberto Rossellini produced it and Pasquale Prunas directed it) have trouble keeping Mussolini front and center, and our attention keeps sliding away to the Spanish Civil War, Hitler, Stalingrad, the Abyssinian War, the African campaign, and war-torn cities. As a result, these sequences, which are capped by a sickening shot of a mountain of devastated bodies being shovelled into a common grave, are the miserable substance of the picture. It is beyond belief that the ludicrous bulldog they dominate actually brought some of them about.

THE New Wave is at last lapping at Japan, and the results, in "The Insect Woman," are formidably depressing. For two hours, we are offered a jerky but leaden-toned succession of cruel, dark, angry images (punctuated every twenty minutes or so by a Truffaut stopped-camera shot) that have to do with the progression of a Japanese mountain woman from incest to prostitution to jail. The picture, apparently meant as a severe lecture on carnality, ends up hypnotized by it, and in a curiously self-indulgent way: nearly every sequence is heavily stamped "This Is Art." Tedium sets in around the halfway point, and is underlined by the al-

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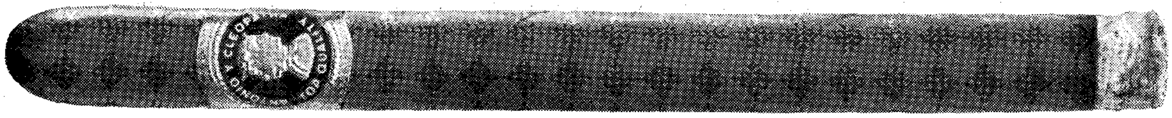

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most audible subtitles, which, in an attempt to approximate the backwoods talk of the mountain people, are spelled out in a hybrid Bob Burns twang. Unfortunately, this comic relief merely deepens the gloom.

"Los Tarantos" is a Spanish effort that transforms Romeo and Juliet into gypsies and sets them down in modern Barcelona. The picture is blessed only by the presence of the great flamenco dancer Carmen Amaya, who plays Romeo's mother. When she dances, her feet ricocheting off the floor, her hands (in one sequence) answering them on a tabletop, her face pained and imperious, one's hair stands up. But she is given only a couple of chances; even Hollywood would have known better.

"The Carpetbaggers," for those fortunate enough not to have read the novel of that name, deals with the rise and fall and reclamation of a ruthless corporate (airplanes, chemicals, movies) bully whose unconscionable actions are caused by his fear of going insane (like his deceased twin brother) and/or becoming an alcoholic (like his late father). On hand for a swim in this blather are George Peppard, Alan Ladd, Bob Cummings, Lew Ayres, Carroll Baker, and Elizabeth Ashley, a gifted, comely girl who looks throughout as if she had wandered into the wrong bathhouse. Carroll Baker's touted scene in the altogether has been cut. It is hard to see how it would have helped. —Whitney Balliett

●

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[*From the Miami Beach Reporter*]

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The 42 year old Duke and his 37 year old wife, and Archduchess of Austria and his 7 year old son, Duke Borwin have taken up residence, kept on the large staff of Irish employees, and are bringing over some west German ones, besides their daughters, Duchesses Elizabeth, Katherine and Irene.—*Middleburg (Va.) Chronicle of the Horse.*

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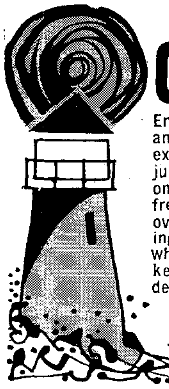

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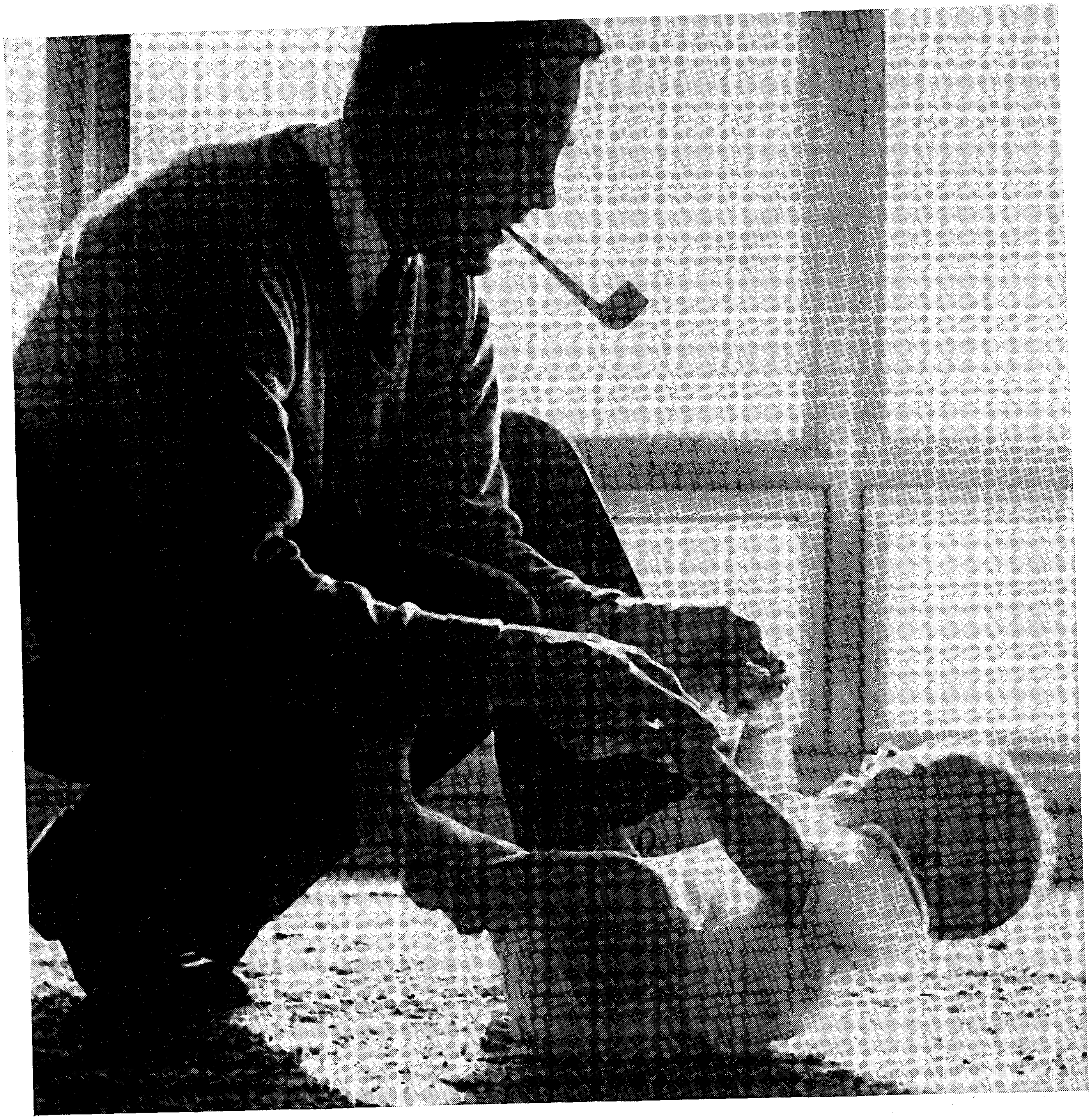

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# THE SPORTING SCENE

## THE THIRD MAN

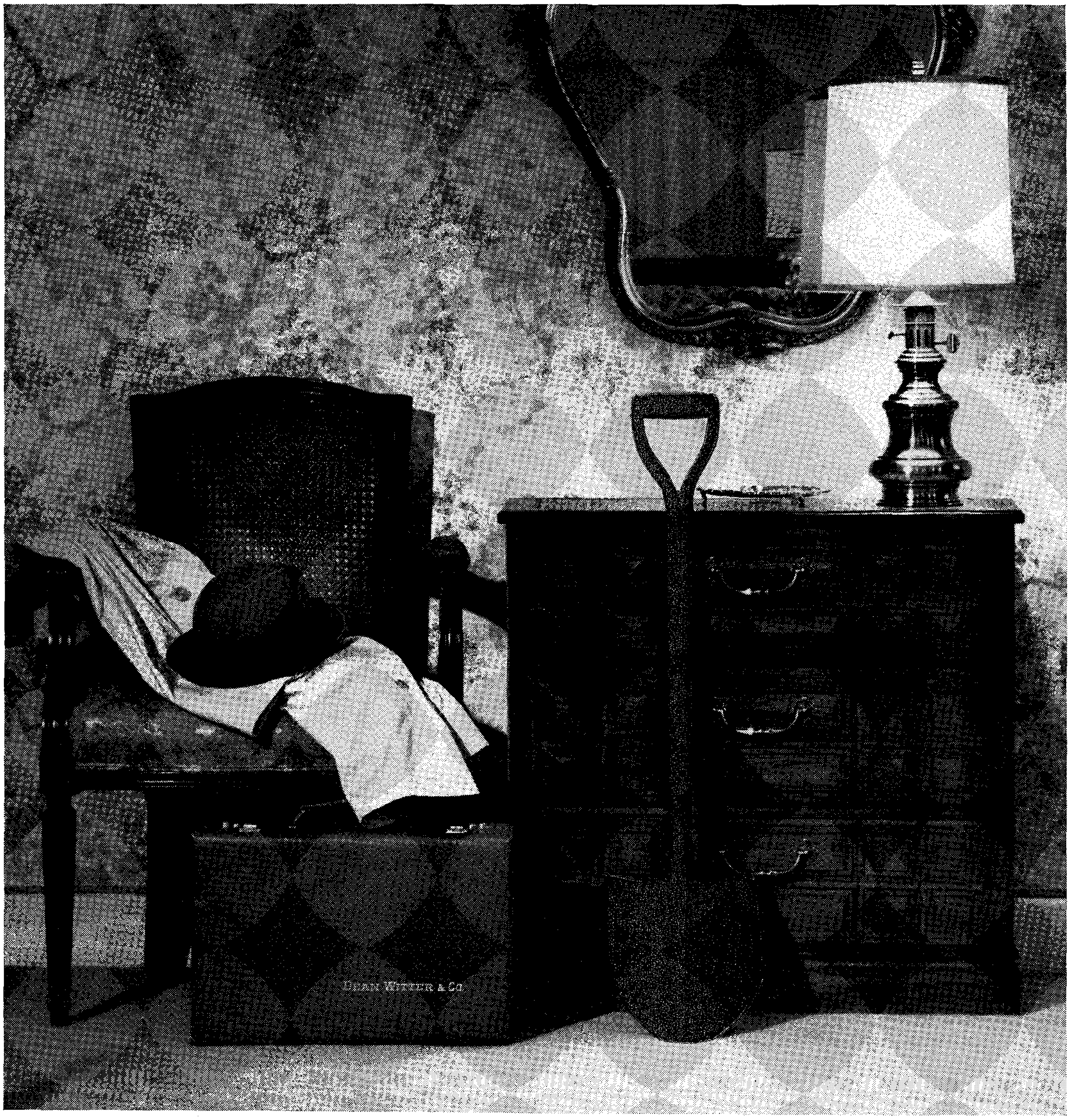
THERE is no question at all in my mind but that the 1964 United States Open Championship, which Ken Venturi won last month at the Congressional Country Club, in Washington, will be remembered as one of the greatest Opens. Such an assertion takes in a good deal of territory, I know, because over the years since 1895, when ten professionals and one amateur teed off in the inaugural U.S. Open, the national championship has, far more often than not, produced climaxes that have outfictioned fiction. Probably no Open can ever match the 1913 championship at the Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, when Francis Ouimet, then an unknown twenty-year-old amateur up from the caddie shack, tied the regal British professionals Harry Vardon and Ted Ray and then went on to defeat them in a three-man playoff, but that is the only Open I would consider more stirring than the one that has just taken place. I am not for a moment forgetting the 1960 Open, at Cherry Hills, near Denver, when Arnold Palmer came dashing out of nowhere to birdie six of the first seven holes on his final round and go driving on to a 65 and victory—or, to cite just one more example, the 1950 Open, at Merion, outside Philadelphia, which Ben Hogan captured only sixteen months after an all but fatal auto accident had made it extremely doubtful whether he would be able to walk again, let alone be a force in competitive golf.

The 1964 Open was notable for much more than a powerful third act. From the morning of the first round, when Sam Snead, the ablest golfer who has never won our national championship, insured his twenty-fourth failure in the event by four-putting the fourth green and then three-putting the sixth (after which he flung his ball in disgust into a convenient water hazard), the tournament was charged with exceptional golf and exceptional human interest, and both kept building until we were presented with the improbable spectacle of a winner emerging from golf's deepest limbo to stagger ashen-faced down the long incline to the final green after beating off not only his last challengers but the threat of heat prostration. To my knowledge, there has never been anything like this in golf history.

A hundred and fifty qualifiers started the Open this year, as usual, but the championship is really the story of three players—Venturi, Palmer, and Tommy Jacobs. Thursday, the day of the first round, belonged almost completely to Palmer. He was a comparatively late starter, going off at twelve-twenty-five, when two-thirds of the field were out on the course or already back at the clubhouse. One of the first men out, Bill Collins, who had the advantage of shooting to greens that hadn't yet been baked hard by the fierce sun, had succeeded in matching par—70—but in general the scores were running high, and so was the feeling among the golfers that once again an Open course had been made a bit too severe. For a change, the chief complaint was not that the United States Golf Association, which conducts the Open, had narrowed the fairways too drastically and allowed the rough to grow impossibly high and lush; in fact, it was agreed that the fairways were wide almost to the point of generosity, and that the rough, emaciated by a prolonged dry spell, was eminently playable. Since there was also a minimum of fairway bunkering, Congressional undoubtedly constituted the easiest examination in driving of any Open course in at least a decade. What, then, was giving everyone so much trouble? Well, a number of things. To begin with, Congressional, at 7,053 yards, was the longest course in Open history, and some of the Brobdingnagian par 4s—particularly two holes that are ordinarily played by the club members as par 5s but had been converted into par 4s for the championship—were breeding all kinds of bogeys. On these holes, some of the shorter hitters were unable to reach the greens with two woods, and the longer hitters, who could get home with an iron, found that their low-trajectory approaches were bounding off the greens. Another complaint—and again a legitimate one—was that the greens, a blend of grasses known as Arlington Bent and Congressional Bent, were exceedingly grainy. On long approach putts against the grain, it took a real rap to get the ball up to the hole, and on sidehill putts it was hard to judge how much to allow for the break—sometimes the ball didn't break at all.

Just when the conviction was setting in that, under the existing conditions, no one would be able to score below 70, Palmer went out and brought in a 68. He was not in his most impressive form, either—especially on the first nine, where he hooked several drives badly. Palmer is a resourceful scrambler when he has to be, though, and he bailed himself out of trouble with deft chipping and putting until he got his driving under control. He paced himself shrewdly, picking up his birdies on the short drive-and-pitch par 4s, and coming through with his best tee shots on the long par 4s, where his tremendous power enabled him to play his approaches to the hard greens with lofted medium irons. (For example, on the thirteenth, 448 yards long and with the green lying at the top of a fairly steep rise, he got home with a 5-iron on his second.) Still, his most conspicuous assets were, as usual, his huge confidence and poise. Whereas the awareness of participating in an important championship like the Open rattles most players, even the seasoned ones, Palmer thrives on the pressure, the crowds, the noise—the whole charged-up atmosphere. As he put together his 68, to take a two-shot lead, he seemed more relaxed than a man strolling around his own back yard, and one got the feeling that he might very well be on his way to repeating his classic performance in the Masters last April, when he jumped into a tie for the lead on the first day and then pulled farther and farther away.

Friday, the day of the second round, was humid and breezeless, with the temperature hovering around ninety, but the course played a shade more easily, because, for one thing, a rain-



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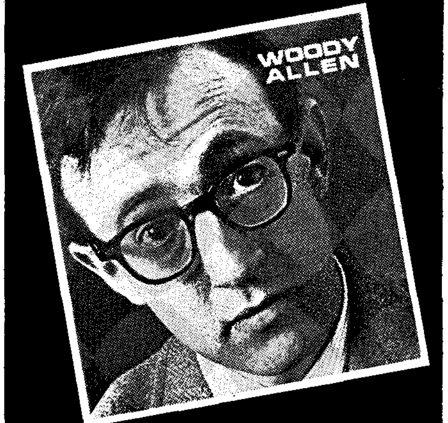

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storm shortly after daybreak had taken some of the starch out of the greens. For another thing, a threat of more rain during the day had prompted the officials to place the pins in high spots that would drain well and were less exacting targets. Palmer, one of the earlier starters, reached the turn in 34, one under par. He was playing very well. When he rolled in a curving thirty-five-footer for a birdie 3 on the tough thirteenth, to go two strokes under par for the round and four strokes under par for the tournament, it looked as if he would be holding such a comfortable lead at the end of the first thirty-six holes that on Saturday, when both the third and the fourth rounds would be played, a pair of steady, unfancy 72s would be all he would need to wrap up his second victory in the Open.

Only one other player was making any substantial headway against par. This was Tommy Jacobs, a twenty-nine-year-old Californian who was appearing in his seventh Open. One of the most mature young men on the professional circuit, Jacobs is quite an interesting golfer. Essentially more of a swinger than a hitter, he has a tendency to become a little erratic when the tempo of his swing goes awry, but he can get awfully hot, particularly on long, punishing courses. He plays a much bolder game than most of his all too odds-conscious colleagues, and, in addition, he has streaks when he holes putts from all over the greens. On his first round at Congressional, Jacobs had been two strokes under par after the first eleven holes, only to finish weakly with four bogeys on the remaining seven holes, for a 72. On his second round, playing two threesomes in front of Palmer, he was once again two under par after eleven holes, but this time, instead of faltering, he started to take Congressional apart as if it were a hotel course in Switzerland. Having birdied the thirteenth just before Palmer did, he proceeded to birdie the fourteenth, by planting a 6-iron approach five feet from the cup, and then birdied the par-5 fifteenth with a fourteen-foot putt. This burst put him five shots under par for the first fifteen holes, and spectators from all over the course, including a few Palmer men on detached service from what is known as Arnold's Army, raced to the sixteenth hole to see if Jacobs could hold on the rest of the way. Jacobs occasionally becomes a bit nervous under the strain of competition, but there was not the slightest suggestion of tension about him as he parred the next two holes and then confronted the

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eighteenth, a par 4 an intimidating 465 yards long, on which the last four hundred yards of the fairway sweep down to a thumb-shaped green that juts well out into a sizable pond. After driving down the left side of the fairway, Jacobs, rejecting a more cautious shot, fired a 5-iron right at the pin. The ball had perfect line, but after plummeting down onto the front edge of the green it stopped dead, a full sixty feet from the cup. Jacobs stepped up and coolly holed that monstrous putt. His 64 did several things. It gave him a halfway-mark total of 136 and catapulted him into the lead, a stroke in front of Palmer, who added a splendid 69 to his opening 68. It equalled the record low score for an Open round, set by Lee Mackey, Jr., at Merion in 1950. (Mackey, incidentally, had an 81 on his next round.) It demonstrated that Congressional, like the first-class course everyone was beginning to realize it was, required excellent golf but would yield to brilliance. Furthermore, as all the facts of Jacobs' round became known—that he had missed the fairway only twice with his tee shots, for example, and that in hitting all but two of the greens on the regulation stroke he had eleven times put his approach twenty feet or less from the pin—there was much speculation as to whether his 64 might not be the finest round ever played by a man in serious contention in a major championship. For my part, I would place it ahead of Palmer's 65 in 1960 at Cherry Hills, Gene Sarazen's 66 in 1932 at Fresh Meadow, on Long Island, and Henry Cotton's 65 in the 1934 British Open at the Royal St. George's, in Sandwich, for all three of those courses were far less demanding than Congressional. Indeed, Hogan's 67 in 1951 at Oakland Hills, near Detroit, is the only round that seems to me to be in a class with Jacobs' 64. (It should, however, be noted that Palmer's 65, Sarazen's 66, and Hogan's 67 all came on the fourth round and carried all three to victory.)

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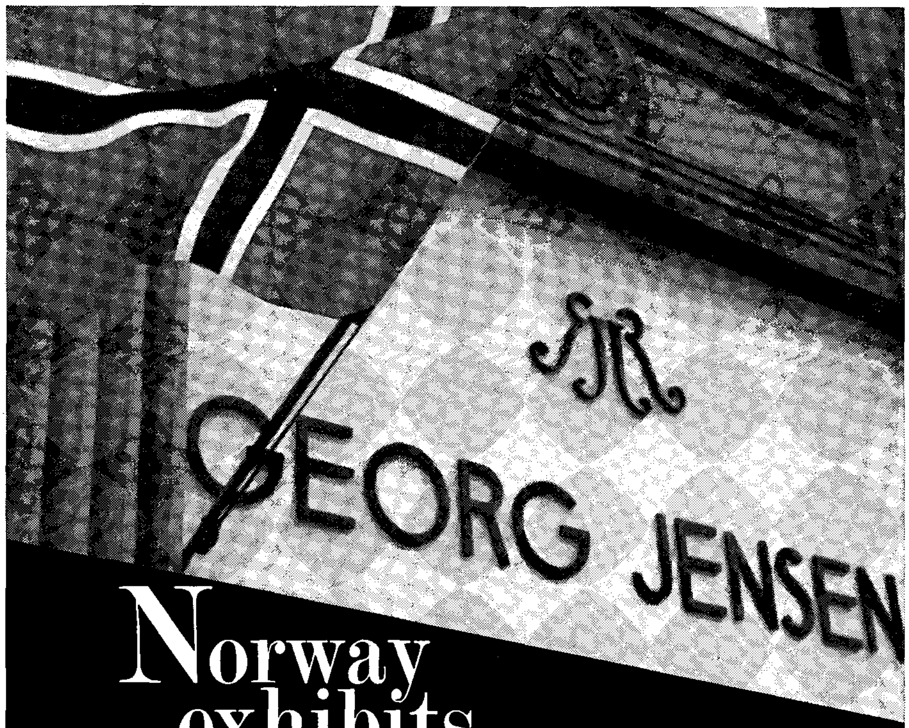

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country that still adheres to the climactic double round. It does so because the United States Golf Association remains convinced that endurance as well as skill should be a requisite of a national champion. Certainly only the soundest swings can stand up under the attrition of thirty-six holes in one day, and that is what the U.S.G.A. has in mind when it speaks of endurance. On Saturday morning at Congressional, however, with the temperature climbing into the nineties, it was apparent that sheer physical endurance would also be necessary. For this reason, most veteran observers felt that Palmer, who is probably the strongest man in golf, would outlast and outplay Jacobs. Another point in Palmer's favor was that the two leaders were paired, as is customary on Open Saturday, and it was thought that Jacobs would find the stress of a head-to-head duel harder to take than Palmer. No other golfer was given more than an outside chance of catching the front-runners. The nearest man, Collins, stood at 141, four shots behind Palmer and five behind Jacobs. Venturi and Charlie Sifford, the outstanding Negro professional, were next, at 142.

The first surprise of the long, scorching day was Palmer's rocky start. Obviously impatient, he went aggressively for the pin on his approaches from the very first hole. Despite the fact that the greens had been soaked by a heavy rain during the night and were holding well, these were questionable tactics—or at least they seemed so after Palmer missed the first five greens. He hit the sixth, but when he then three-putted it, he fell four shots behind Jacobs, who was playing placidly and well. At this point, a third man most unexpectedly entered the picture—Venturi. Paired with Ray Floyd two twosomes in front of Palmer and Jacobs, Venturi had birdied the eighth at about the time Palmer was three-putting the sixth. It was his fourth birdie of the day. He had begun his rush on the first green, when his ten-foot putt for a birdie had hung on the lip of the cup for almost a minute and then toppled in. After that happy augury, he had gone on to birdie the fourth, the sixth, and the eighth and to par the other holes, and so, as he moved with his habitual splay-footed stride down the ninth fairway, wearing his habitual white cap and frown of concentration, he was no longer on the periphery of contention, he was in the thick of it. He had actually overtaken and passed Palmer.

The ninth hole, a par 5 measuring

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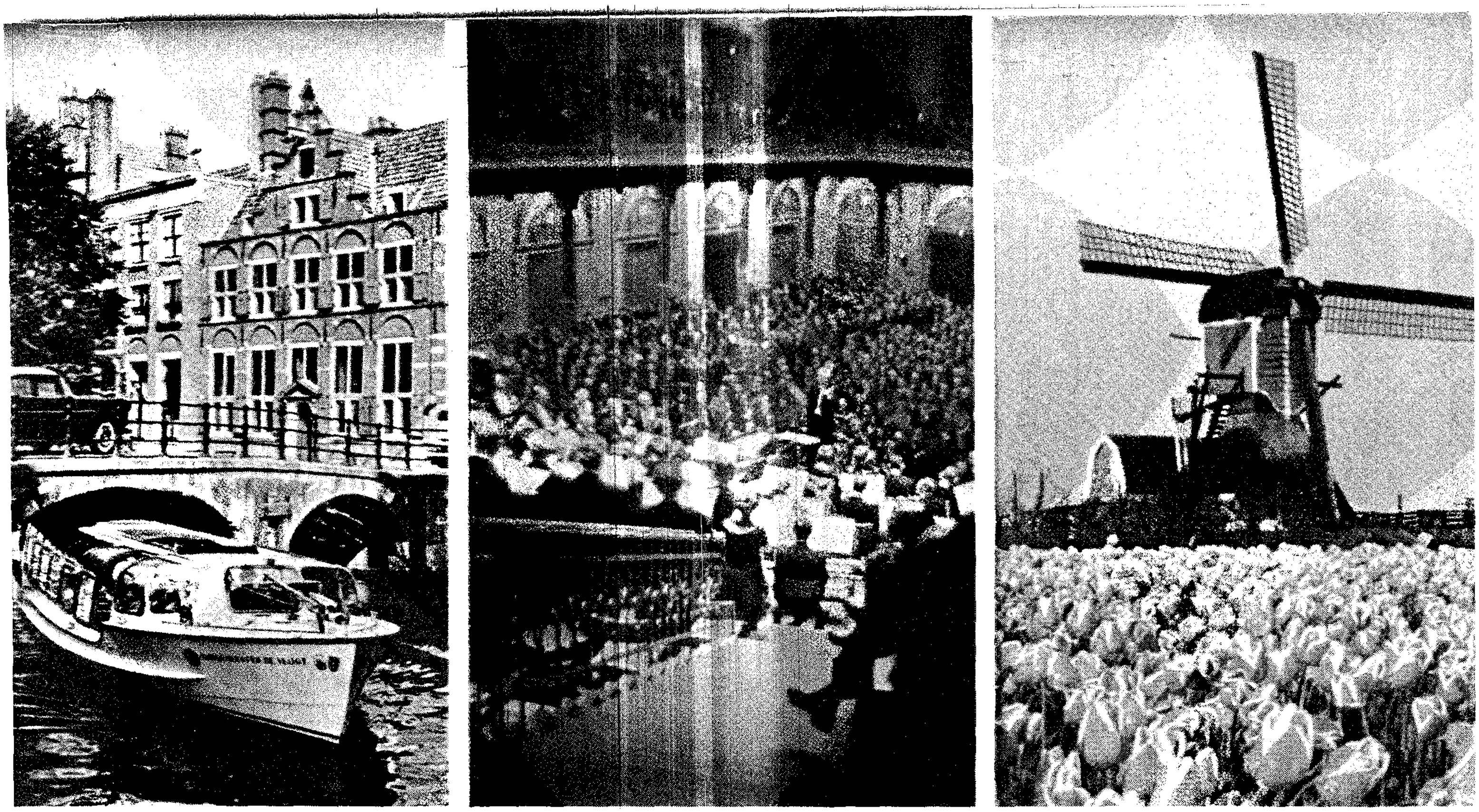

Three Amsterdam attractions: a canal cruise [left], the Concertgebouw Orchestra [center], windmill and tulips [right].

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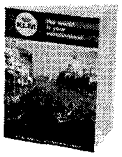

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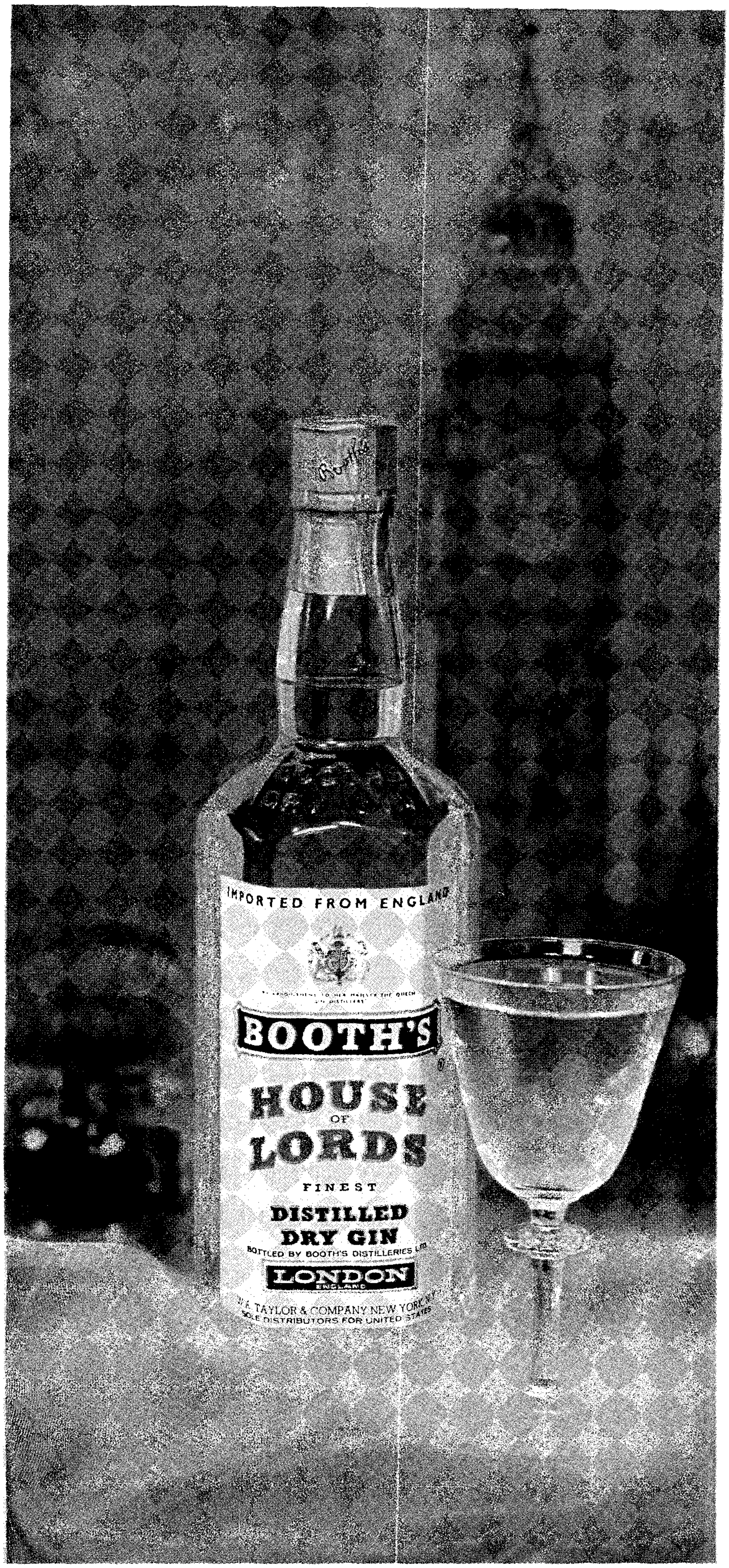
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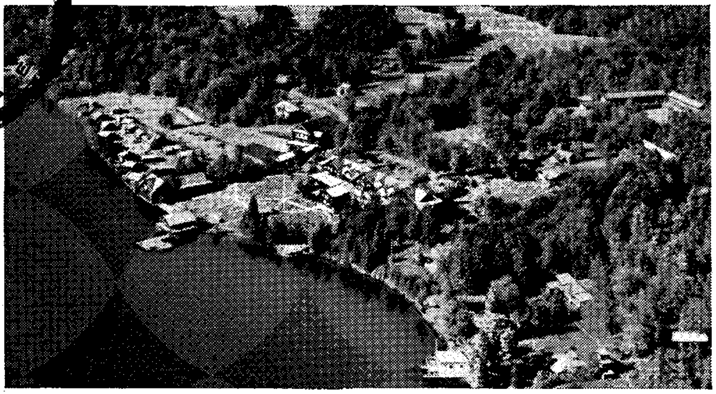
599 yards, is the longest hole at Congressional. It is called the Ravine Hole, because, about a hundred and ten yards from the green, the fairway, after ascending a gentle hillside, plunges abruptly down some forty feet and then rises as sharply to a relatively small, well-trapped green. It is doubtful if any player in the field could have reached the ninth green in two shots, and, in any event, no one was of a mind to try it; on both banks of the ravine, the fairway had been allowed to grow up into rough, so there was nothing to be gained by taking the gamble. The sensible way to play the ninth, and the way every man in the field attempted to play it, was to lie up short of the ravine on the second shot (usually with a long iron) and hope to put the third shot close enough to the pin to have a crack at a birdie. On his third round, Venturi did precisely this, punching his third, a firm wedge shot, eight feet from the pin. He got the putt down to reach the turn in 30, five shots under par. (His irons to the green had been so accurate that his score could have been even lower; he had missed holable birdie putts on both the third and the seventh greens.) Venturi kept on going. After getting his pars on the tenth and eleventh holes, he hit what was possibly his best iron shot of the morning on the 188-yard par-3 twelfth—a full-blooded 4-iron, which stopped hole-high about sixteen feet to the left of the pin. He played the sidehill putt to break down some three inches, and it fell into the middle of the cup. That birdie put Venturi six under par for the round and four under par for the tournament. A glance at a nearby scoreboard brought the news that Jacobs had meanwhile bogeyed both the eighth and the ninth and was now only three under par for the distance. It was hard to believe, but it was a fact: Venturi was leading the Open.

IF any golfer in the field had swept to the front on Saturday in such a fantastic fashion, his surge would naturally have excited the galleries at Congressional, but the fact that it was Ken Venturi who was working this miracle made the air incalculably more electric. Venturi's rapid rise to fame and subsequent tumble back into obscurity are familiar to all who follow golf. The son of the manager of the pro shop at the Harding Park public course, in San Francisco, he first achieved national recognition in 1953, when, a slim, handsome twenty-two-year-old amateur, he was selected for our Walker Cup team. In 1956, still an amateur



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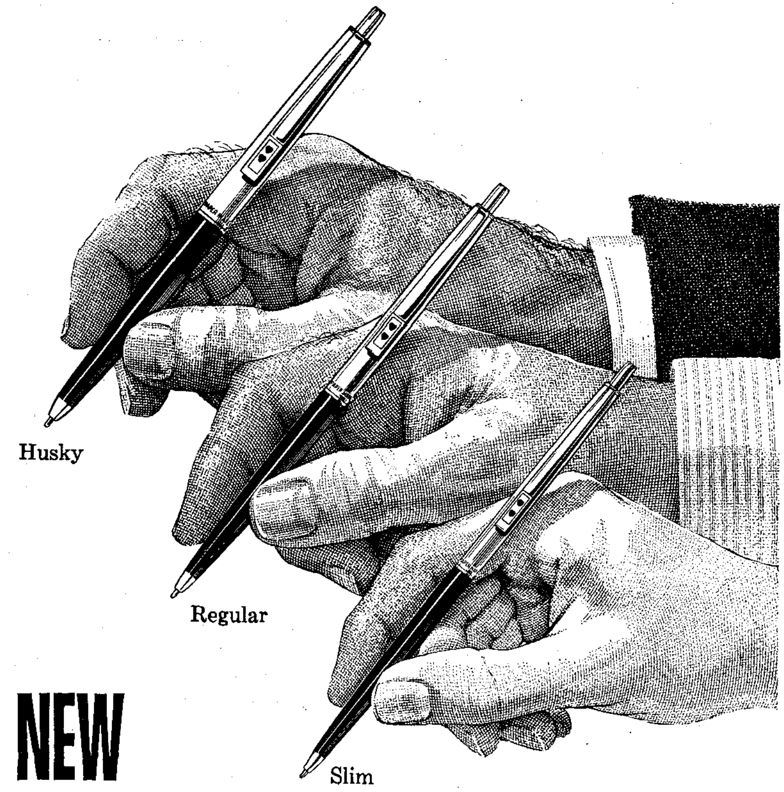

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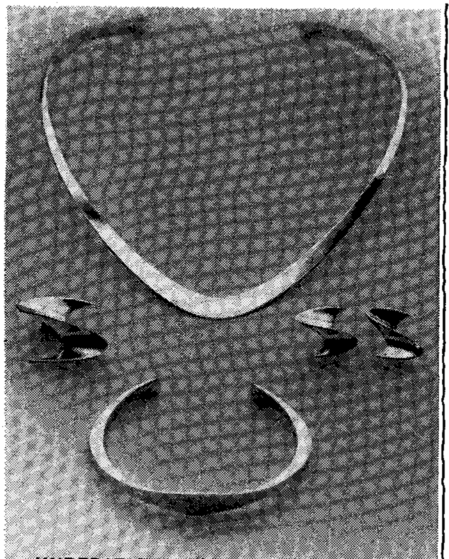

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after completing a tour of duty in the Army, he confounded the golf world by decisively outplaying the whole field in the first three rounds of the Masters at Augusta and entering the final round with an authoritative four-stroke lead. Then he shot a jittery 80, and lost the tournament by a stroke. It should be remarked, I think, that his play on that last round was not the utter collapse it has since been called, for he hit no really bad shots; rather, he kept missing the greens on his approaches by small margins, and he failed to hole any of the five- and six-foot putts that his chips left him. In two subsequent years, he came very close to winning at Augusta. In 1958, when Palmer first broke through in the Masters, Venturi, who was paired with him on the final round, was only a shot behind as they entered the stretch, but Palmer shook off his challenge by making a memorable eagle on the thirteenth. In the 1960 Masters, Venturi fought his way back into the battle after a spotty first round, and had the tournament apparently won when Palmer, the only man he still had to worry about, caught him by birdieing the seventy-first hole and beat him by birdieing the seventy-second.

After this third disappointment in the Masters, something went out of Venturi's game, and in a relatively short time it was apparent that he was no longer the superb golfer he had been between 1956, when he turned professional, and 1960. In those days, he had been not only one of the leading money-winners on the professional tour but probably the most proficient shotmaker in the country. I believe that the Venturi of that period was the finest iron-player I have ever seen—not excepting Byron Nelson, Venturi's teacher. Venturi's style with the irons was not particularly graceful. He took the club back in an upright arc with three rather distinct segments to it, but he arrived at the top of his backswing with his hands in an ideal position and his body perfectly balanced, and it seemed that all he had to do then in order to come into the ball just as he wanted to was to move his hips a notch to the left at the start of the downswing. Moreover, he possessed a rare instinct for iron play; he adapted his shots not only to the wind and the weather but also to the terrain he was playing from and playing to. For example, he would feather one approach in to the flag with a little left-to-right drift and burn his next approach in low and hard and dead on the target. By 1961, though, as I say, he was no longer playing golf of this calibre, and in the succeeding years his game continued to disintegrate. A succession of physical ailments, ranging from a back injury to walking pneumonia, contributed to this decline, but even when Venturi was feeling fit he played unimpressively. His confidence seemed completely shot. He failed to qualify for the Open in 1961, 1962, and 1963, and last year his total winnings on the professional tour came to less than four thousand dollars. This spring, he suffered the crowning humiliation of having to watch the Masters at home on television, because he had not qualified for an invitation to the 1964 tournament.

Venturi's behavior during his protracted ordeal was exemplary, and it won him the admiration of his fellow-professionals. He never bellyached about his lot, he was not envious of his friends' successes, and he quietly kept trying to put his game together again. This display of character came as a surprise to a number of people around golf. As a young man and one of Hogan's heirs presumptive, he had shown himself to be pleasant and very likable, but, perhaps because his honors had come to him so quickly and easily, there seemed to be large areas in which he lacked perception and tact. After a low round at Augusta, for example, he would come sweeping up the stairs of the clubhouse, the reporters and photographers at his heels, and, sailing by the likes of Hogan and Snead, he would scale his cap halfway across the players' lounge as if he owned the world. He was not arrogant, though; he was simply very young. In adversity, he grew up, and revealed himself as a man of fibre. Late this spring, he suddenly began to play quite well again. In June, in the two weeks preceding the Open, he tied for third in the Thunderbird Open and then tied for sixth in the Buick Open. Though his putting stroke remained somewhat unsound, which it always had been, and though he hit a few wild shots in each round, he was setting himself up far more comfortably before the ball than he had done in years, he was playing with a new vigor, and he was concentrating well.

At Congressional, I watched a good part of Venturi's first two rounds, for, like everyone else, I wanted very much to see him do well. His opening 72 could easily have been several shots higher, for he played a number of holes very loosely. He topped one bunker shot cold, fluffed another bunker shot completely, and, on a hole where his heeled drive wound up deep in the rough, did not even reach the fairway with his recovery. On his second round, he played much more surely, en route to a 70. Early in the round, he sank a few bothersome putts, which did his morale a great deal of good, and he was rifling his irons like the Venturi of old. At the same time, not even his warmest supporters would ever have dreamed that on Saturday he would have the shots, the fire, and the emotional composure to birdie six of the first twelve holes and go out in front.

VENTURI did not stay out in front very long. Jacobs, summoning up some fine attacking shots, played the second nine in 34—one under par—to post a 70 and a fifty-four-hole total of 206. Venturi, after taking a 36 in for a 66, stood at 208. Near the end of the morning round, he had wavered discernibly. On the seventeenth green, he had missed a putt of just eighteen inches, and on the last green he had missed one of thirty inches, in both cases also missing his par. We could only give him all credit for his gallant dash and conclude that apparently he had just run out of gas. Perhaps, after all, that was inevitable for Venturi. Strangely, everyone at Congressional, I think, felt a bit better about things when, shortly after he returned to the clubhouse at the luncheon interval, it was announced that he had been near collapse from the heat on the last five holes. His seemingly imminent failure could at least be attributed to forces beyond his control. On the advice of a doctor, he spent the bulk of the fifty-minute interval resting. He drank some tea but ate no solid food. Then he took some salt tablets and headed for the first tee, accompanied by the doctor, who walked the final round with him.

The leaders had hardly begun the final round when, for the first time in hours, Palmer got back into the picture. In the morning, harried by his wretched putting, he had never really recovered from his poor start and had ended up with a 75, giving him a total of 212 at the three-quarters mark and putting him six shots behind Jacobs and four behind Venturi. All morning long, Palmer had not made a single birdie, but he started his afternoon with a flamboyant one. Jacobs then double-bogeyed the par-3 second, after pulling his tee shot into deep trouble, and Palmer closed to within three shots of him. It now looked very much as if we might be seeing one of Palmer's

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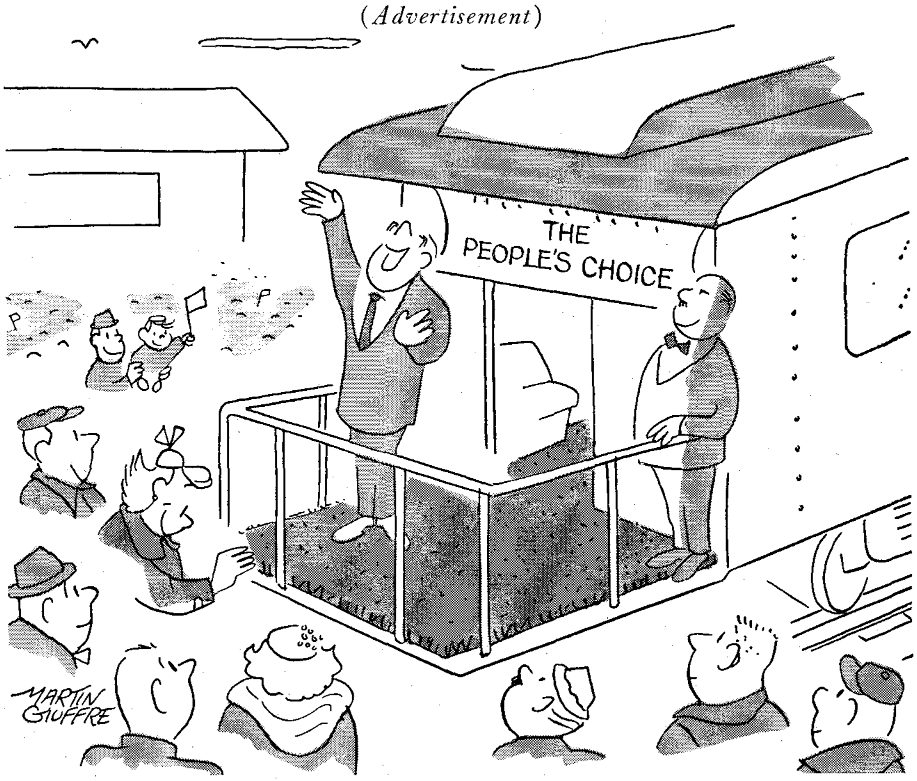

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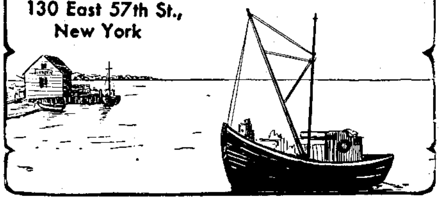

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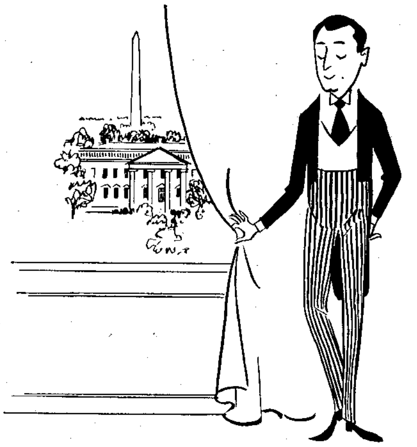
patented whirlwind finishes. However, when he failed to make even his pars on two of the next four holes it became clear, tardily, that the significant thing about Jacobs' double bogey was that it had thrust Venturi back into a tie for first. Playing two holes ahead of Palmer and Jacobs, Venturi looked drawn and pale, and he was walking slowly on stiff, old man's legs, but he was executing his shots with poise and hitting the ball with an astonishing sharpness. He came to the ninth, the 599-yard Ravine Hole, after parring seven of the first eight, still tied for the lead with Jacobs.

I arrived at the ninth too late to see Venturi play his drive or his second shot. His drive must not have been very long, for, I was told, he played a full 1-iron on his second. What a shot that must have been! There was his ball sitting up in the middle of the fairway a mere five yards from the edge of the ravine. Only an extremely confident golfer would have attempted to lay up so daringly close to the brink, and as I gazed at the ball it occurred to me for the first time that Venturi could win the Open. In any event, that audacious 1-iron put him in position to birdie the hole. The flag was set far to the back of the green, so that there was a menacing trap only about twenty feet directly behind it, but Venturi went for the pin and stopped his wedge nine feet past it. Faced with a delicate downhill putt that broke to the left, he played it exactly right; his ball caught the high corner of the cup and spun in. When it dropped, I felt for the first time that Venturi *would* win the Open. With this beautifully engineered birdie 4, he had regained the undisputed lead, and, as it turned out, he not only held on to it the rest of the way but widened it—eventually to four strokes—for he played par golf in, and both Jacobs and Palmer, forced to gamble at this stage of the game, ran into a succession of bogeys.

Indeed, after the ninth it became increasingly evident that only the possibility of physical collapse stood between Venturi and victory. The sun was still beating down furiously, and on the fourteenth hole, where he had started to wobble *in the morning*, his slow walk decelerated into a painful trudge and his head began to droop. Into my mind's eye, as I watched him, came a photograph from old sports books showing Dorando Pietri, the little Italian marathon runner, being helped by his countrymen across the finish line in



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the 1908 Olympic Games after he had crumpled in exhaustion only a few yards from his goal. Venturi hung on tenaciously, however, and while he hit at least one very tired shot on each hole after that, some fortunate bounces and his own tidy work around the greens saw him safely through to the eighteenth hole, the long par 4 sloping gradually down to the peninsula green. He needed only a 7 there to win. His tee shot was weak but straight. He blocked out his 5-iron approach to the right, away from the water, and went into a bunker about forty yards from the pin. He played a much braver recovery than he had to—a beautiful, floating wedge shot that sat down ten feet from the cup. He holed the putt. He had done it.

While I think that the thousands encamped the length of the eighteenth fairway will always treasure that moment when Venturi walked triumphantly off the final green, a champion at last, I am sure they would agree with me that the Open reached its dramatic peak a few moments earlier, when, after hitting his second shot, he came walking shakily down the long slope. He was going to make it now, he knew, and in response to the tumultuous ovation he received as he descended the hill he removed his cap, for the first time that day. A little sun would not hurt now. I shall never forget the expression on his face as he came down the hill. It was taut with fatigue and strain, and yet curiously radiant with pride and happiness. It reminded me of another unforgettable, if entirely different, face—the famous closeup of Charlie Chaplin at the end of "City Lights," all anguish beneath the attempted smile. Venturi then put his cap back on and hit those two wonderful final shots.

Few things repair a man as quickly as victory. At his press conference back in the air-conditioned clubhouse, Venturi, who has a bright wit, made a number of trenchant remarks. Since we live in an age when every golf hero's band of supporters bears a catchy alliterative name, such as Arnold's Army, Nicklaus's Navy, and Lema's Legions, the new champion got perhaps his biggest laugh when, as he was commenting on how much the cheering of the crowds had helped him all day long, he interrupted himself to say, "For years, all I ever had was Venturi's Vultures." Perhaps he had said this before, but if he had no one was listening.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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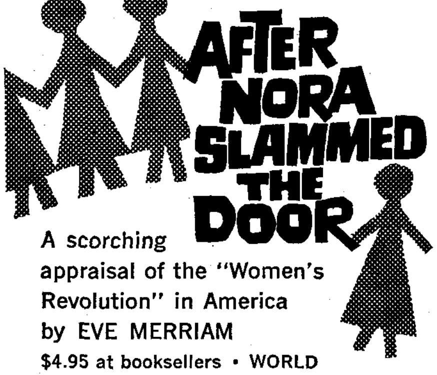
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# THE RACE TRACK

## *No Square Peg*

FROM every angle I can think of, Iron Peg's victory in the Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday was one of the noteworthy events of the season. Not only was the race a thriller in the true tradition of the eighty-year-old fixture but it brought a new hero to the front and showed an old one at his best, for although Iron Peg beat Kelso by a head, Kelso has never run more gamely. He simply couldn't give fifteen pounds to the younger topnotcher. Only one horse I can remember—Exterminator—could have pulled off such a stunt at the age of seven, and that was forty years ago.

All eight of the runners who paraded to the post for the Suburban were turned out in fine style, but Iron Peg was easily the pick of the lot. A shade over sixteen hands high, and dark brown in color, he is powerfully built and nicely molded in proportion to his size, having smooth, symmetrical lines. Olden Times also caught my eye, but I noticed that he was wearing bandages on both front legs, which was something new for him. Last to appear was Kelso, looking the way Kelso always looks. At the start, Garwol was quickest out of the gate, and he led Olden Times, Iron Peg, and Kelso for about a furlong, then dropped back, and from there on it was a three-horse affair, nothing else having the ghost of a chance. Approaching the turn off the backstretch, Olden Times was still in front, with Iron Peg just behind him. A glance back showed Kelso starting his run, and the crowd roared encouragement as the three swept into the homestretch. Here, Iron Peg began to draw away from Olden Times, but as he did, Kelso came bearing down on him. For a few seconds, it seemed that Kelso, under the whip as he'd seldom been before, was going to win, but when they passed the wire Iron Peg was a head to the good. Olden Times was third, four lengths behind. The time—2:01⅘ for the mile and a quarter—was exactly the same as it was when Kelso won the race last year.

As you probably know, Iron Peg, a four-year-old by Dark Star, who won the Kentucky Derby eleven years ago, was bred and is owned by Harry F. Guggenheim. Like Bald Eagle, who won the Suburban for Mr. Guggenheim five years ago, Iron Peg was a failure in England, where he first raced. Since his return here, however, he has won all of his four starts. The first two were easy gallops at six furlongs, but the third, at a mile, was quite something else; in fact, it was as impressive an effort as I've seen in a dog's age. Carrying 121 pounds and giving big weight to all but one of the other starters, he rolled home by thirteen lengths in 1:34⅗, and finished out a mile and a furlong in 1:48⅖. This was ten days before the Suburban, and in all my days on race tracks I've never seen such utter disregard by a stable for what the Official Handicapper might do. On that performance, Iron Peg could easily have been assigned at least 120 pounds for the Suburban, instead of a mere 116. Weights and measures to one side, Iron Peg looks like a race horse. Also, he has a smooth, effortless action and that priceless quality, speed. Added to this, he has an imperturbable temperament; I'm told he is easy to groom and a pleasure to ride. It will be interesting to see how he runs in the Brooklyn Handicap on the twenty-fifth.

AQUEDUCT'S Fourth of July crowd was a mere 51,390, and the mutuel handle was $4,570,027. It was a big afternoon, though, for Ussery, who rode four winners, and Ycaza, who had three, including Iron Peg. Farther afield, Knightly Manner, who hadn't been going so well for some time, found his racing legs last weekend in the Lamplighter Handicap at Monmouth Park and beat Lt. Stevens, Phantom Shot, and four other three-year-olds. Lt. Stevens had won six times in succession, winding up with the Saranac Handicap at Aqueduct the previous Saturday. And at Delaware Park, Time Tested, who had finished second in four stake races, took the Dover Stakes from a big field of two-year-olds. By the way, daily-doubles players down there had a heyday earlier in the week, with four payoffs in one afternoon. Dawn Marine brought off a 15–1 chance in the first event, and then one of the starters in the second, Le Beau Princess, became unmanageable on the way to the post and was ordered withdrawn; next, Lively Lass, living up to her name, kicked Landmark Road so badly that the latter had to be scratched, and after *that* Lively Lass reared and fell in the starting gate and was withdrawn, too. The combination of Dawn Marine and Red Badge, who won the second race, paid $119.20, and the consolation doubles for people with tickets on animals that were scratched paid $46.20, $31.60, and $29.40—which is one for the book.

WITH Aqueduct simmering in the July heat, thoughts of old-line horseplayers turn to racing at Saratoga in August, so the other day I had a look at the scale model of the new grandstand to be built at the Spa in time for the 1965 meeting. The proposed structure will be a great deal longer than the present one, but as far as I can see, the clubhouse will be just the same as it has been for forty years—private boxes on the first level and dining terraces on the two upper levels. That being the case, clubhouse patrons who don't have a box (or don't know somebody who has one) and don't reserve a table on one of the terraces are going to be no better off than they have been. Their best bet, I'd say, will be to watch the races comfortably from the new stand, which will be five hundred and fifty feet long and twice as wide as the old one it adjoins. The design is in the best style of Arthur Froehlich, the architect of the Big A and other major tracks, and it will have seats for 2,663 spectators. With the new setup, which will cost three and a half million dollars, the management expects to attract crowds of more than thirty thousand. No changes are planned for the paddock; horses will be saddled under the trees, as they have been for a hundred years.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne will star on NBC's "Hallmark Hall of Fame" series next season, in a 90-minute adaptation of Emmet Lavery's 1946 Broadway play, "The Magnificent Yankee," dealing with the last decade of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Lunt will portray Holmes and Miss Fontanne will play the wife of "The Great Dissaster," Fanny Dixwell Holmes.—*Bob Williams in the Post.*

Come, now, only two "s"es in disaster.

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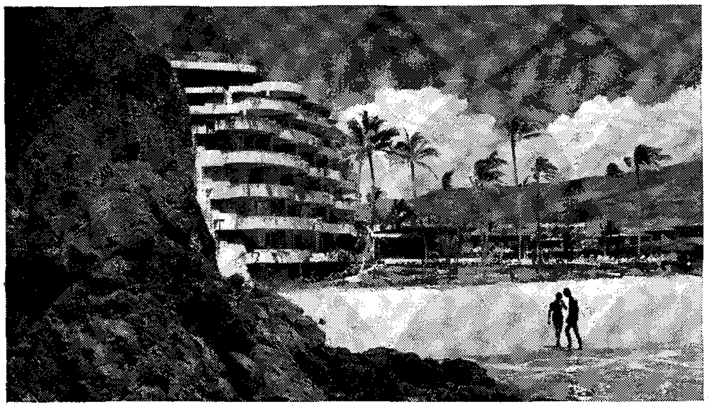
Gordon said practicing funeral directors "have had very few complaints publicly." He added: "The criticism has not come from the people we serve."—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

Some natural reticence, we presume.



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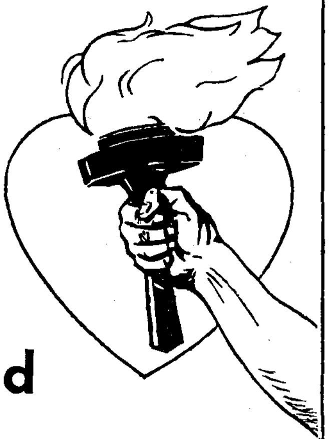

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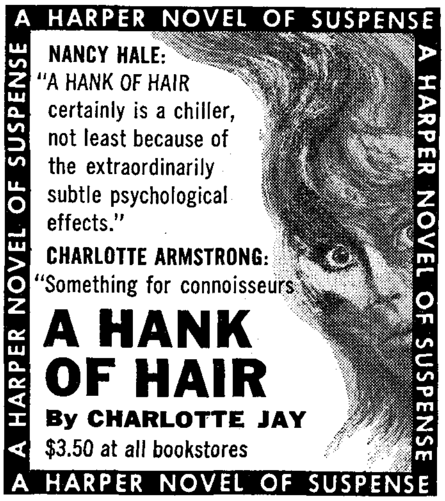

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To most people, Wall Street means finance. To the people who work there, Wall Street has maritime associations as well, a legacy of its early days. There are still ships' chandlers and sailmakers in the area. The nearby Fulton Fish Market still provides New Yorkers with seafood for their tables. And the salt smell of the sea still mingles with the scents of spices and roasting coffee from the East River docks where once the graceful clipper ships tied up.

With such a seafaring air around us, is it any wonder that we sometimes lapse into maritime metaphor when we talk about investing? We speak of charting a course when we mean setting your goals, of launching an investment program when we mean choosing and buying your securities, of watching the weather when we mean keeping an eye on the behavior of your holdings and of the market in general.

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# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE 480, by Eugene Burdick (McGraw-Hill). Thanks to a kindly and able blurb writer, any reader who wishes to save himself the trouble of slogging through three hundred and ten pages of Mr. Burdick's spiritless prose can find out exactly what his book is about simply by scanning the dust jacket: "The 'new underground' in American politics has divided the electorate into 480 groups for purposes of identification, classification—and perhaps manipulation." There you have the core of this novel, which describes the emergence and rise to prominence and power of the first completely machine-made candidate for the American Presidency. The candidate is a Republican, and his story begins some months before the assassination of President Kennedy and ends at the 1964 Republican convention in San Francisco.

THE CROOKED CROSS, by Brendan Kennelly (Little, Brown). Here we have sentimentality, pathos, a timid sexuality, and a few jokes, all somehow adding up to a genuinely touching picture of one of those Irish villages that began to die generations ago and that will continue to live stubbornly at death's door for another generation, perhaps for several generations to come. It is an anecdotal tale, filled with people who only half realize what they are and who live balanced uneasily between the desperation of their earthly longings and the grandeur of their unearthly expectations. The village is Deevna, in the southwest of Ireland, and the time is the present, more or less.

### GENERAL

MAP OF ANOTHER TOWN, by M. F. K. Fisher (Little, Brown). Mrs. Fisher is a fascinating writer. This account of two years she spent in Aix-en-Provence is given in a casually honest style that makes irresistibly attractive reading. It was not her first or her second visit to France, and she knew better than to expect to be accepted, let alone welcomed, except as a paying stranger whose chief virtue was that she remained inoffensive, nearly colorless, hardly visible. This semi-invisibility imposed on a tough-minded ironic lady like Mrs. Fisher only enabled her to remain more and more herself while she watched, with affection, wistfulness, and some envy, the daily development of the unfathomable but admirable, always admirable, domestic life that raged all around her—upstairs and down, in and out of the kitchen, behind closed doors and in the dining room, in all the places where she was tolerated but never allowed to feel at home. This is a book to be bought and read and never lent.

HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY, by Alan Bullock (Harper & Row). This brilliant and judicious biography by the Master of St. Catherine's College, Oxford, first appeared a dozen years ago. It has been thoroughly revised to take account of the scholarly work that has appeared since—it now includes, for instance, Fritz Tobias's argument that van der Lubbe, acting alone, set fire to the Reichstag. Hitler is not likely to have a more plausible book written about him for some time, if ever; the author, with skill and great care, tries to understand the man. If, in the end, Hitler remains half incomprehensible, the fault is not Mr. Bullock's.

A LETTER TO MYSELF, by Françoise Mallet-Joris (Farrar, Straus). Mme. Mallet-Joris is a novelist of extraordinary talent and high achievement, but her present attempt at an autobiography of emotional and spiritual experience is not very successful.

NOTE: "The Far Field," a collection of forty-eight of the last poems written by the late Theodore Roethke, has been published by Doubleday. Many of them originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

President Johnson called in Cabinet officers and heads of Government agencies today to report on his cost-cutting drive in Government and to urge they continuetheireconomyefforts. —*Washington Daily News.*

Well, he's sold one compositor already.

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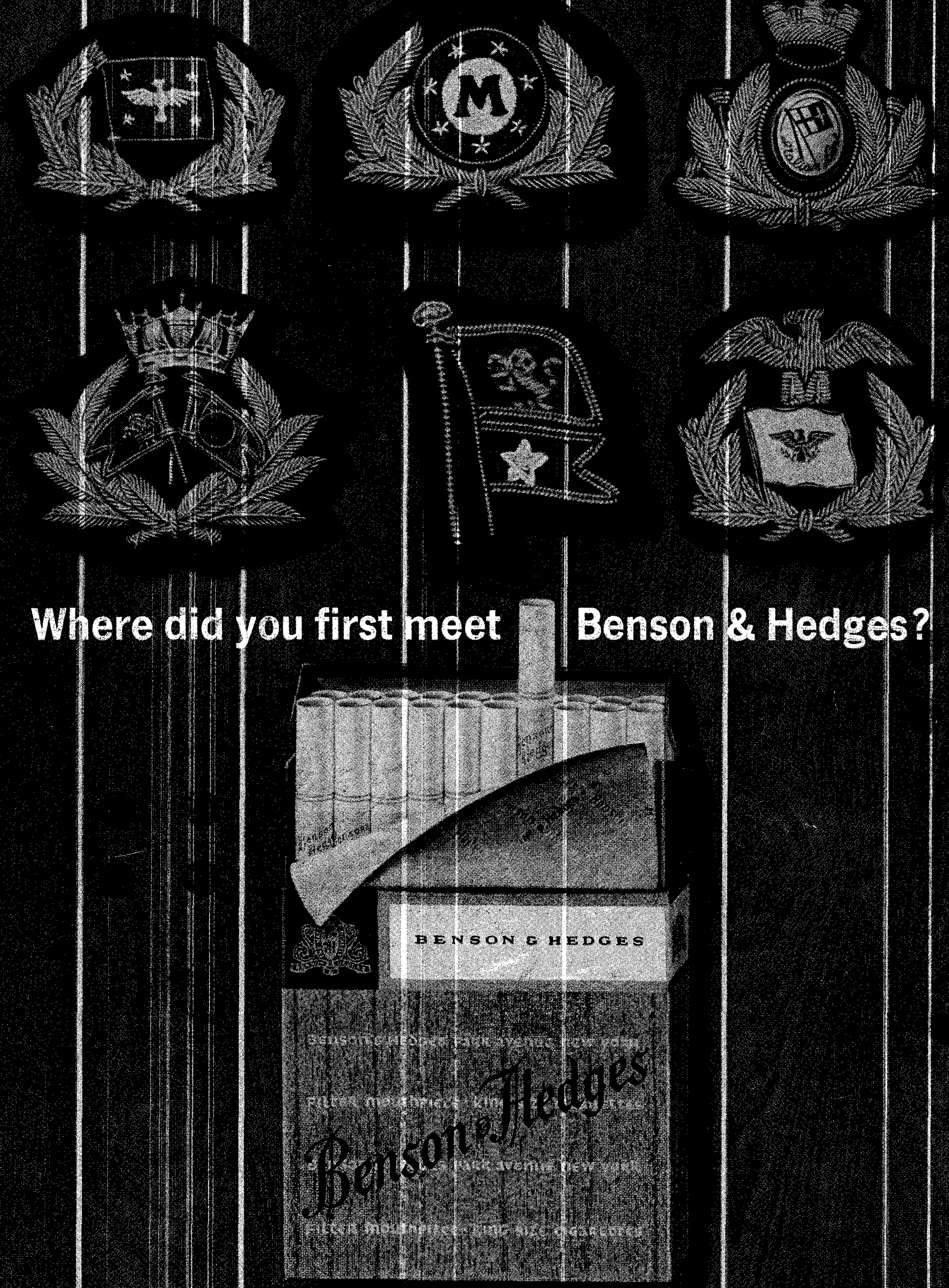

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